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VOL. 57; NO. 175.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SHERLOCK HOLMES' ADVENTURE *OF THE EMPTY HOUSE*

Being the First of a Series of 13 Complete Stories of the Great Detective That Will Appear in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

By A. Conan Doyle.

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Her. Weekly.)

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IT was in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was interested, and the fashionable world dismayed, by the murder of the Honorable Ronald Adair under most unusual and inexplicable circumstances. The public has already learned those particulars of the crime which came out in the police investigation, but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that remarkable chain. The crime was of interest in itself, but that interest was not confined to my companion and myself, for it involved a secret which afforded me the greatest shock and surprise of any event in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it, and feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public, which has shown some interest in those glimpses which I have occasionally given them of the thoughts and actions of a very remarkable man, that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my knowledge with them, for I should have considered it my first duty to have done so, had I not been barred by a positive prohibition from his own lips, which was only withdrawn upon the third of last month.

It can be imagined that my close intimacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime, and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with the various problems which came before the public. As I even attempted, more than once, for my own private satisfaction, to employ his methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes. There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented, or more probably anticipated, by the trained observation of the alert mind of the first criminal agent in Europe. All day, as I drove upon my round, I turned over the case in my mind, and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a trivial tale, I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest.

The Hon. Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time governor of one of the Australian colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for castration, and she, her son Ronald, and her daughter Hilda were living together at 27 Park Lane. The youth moved in the best society—so far as known, no enemies and no particular vices. He had been engaged to Miss Edith Woolley of Caversham, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind it. For the rest the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easy-going young aristocrat that death came, in a most strange and unexpected form, between the hours of 10 and 11:30 on the night of March 29, 1894.

Ronald Adair was fond of cards—playing continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that, after dinner on the day of his death, he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him—Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy and Col. Moran—showed that the game was wide, and that there was a fairly equal ball of each. Adair might have lost five pounds, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss could not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or other, but he was a cautious player, and usually rose a winner. It came out in this inquiry, in partnership with Col. Moran, he had actually won as much as £250 in a sitting, some weeks before, from Godfrey Milner and Lord Balmoral. So much for his recent history as it came out at the inquest.

On the evening of the crime he returned from the club exactly at 10. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a companion. The servant deposited that she heard a faint sound from the room above, and that there was a faint smell of smoke, and as it smoky she had opened the window. No sound was heard from the room until 11:30, the hour of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Desiring to say goodnight, she attempted to enter her son's room. The door was locked on the inside, and no answer could be got to their cries and knocking. Help was obtained, and the door forced. The unfortunate young man was found lying near the table. His head had been horribly mutilated by an expanding revolver bullet, but no weapon of any sort was to be found in the room. On the table lay two bank notes for £10 each, £12, 10/- silver, and £10 in small change, arranged in little piles of varying amount. There were some figures also upon a sheet of paper, with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was conjectured that before his death he was endeavoring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

A minute examination of the circumstances served only to make the case more complex. In the first place, no reason could be given why the young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the con-

der had done this, and had afterwards escaped by the window. The drop was at least 20 feet, however, and a bed beneath the full-blown bay window showed no sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road. Apparently, therefore, it was the young man himself who had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, he would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park Lane is a frequented thoroughfare; there is a cabstand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot. And yet there was the dead man, and there the revolver bullet, which had mushroomed out, as soft-nosed bullets are said to inflict a wound which must have caused instant death. Such were the circumstances of the Park Lane Mystery, which were further complicated by entire absence of motive, since, as I have said, young Adair was not known to have any enemy, and no attempt had been made to remove the money or valuable in the room.

All day I turned these facts over in my mind, endeavoring to hit upon some theory which could reconcile them all, and to find that line of least resistance which my poor friend had declared to be the starting point of every investigation. I confess that I made little progress. In the evening I strolled across the park and round about about 6 o'clock at the Oxford street end of Park Lane. A group of loafers upon the path, all staring up at a particular window, directed me to the house which I had come to see. A tall thin man with colored glasses, whom I strongly suspected of being a plain-clothes detective, was pointing out some theory of his own, while the others crowded round to listen to what he said. I got as near him as I could, but his observations seemed to me to be absurd, so I withdrew again in some disgust. As I did so I struck against an elderly, deformed man, who had been holding me, and I knocked down several books which he was carrying. I remember that as I did so I took them up, I observed the title of one of them, "The Origin of Tree Worship," and it struck me that the old man must be some poor bibliophile, who either as a trade or as a hobby, was a collector of obscure volumes. I endeavored to apologize for the accident, but it was evident that these books which I had so unfortunately maltreated were very precious objects in the eyes of their owner. With a snarl of contempt he turned upon his heel, and I saw his curved back and white side-whiskers disappear among the throng.

My observations of 27 Park Lane did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house was separated from the street by a low wall and railing, the to clear up the problem, in which I was perfectly easy, therefore, for any one to get into the garden, but the window was entirely inaccessible, since there was no



The Shadow on the Window.

waterpipe or anything which could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever, I retraced my steps to Kensington. I had not been in my study five minutes when the maid entered to say that a person desired to see me. To my astonishment it was none other than my strange old book collector, his sharp, wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair, and his precious volumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged under his right arm.

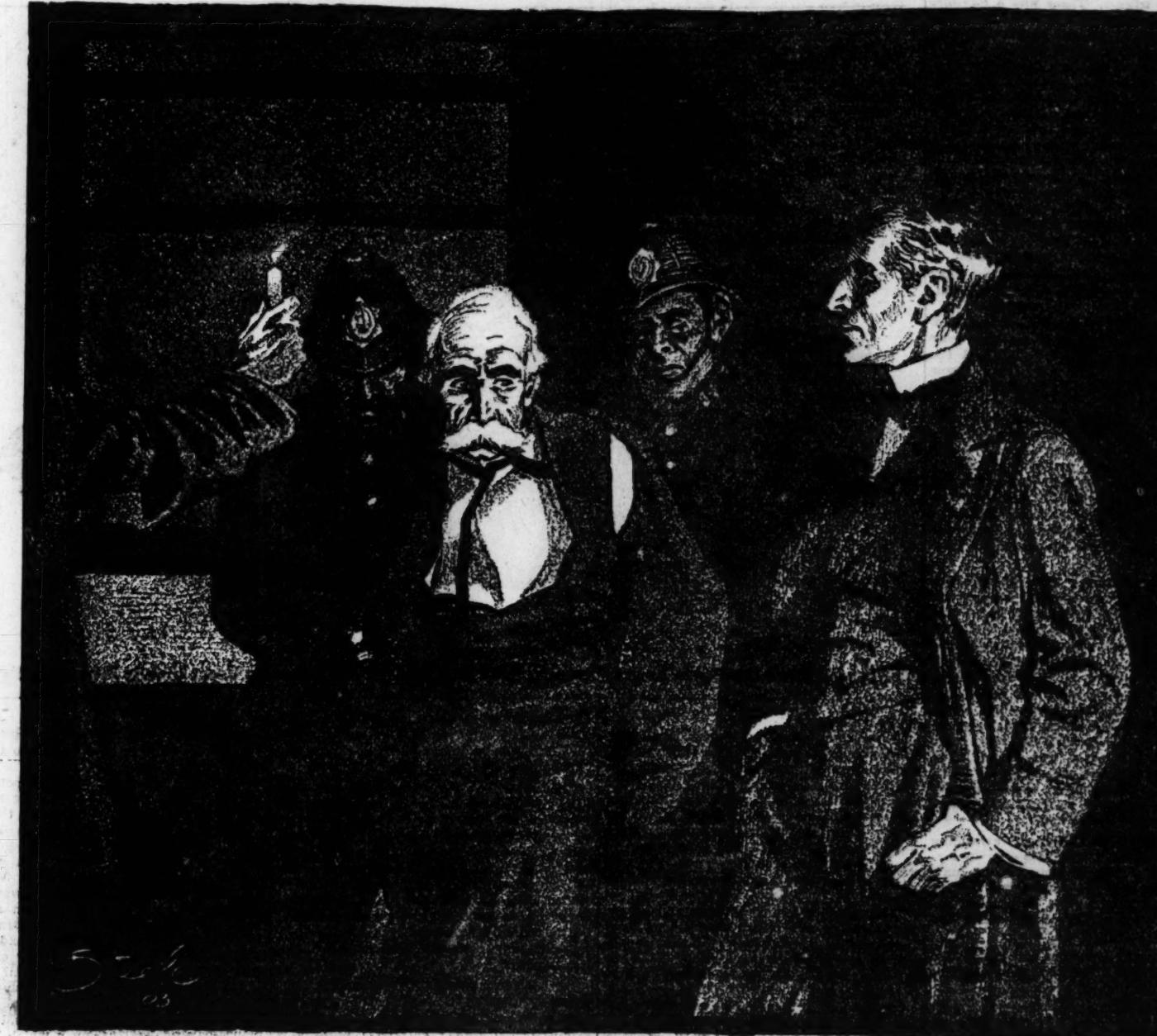
"You're surprised to see me, sir," said he, in a strange, croaking voice.

"Well, I'm a conscientious sir, and when I changed to see you go into this house, I thought to myself, 'I'll just step in and see that kind gentleman, and tell him that if I am much obliged to him for picking up my books,'

"You make too much of a triffe," said I. "May I ask how you knew who I was?"

"Well, sir, if it isn't too great a liberty, I am a neighbor of yours, for you'll find my little bookshop at the corner of Church street, and very happy to see you, I am sure. Maybe you collect yourself, sir. Here's 'British Birds,' and 'Cats,' and 'The Holy War'—a bargain, every one of them! With five volumes you could just fill that gap on that shelf. It looks unity, does it not?"

I moved my head to look at the cabinet book. When I turned again, Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter bewilderment, and then it appeared that I must have fainted for the first and the last time in my life. Certainly a gray mist swirled before my eyes, and when it cleared I found my collar-ends undone, and the buttons of my coat loose upon the table. My hands had lost all their balance, and over he went. With my face over the brink, I saw his tall for



"You cunning, cunning fiend," was all he could say.

Holmes was bending over my chair, his flask in his hand.

"My dear Watson," said the well-remembered voice, "I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea that you would be so attracted."

I gripped him by the arms.

"Holmes!" I cried. "Is it really you?"

Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?"

"Wait a moment," said he. "Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock by my unnecessarily dramatic reappearance."

"I'm all right, but, indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens to think that you—you of all men—should be standing in my study." Again I gripped him by the sleeve, and felt the thin, wizened arm beneath it. "Well, you're not a spirit, anyhow," said I. "My dear chap, I'm overjoyed to see you. Sit down, and tell me how you came alive out of that dreadful abyss."

He sat opposite to me, and lit a cigarette in his old, bachelorial manner. He was dressed in the seedy frock coat of the book merchant, but the rest of that individual lay in a pile of white hair and old books upon the table. Holmes looked even thinner and keener than of old, but there was a dead-white thing in his aquiline face which told me that he had recently had not been a healthy one.

"I am glad to stretch myself, Watson," said he. "It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot of his stature for several hours end on. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations, we have, if I may ask for your co-operation, a hard and dangerous night's work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation that way, as it is the easiest way."

"I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now."

"You will come with me tonight?"

"When you like and where you like." "Well, it is, indeed, like the old days. We shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we go. Well, then, about that abyss. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it."

"You never were in it?"

"No, Watson, I never was in it. My note doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat similar figure of the late Prof. Moriarity standing in the doorway, which led to safety. I read an inscription upon his gray eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway. Moriarity still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up, and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the abyss. I have some knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more to do with your own style, and I wriggled through his arms and he with his horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds, and clapped the ale with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not hold me, and over he went. With

his balance, and over he went. With his face over the brink, I saw his tall for

a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounded off, and splashed into the water."

I listened with amazement to this explanation, which Holmes delivered between the puffs of his cigarette.

"But the tracks?" I cried. "I saw, with

my own eyes, that two went down the path and none returned."

"It came about in this way. The instant that the Professor had disappeared, it struck me that he had really, accidentally, lucky chance, placed in my way, that Moriarity was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased by the death of their leader. They were all most dangerous men. One or other would certainly get me. On the other hand, if all the world was convinced that I was dead they would take liberties, these men, they would open lay themselves open, and sooner or later I could destroy them. Then it would be time for me to announce that I was still in the land of the living. So rapidly does the brain act that I believe this was the brain act that I believe. It did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I say that your face took me to the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another storm. I scrambled down onto the path. I don't think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Half way down I slipped, but, by the blessing of God, I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later, I found myself in Florence, with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me."

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RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

when I raised my eyes to the lighted window, and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before. I clutched Holmes' arm, and pointed upwards.

"The shadow has moved!" I cried.

It was indeed no longer the profile, but the back, which was turned toward us.

Three years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper or his impatience with a less active intelligence than his own.

"Of course it has moved," said he. "Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy, and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made some change in the figure eight times, or once in every quarter of an hour. She spritely from the front, so that her shadow may never be seen. Ah! He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I saw his head thrown forward. His whole attitude rigid with attention. Outside the street was absolutely deserted. Those two men might still be crouching in the doorway, but I could no longer see them. All was still and dark, save only that brilliant yellow screen in front of us with the black figure outlined upon its center. Again in the utter silence I heard that thin, sibilant note which spoke of intense suppressed excitement. An instant later he pulled me back into the blackest corner of the room, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which clutched me were quivering. Never had I known my friend more moved, and yet the dark street stretched lonely and motionless before us.

But suddenly I was aware of that which his keener senses had already distinguished. A low, steady murmur from the rear, from the back of the very house, in which we lay concealed. A door opened in a shut. An instant later steps crept down the passage which were meant to be silent, but which reverberated harshly through the empty house. Holmes crouched back against the wall, and I did the same, my hand closing upon the handle of my revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He stood for an instant, and then he crept forward, crouching, menacing, into the room. He was within three yards of us, this sinister figure, and I had braced myself to meet him spring, before I realized that he had no idea of our presence. He passed close beside us, stole over to the window, and very softly and noiselessly raised it for half a foot. As he sank to the level of that opening, the light of the street, no longer dimmed by the dusky glass, fell full upon his face. The man seemed to be beside himself with excitement. His two eyes shone like stars, and his features were working convulsively. He was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead, and a huge grizzled moustache. An opera hat was pushed to the back of his head, and an evening dress shirt-front gleamed out through his open overcoat. His face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep savage lines. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a stick, but as he laid it down upon the floor it gave a metallic clang. Then from the pocket of his overcoat he drew a bulky object, and he hustled him self in a somber task, which ended with a loud sharp click, as if a spring or a bolt had fallen into its place. A bag of tigers still remains untried. Still kneeling upon the floor he bent forward.

"That you, Lestrade?" said Holmes.

ward and threw all his weight and strength upon some lever, with the result that there came a long, whirling, grinding noise, ending once more in a powerful click. He straightened himself then, and I saw that what he had in his hand was a sort of a gun, with a curiously misshapen barrel. He opened it at the breech, put something into it, and closed the breech block. Then, crouching down, he laid the end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I saw his long moustache droop over the stock and his eye gleam as it peered along the sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he nudged the butt into his shoulder, and saw that amazing target, the black man on the yellow ground, standing clear at the end of his foresight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened on the trigger. There was a strange, loud whiz and a long, silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang forward with a snarl of rage, but the constables dragged him back. The fury upon his face was terrible

The fierce old man said nothing, but still glared at my companionist. With his savage eyes and bristling mustache he was wonderfully like a tiger himself.

"I wonder that my very simple stratagem could deceive so old a shikar," said Holmes. "It was very simple to lay a trap for you, not noticing a young lad under the tree, laid above it with your rifle, and waited for the bait to bring up your tiger?"

"You can trust us to look after that, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade, "as the whole party moved towards the door. "Anything further to say?"

"Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer?"

"What charge, sir? Why, of course, the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you, and to you only, belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which you have affected.

books and books of reference which many of our fellow-citizens would have been so glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin case, and the pipe rack—even the Persian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I gazed. There were two occurrences of the room—one, Mrs. Hudson, who seemed upon us both as we entered; the other, the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening's adventures. It was a wax-colored model of my friend, so admirably done that it was a perfect facsimile. It stood on a small pedestal table with an old dressing gown of Holmes' so draped round it that the illusion from the street was absolutely perfect.

"You hope you preserved all precautions, Mrs. Hudson?" said Holmes.

"I went to it on my knees, sir, just as

"Plumb in the middle of the back of the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in India, and I expect that there are few better in London. Have you heard the name?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, well, such is fame! But, then, if I remember rightly, you had not heard the name of Prof. James Moriarity, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of biographies from the shelf."

He turned over the pages lazily, leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar.

"My collection of M's is a fine one," said he. "Moriarity himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Moran the poisoner, and Merrived of abominable memory, and Mathews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting room at Charter Cross, and, finally, here is a friend of mine."

"He had over the book, and I read: 'Mr. Sebastian, Colonel. Unemployed. Formerly First Bengal Pioneers. Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran, C. B., once British minister to Persia. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki campaign, Afghan campaign, Charaslab (dispatches), Sherpur, and Cabul. Author of "Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas" (1881). Three Months in the Jungle (1884). Address: Conduit street, Club: The Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card Club.'

"On the margin was written, in Holmes' precise hand: 'The second most dangerous man in London.'

""A man of honor,"" said I, as I handed back the volume. "The man's career is that of an honorable soldier."

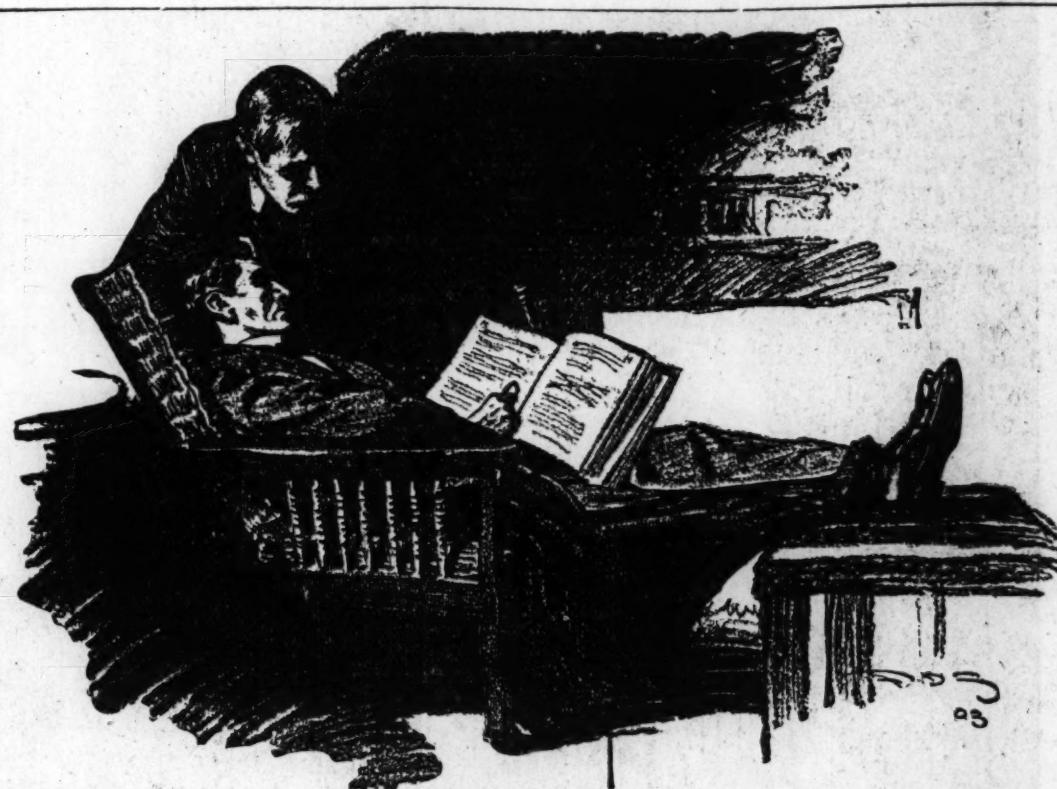
"It is true," Holmes answered. "Up to a certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height, and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family."

"It is surely rather fanciful."

"Well, I don't insist upon it. Whatever the cause, Col. Moran never to go wrong. Without any open scandal, he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired to London, and again acquired an evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Prof. Moriarity, to whom for a time he was chief of staff. Moriarity supplied him liberally with money and used him only in one or two very high-class jobs, which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death of Mrs. Stewart of Lauder, in 1887. Not? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it, but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the colonel concealed that, even when the Moriarity gang was broken up, we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air-guns? No doubt you thought me fanciful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarity, and it was undoubtedly he who gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge."

"I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."

"It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may, Col. Moran will trouble us no more. The famous air-gun of Von Herder will embellish the Scotland Yard Museum, and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes' free to devote his life to examining those interesting little problems which the complex life of London so plentifully presents."



He Turned Over the Pages Lazily, Leaning Back in His Chair and Blowing Great Clouds From His Cigar.

to look at.

"I confess that you had one small surprise for me," said Holmes. "I did not anticipate that you would yourself make use of the empty house and this convenient front window. I had imagined you as operating from the street, where my friend Lestrade and his merry men were awaiting you. With that exception, all has gone as I expected."

Col. Moran turned to the official detective.

"You may or may not have just cause for arresting me," said he. "I do not mean there can be no reason why I should submit to the gibes of this person. If I am in the hands of the law, let things be done in a legal way."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," said Lestrade. "Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?"

Holmes had picked up the powerful air-gun from the floor, and was examining its mechanism.

"An admirable and unique weapon," said he, "noiseless and of tremendous power.

Yes, Lestrade, I—congratulate you! With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity, you have got him."

"Got him! Got whom, Mr. Holmes?"

"The man that the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot the Honourable Ronald Adair with an expanding bullet from the second floor of No. 47 Park Lane, upon the 20th of last month. That's the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can obtain the draught from a broken window, I think that half an hour in my study over a cigar may afford you some profitable amusement."

Our old chambers had been left unchanged through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old landmarks were all in their place. There was the chemical corner and the acid-stained, deal-topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrap-

you told me."

"Excellent. You carried the thing out very well. Did you observe where the bullet went?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid it has split your beautiful bust, for it passed right through the head and flattened itself on the wall. I picked it up from the carpet. Here it is!"

Holmes held it out to me. "A soft revolver bullet, as you perceive, Watson. There's genius in that, for who would expect to find such a thing fired from an air-gun. All right, Mrs. Hudson, I am much obliged for your assistance. And now, Watson, let me see you in your old seat once more. There are several points which I should like to discuss with you."

He had thrown off the seed frock coat, and now he was the Holmes of the mouse-colored dressing-gown which he took from his effigy.

"The old shikar's nerves have not lost their steadiness, nor his eyes their keenness," said he, with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of his bust.

We believe the weather today will be much colder.

Simmons Hardware Co.
Broadway & St. Charles

Our Great Third Annual Clearance-Discount Sale of Fine China, Cut Glass, Dinner Sets and Art Wares Begins Tomorrow

IT IS impossible to emphasize too strongly or impress upon you too convincingly the *money-saving importance of our Annual Clearance-Discount Sale*—that one opportunity of the year when knowing women—St. Louis' best-posted buyers—find it profitable to buy for months to come.



Dinner Sets at 25% Discount
All \$12.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$8.00
All \$13.50 Dinner Sets now.....\$10.15
All \$15.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$11.25
All \$23.50 Dinner Sets now.....\$18.75
All \$30.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$23.50
All \$55.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$41.25
All \$57.50 Dinner Sets now.....\$43.15
All \$75.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$56.25
All \$85.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$63.75
All \$150.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$112.50
All \$300.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$225.00
All \$375.00 Dinner Sets now.....\$281.25



If More Convenient, Do Your Shopping at Home Through Our Telephone Order Department—Bell, Main 1909 or Main 3400; Kinloch, B 533.

Everything in Our China Store
EXCEPTING ROOKWOOD POTTERY AND A FEW PATTERNS OF OPEN-STOCK DINNERWARE
Will Be on Sale
At 25 PER CENT
DISCOUNT

I T will be a brilliant display and a great sale—great because of the remarkably low prices and the unusually large assortments of fresh new goods, set off in our newly decorated and improved China and Art Department. It includes our recent purchases of prize-winning World's Fair exhibits, among them being the Royal Copenhagen Pottery, Royal Doulton Pottery, Royal Vienna Ware, Salivini Ware and the marble statuary display of Prof. Antonio Frilli.

Cut Glass at 25% Discount
All \$3.75 Celery Trays now.....\$2.85
All \$4.50 Celery Trays now.....\$3.40
All \$5.00 Celery Trays now.....\$3.75
All \$3.90 Bonbon Dishes now.....\$2.95
All \$2.25 Bonbon Dishes now.....\$1.95
All \$5.50 Bonbon Dishes now.....\$3.75
All \$4.75 Fruit Bowls now.....\$3.65
All \$5.30 Fruit Bowls now.....\$3.75
All \$12.50 Fruit Bowls now.....\$9.40
All \$40.00 Punch Bowls now.....\$30.00
Our entire stock of rich Cut Glass at 1/2 less than regular low prices.



Simmons Hardware Co.



CY BLANKE

Greater strides have been made in the last ten years in advertising than were ever made before, and the knowledge of how to successfully advertise has made fortunes for the man who understands how to advertise judiciously.

The fundamental principle in advertising is to attract the attention of the reader and make a favorable impression. The man who spends thousands of dollars hammering away with the same old stereotyped matter is often successful, but original matter is the matter that catches the public eye and sets the public to talking.

There are many progressive firms throughout the country who do not believe in imitating the other fellow, but it would be difficult to find among national advertisers another firm in the United States that will equal, when it comes to original ideas in advertising, the C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co. Such firms are the life of advertising. With them it is ever the question of something new, and something that will attract the public eye. As a consequence, other firms are spurred on and forced to renewed energies in order to hold their own (or a part of it) or be out of the race altogether.

AS A SALESMAN.

On the register of all the prominent hotels in many states west of the Mississippi, river, for seven years, up to sixteen years ago, one would find the name of Cy F. Blanke. During the greatest part of this time he was known as the biggest coffee salesman traveling west of the Mississippi river.

I was always a believer in advertising, but never allowed myself to consider doing any of it in connection with my business when first making my plans to embark in business, as I and my associates had only a little over \$1,000 to go into business with, and I realized that it would require much more capital to do even a small business in our line. But in laying my plans, I figured on paying \$100 per month in store rent, but in looking around for suitable locations I found what I wanted at \$60 per month. Now this was a clean \$50 saved, which I at once concluded should be spent for advertising. Later I thought this advertising was doing some good, and concluded that I ought to do more of it. I took the matter up with my associates, and we agreed amongst ourselves to spend \$25 less per month each for personal expenses than we had calculated on and to allow that for advertising.

This was the origination of my advertising experience.

VILLAGE BOY.

About eleven years ago the writer gave a commission to one of our salesmen, Mr. Alex. Stockes, who was traveling in a territory in Missouri noted for fine horses. Mr. Stockes was told that whenever he saw a horse and that he had ever seen, so that no one would pass him without turning around and looking at him the second time, and a horse that would go in harness as well as under saddle, to telegraph us so the writer could go and look at him. Mr. Stockes had this commission for two years and was continually reminded of it. His reply always was that he had not as yet seen that horse. About two years after he had this commission he sent this telegram, "I have found the horse you want; meet me this evening on train that leaves St. Louis at noon." The result was that a few days afterwards the pedestrians on Broadway had the pleasure of seeing a horse who has since become famous, "Village Boy." He was ridden by a dark, an empty 50-pound Faust Blend can strapped to the darky's back. The darky had a perfectly clean white uniform on and it certainly was a sight that any horse lover would relish to see, although most of them objecting to such a fine horse being used for such a purpose. He was only used for that purpose long enough to tell the public that he belonged to C. F. Blanke.

"Village Boy" originally cost about \$200. The first evening C. F. Blanke rode him home, from downtown he was offered \$600 for him, and has since refused \$100 for him. "Village Boy" cost no more than any other horse, he has given his owner as much service as could be had out of any other ordinary horse, and twenty times as much pleasure and satisfaction as could be had out of an ordinary horse. How much has this advertising that "Village Boy" has done toward calling the public's attention to the superior merits of the Faust Blend Coffee cost the C. F. Blanke Co.?

TREE BOX.

About ten years ago the writer was riding along in a street car and happened to notice a nice tree that was about to die on account of being damaged by a horse chewing off the bark. It occurred to the writer that a tree box around that tree would have saved it. Why could not tree boxes be put around trees with an adver-

"Cy" Blanke's Talk on Successful Advertising.

Courthouse look so dirty." The writer replied, "Yes it is. I asked a politician the other day if there was not some way to get permission from the city authorities against the Courthouse for the privilege of putting our ad on each side." Mr. Post, who is something of a politician, and who has had something to do with several political campaigns in the city, replied, "Why,

thing left to do would be to have a cut of the train of cargo it appeared ready for shipment. We had a photograph of it taken, had a cut of it made and advertised the fact in the daily papers. It caused quite a lot of comment. Many in the business could hardly realize it. Retail merchants doubted the veracity of the statement, but like all other statements that we make regarding our goods or our business, can always be verified. Since that time we have had many more trainloads and frequently announced same to the public. Once since then we had two trainloads in one shipment, although the two of them were not again as large as the trainloads we had the first time, but they were both good size trains at that.

When the matter of a World's Fair was first suggested, I at once took great interest in same, because I realized that it would be the making of a great city of St. Louis, and would advertise it to the world. St.

the chance of this party being served with several good cups of coffee before leaving the Fair was much better, as most of the concessionaires who made contracts with us, I am pleased to say, furnished nearly at all times a good cup of coffee. But these features alone were not enough to accomplish what I was after, namely, to make every visitor to St. Louis hear or see something of Blanke's Coffee above everything else, and with this object in view I refrained from advertising myself with anything on the World's Fair grounds not connected indirectly in some way with my business. Every enterprise that I took any interest in was with the object of promoting my coffee and tea business.

Some of the most tempting propositions of making money were put before me, and some of which have since turned out to be money makers, but I refrained from interesting myself in any because they did not help me carry out my objects, namely, the publicity of my products of my factory. I took an interest in

COFFEE POT.

When the firm of C. F. Blanke & Co. first sprung into existence there was a certain coffee put up in Boston in 3-pound cans which could be found in nearly every grocery store in Boston. Up to the time the writer went into business he had been selling goods on the road, but when he got into this condition St. Louis he said to himself, "Somebody must be asleep, and it looks to me as though it is the coffee merchants of the city that are to blame. The coffee Boston should sell so much coffee in St. Louis. There may be some dealers who think that something is being done to the public, but there should be something to draw the people's attention to this fact. The result was a checkerboard border on every tea and coffee house sign identified with the C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., and draws the public's attention to Blanke's Coffee. What has this advertising cost the C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co.?

ATTRACTIVE LIVESTOCK.

In connection with "Village Boy," we have always believed in having fine livestock for delivery purposes. The result is that whenever you see a checkerboard border on any tea or coffee house sign, you will see fine livestock attached to it, either in the way of fine draft horses or dainty ponies. It costs nothing to keep good horses than it does to keep "plugs."

A WORLD'S FAIR SCOOP.

One of the greatest and best scoops that was ever made in the history of advertising was made on the Blanke Coffee, advertising in connection with the great St. Louis World's Fair. Realizing that the World's Fair was specially adopted for advertising coffee and tea, he made up his mind several years ago that we would get all the benefit out of it that could possibly be had. The result was an advertising scoop such as was never made before in connection with anything.

Tea drinking at the World's Fair was made popular by the immense exhibits made by the different tea-grown countries with each exhibit having the name Blanke and their brands ("Grand Cabin" and "Faust Blend") was so interwoven as to make them appear as Blanke Tea exhibits. This plan was worked by buying the entire consignment of tea shipped for these different exhibits, and this tea was then selected by experts for exhibit purposes consequently the finest teas ever imported during the time of these shipments. The advertising and advantage secured by these connections have since proven worth more than the cost of tea for these large purchases of tea.

About three years ago Grant's cabin was offered to C. F. Blanke at a reasonable price. It interested him at once, first from a sentimental standpoint, because he was always an admirer of General Grant, and because he saw in it a wonderful advertising possibility. Blanke's "Grant Cabin" tea, as well as Blanke's "Grand Cabin" Tea, has become generally known in less time than any brand of merchandise ever put on the market.

No one firm is more frequently spoken of in connection with the tea exhibits at the World's Fair than the Blanke company, and a great deal of the advertising given this firm in connection with the highest tea was a compliment to them for this reason.

The commissioners from the various countries who came to the Fair with their tea, coffee, and sugar, and spending their advertising appropriation to the best advantage naturally looked about them to see the commissioners who would be of most benefit to them in taking hold of and pushing the sale of tea of their country.

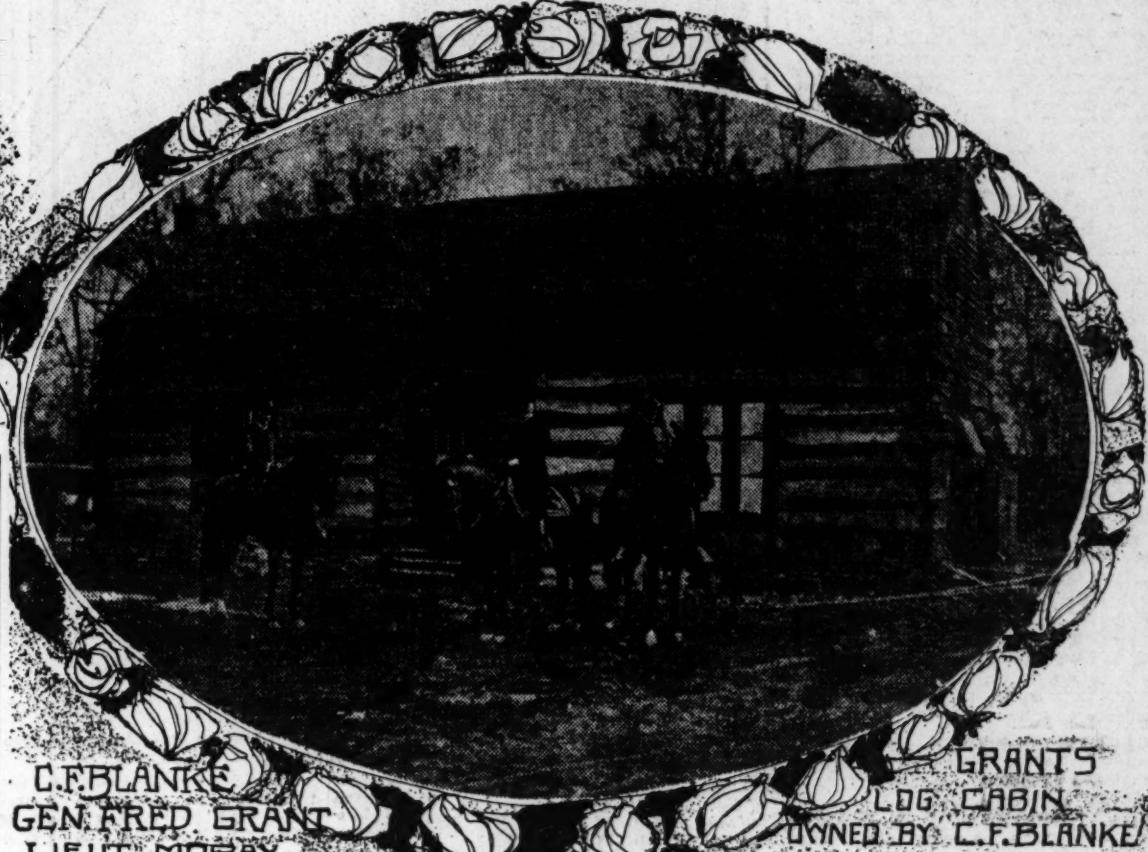
Nothing more progressive methods of the Blanke company, they were only too glad to advertise their tea and coffee, by country so well known. As a consequence the foreign commissioners accomplished their objects by exhibiting their tea and coffee, and this was what would continue to push them, and the Blanke company was benefited by these foreign appropriations of their tea.

THE MOST COMPLETE COFFEE PLANT IN THE WORLD.

This looks like a bold assertion. It is a bold assertion. There are several very large plants of the same nature in the United States. One or two much larger than ours, and several others of large size, but there is none that is as complete as ours. Not in this country or in any other. We have the most complete and the most improved machines and methods for handling coffee, we manufacture under the same roof all the tea, coffee, and sugar for our entire, having in this department alone nearly 40 employees. We do all our own lithographing and printing of our tea and coffee, and we are using Blanke's Coffee, but most of them are sold, and every one that is in use is a Blanke's coffee, and we are using Blanke's Coffee. How much has this advertising cost us? It is also carrying out our slogan, "Something different and something better."

GENERAL GRANT'S OLD WAGON.

About fourteen years ago the writer was impressed with a cut in one of the daily papers and an article with it of a wagon originally owned and used by General Grant. After reading this, the writer immediately secured the wagon that stopped at our store once or twice a week and got some goods for him to sell in the interior. The next time the wagon stopped there the owner of it, Mr. Hendricks, who is a very peculiar character, was with him. The writer asked him, "What is this?" Mr. Hendricks answered that it was the only one in the country for the past twenty years, and that he had the only one that could keep this wagon running, because he who has seen this wagon for the last fifteen years will no doubt agree with



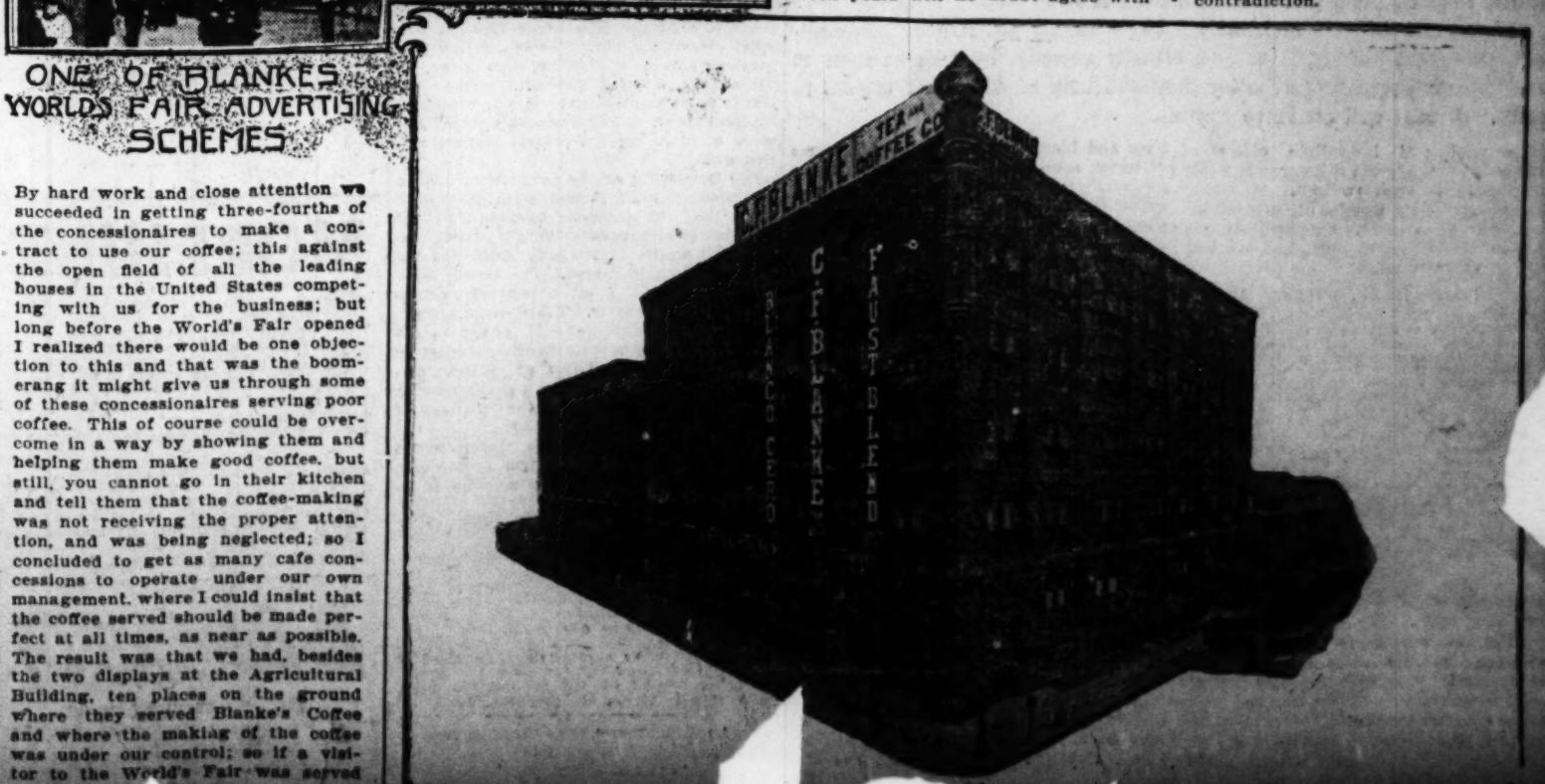
Louis cannot be advertised unless the business houses of St. Louis are advertised with it, especially those who are doing advertising in their own business. Besides this advertising of the city it would offer such an extraordinary opportunity for every individual business house to advertise and promote their business; consequently, I at once commenced to lay plans to get the most out of it.

The first move we made was to order about one hundred and twenty-five thousand (125,000) cups and saucers, handsomely decorated with our trademark, to offer free to the restaurant concessionaries providing they used our coffee and served it properly.



ONE OF BLANKE'S WORLD'S FAIR ADVERTISING SCHEMES.

By hard work and close attention we succeeded in getting three-fourths of the concessionaires to make a contract to use our coffee; this against the open field of all the leading houses in the United States competing with us for the business; but long before the World's Fair opened I realized there would be one objection to this and that was the boomerang it might give us through some of these concessionaires serving poor coffee. This of course could be overcome in a way by showing them and helping them make good coffee, but still, you cannot go in their kitchen and tell them that the coffee-making was not receiving the proper attention, and was being neglected; so I concluded to get into my coffee concessions to operate under our own management, where I could insist that the coffee should be made perfect at all times, as near as possible. The result was that we had, besides the two displays at the Agricultural Building, ten places on the ground where they served Blanke's Coffee and where the making of the coffee was under our control; so if a visitor to the World's Fair was served with a poor cup of coffee at one place,



WOLVES AND CATS KILLING THE DEER

Michigan Trapper Says State
Must Exterminate Beasts of
Prey to Protect Game.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Feb. 11.—In the opinion of C. V. Woodlin, a trapper and hunter, familiarly known as "Curly," who makes his headquarters in the woods near Republic, this county, if some systematic effort is not made soon to kill off the wolves and foxes and wildcats, it will not be long before the deer in the upper peninsula woods will become extinct. He urges that the state increase its bounty, as various counties in northern Michigan have already done, in the belief that it would be the means of inducing a war of extermination upon the ferocious animals, which prey on protected game.

The trapper writes of a number of cases of wholesale slaughter of deer by wolves that came under his personal observation. In one instance twenty-two deer were killed by three wolves in one night.

"I am a trapper and live on the river. I caught a large wolf in a No. 4 trap," adds the woodman. "He broke the trap and got away with the trap hanging to his foot. I followed him for a day, but did not see him. Later I struck his trail again and followed him two days. I found the trap the second day, but the wolf's leg had been set at the trap, and had broken off, leaving the foot in the jaws. This incident led me to the theory that carcases of deer are the chief reason he has learned to kill in the early part of the winter."

"I am positive that the wolves kill more deer every year than all the hunters put together, and that the fawns are favored. Nearly every adult doe has one from one to three fawns usually two. Do they raise them?"

"Do these fawns live to see the snowy fly? No; not one in ten. They are all killed by the prowling lynx and wildcat. Not one in five lives to see her mother. Not one in five hunters are allowed to kill in a season. If a poor man is caught killing a deer to help feed his family, he is fined perhaps \$50 and costs or given the alternative of imprisonment in the county jail."

No Show for the Manager.

From Life.

The manager—Look here, old man. I wish you'd lend me \$5 in advance and take me out of my first week's salary.

The manager—But my dear fellow, just suppose that for the same argument, that I couldn't pay you your first week's salary—where would I be?

FIRST LIEUTENANT ON MISSING ROLE

Probably Prefers to Be Classed as
Deserter to Being Tried by
Court-Martial.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Feb. 11.—Preferring to be classed as a deserter from the army than to be court-martialed for violating a previous court-martial sentence, First Lieutenant William H. Plummer, who before he entered the army was a well-known actor, has disappeared from Fort Leavenworth. Before he left the officer requested some of his brother officers to sell what property he left behind and send the money to his mother in Rhode Island, upon the pretense of game.

This Lieut. Plummer's second disappearance from Fort Leavenworth. Just six months ago he departed mysteriously and it was thought he had been murdered. The disappearance of an army officer was so unusual that the newspapers in this section gave it wide publicity and a paper fell in the hands of a farmer at Hiawatha, Kan. The description fitted his guest to a nicely so he sent word to the commanding officer at Fort Leavenworth with the result that Lieut. Plummer's identity was established and he was brought back under arrest.

Previous to his disappearance the first time Lieut. Plummer gave his commanding officer a written pledge "not to touch another drop." He went on a "high jinks" tour of the country, and the officer to whom he made the promises to abstain from intoxicants presented charges against him. Plummer was then court-martialed and sentenced to confine his wanderings to the limits of Fort Leavenworth for six months. He behaved exceedingly well for the six months, taking up practicals and taking the part of the leading man. But he could not stay on the water wagon, and was placed under arrest.

Jan. 6 the commanding officer informed him that he would have to stand trial by court-martial for breaking his pledge. He consented in coming to Leavenworth. Plummer went back to the hospital, changed his uniform for a suit of citizen's clothes, and departed for Fort Leavenworth. At the same time allowance given before officers are classed as deserters has expired, and the officer will be dropped from the rolls. It is not believed he has committed suicide.

After the Honeymoon.

From the Boston Transcript.

Aunt Jane: Is your husband all you thought he would be?

Emma: Well, yes, I think he is; but I am sorry to say that he is far from being what he thinks himself to be.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT



To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, will do for YOU, Every Reader of the "Post-Dispatch" May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease; therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of liver and bladder troubles, the symptoms of which are—obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust, or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, cerebral rheumatism, diabetes, blisters, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling on or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale at drug stores the world over in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is purely vegetable, and is the best kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It will cure all your kidney troubles in a short time.

L. C. RICHARDSON.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but it promptly cures kidney trouble.

SPECIAL NOTE.—In order to prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root, you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that readers are advised to send for a sample bottle and sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the St. Louis Sunday Post-Dispatch. The genuineness of the offer is guaranteed.

BEAUTIFUL BALTIMORE GIRL CHOSEN AS BRIDE OF RICHEST MINISTER



MISS GWENDOLYN WHISTLER

Gwendolin Whistler, Whom Dr. Richard Lewis Howell Will Wed Soon, Is Not Yet 17 and Has Not Been Formally Presented to Society.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 4.—The richest Protestant Episcopalian clergyman in the world, who dazzled New York two months ago by "plunging" in real estate to the extent of \$4,150,000, is to be married Feb. 20, to a fashionable young woman of Baltimore.

At present Philadelphia is the home of this Crescens of the church, the Rev. Dr. Richard Lewis Howell. He has apartments in the Aldine Hotel, and is almost as well known here as in Washington, and better known than in New York, Pittsburgh, Sandusky, O., and other cities where he has had charges at various times.

His first wife was Miss Mary T. Rush, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin T. Rush of this city, and upon her death Dr. Howell inherited her fortune, which has vastly increased under his careful manipulation.

Miss Gwendolin Whistler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Delano Whistler of Baltimore, is the bride-to-be. She is not yet 18 years old, and has never been formally introduced to society, although she has traveled much. It was in Europe that Dr. Howell met her.

It was last December that Dr. Howell caused a stir in New York by purchasing the Hotel Regent, the Hotel Aberdeen and Breton Hall, three fashionable apartment

houses, for which he paid \$3,000,000 in cash and \$1,150,000 in Pittsburg real estate. His income from these investments alone will be \$200,000 a year.

The wedding will take place at Palm Beach, where Dr. Howell has a home.

He is interested in mission work in Florida, and gives liberally to this branch of church activity.

For five years he was assistant rector of the old Church of the Epiphany, at Fifteenth and Richard streets.

The Rev. Dr. Richard L. Howell is one of Washington's wealthiest and most prominent citizens.

About seven years ago, on account of ill health, he resigned his post as rector of St. Margaret's Church, one of the largest and most fashionable churches in the capital.

At that time he purchased the Shady Carter estate, just north of Leesburg, Va., and improved it until it is one of the finest country places in the state.

He lived there for several years, though still retaining a town house at 236 Connecticut avenue, where he is now living. Dr. Howell is a man of unusually distinguished appearance.

He is fond of outdoor sports and is a member of the Chevy Chase Country Club, the Virginia Club and the Cosmos Club.

FALLS AT KEOKUK WILL BE HARNESSSED

\$5,000,000 Dam Will Be Built and Power Supplied in 100-Mile Radius.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

KEOKUK, Ia., Feb. 11.—After dreaming for a third of a century of the possibilities of such a project, the people of Keokuk have at last been authorized by Congress to harness the immense water power of the rapids of the Mississippi river, a few miles above the city. The bill authorizing construction of a \$5,000,000 dam has just passed the Senate, having carried the House some months ago. It will be signed by the President, and immediately the final work of financing the project will be carried out.

The immensity of the power that will be produced may be judged from the statement that the proposed dam will be the greatest power-producer in the world, except the works at Niagara Falls and the Assuan Dam in Egypt. The latter, however, produces a great power only a limited part of the year.

The Keokuk dam is expected to produce enough power to operate all the manufactures of southeastern Iowa and adjacent parts of Illinois and Missouri, and then to leave a surplus for the larger cities and towns.

A lunch was served, and during the evening an envelope containing money was presented to the octogenarian.

Getting Ahead of Nero.

None had just given orders for the burning of Nero.

"How lovely," exclaimed his wife, "I will begin with the money right away."

Herewith he handed forth to shop while he hunted for his addle.

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A lunch was served, and during the evening an envelope containing money was presented to the octogenarian.

PATIENTS ARE NOT REQUIRED TO PAY ONE CENT UNTIL RECEIVED.

For those who are not sick, pain or confinement.

Patients have perfect liberty at all times, eat and sleep, walk, voluntary.

For those who are sick, the disease and pain.

the time in out-door exercise while being cured.

Booklet with full information sent FREE.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL.

G. C. REED, M. D., Box 656, Europa Springs, Ark.

Dr. BURKHART'S
CURE FOR
CANCER.

WILL POSITIVELY CURE

Kidney and Liver Disease, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Nervousness, Diabetes, Epilepsy, Neuralgia, Nervous Convulsions, Epileptic Disease, Consumption, All Diseases of the Skin and

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DR. WATSON THE GLASS OF FASHION IN COURTROOM

Handsome and Perfectly Groomed,
He Makes a Striking Figure as
He Fights for His Life—Never
Loses His Confidence.

NEW LONDON CLAMORS FOR MISS ADA BURKS.

"If She Would Only Come, the
Town Wouldn't Hold the Peo-
ple," Say the Citizens—Trial
May Continue Through Another
Week.

By a Staff Correspondent of the Post-Dispatch.
NEW LONDON, Mo., Feb. 11.—One day spent in the progress of a great
murder trial is calculated to give the re-
ceptive mind impressions enough to re-
sort to last for life. I have spent a day in
the Circuit courtroom of Ralls County,
where Dr. Taylor Jones Watson is on trial
charged with the murder of his wife.

Most vivid of my impressions, stands out
in clear relief the pathetic picture of a
shriveled old man, a father, sitting silent
and sorrowful, while his son, a man in the
vigorous prime of life, is defendant in an
issue which means for him liberty or
hangman's noose.

And yet, in the line of vision between
my eyes and this sorrowful old man, there
appears the face of a dazzlingly beautiful
young girl, just upon the verge of woman-
hood, the olive cream tint of her cheeks,

the bewildering sparkle of her big blue
eyes, and the enticing Cupid's bow of her
smerry lips flickering and flitting upon
the surface of that sad and somber picture of
the aged father like the dazzling of a dia-
mond upon glass.

The girl has nothing to do with the case.
She is merely a spectator, and is not even
a listener. She is not interested in the trial.
Just why she attends I do not know, unless
it be that she desires, as a witness,
a measure of light and beauty, to experience the
excitement of being in and of a crowd
gathered upon a momentous occasion in a
small country town—her town—where
crowds are infrequent and such opportuni-
ties seldom come to her.

Girl Deeply Interested.

Nearly all day that delightful young per-
son, so directly in line between me and
Samuel Watson, the aged father of the
prisoner at the bar. She gazed gaily with
a friend, and nodded in recognition of admiring
glances from other friends elsewhere in
the courtroom. Her every gesture betokened the glorious beginning of life—the
delight of living, the utterly care-free
aspect of youth, the wholesome hopefulness
of young womanhood. Even her dainty
hands, glittering with jeweled rings, ex-
presses in their movements the glamour and
the glory of maidenhood.

The soft lace at her throat, the picture
of crowning her hair of ripple sunshine,
the stylish bodies of harmonious brown-
all added in presenting to the view this
splendid picture of unalloyed happiness.
Perhaps she has not read Browning; but
she has, I have no doubt that this radiant
New London lass is glad to invite the
world in this wise:

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be."

But the picture of the old man back of
her was far different. That represented
childhood and youth and strong manhood
already flown, and tottering age arrived—
and with it sorrow's crown of sorrows, an
upright and estimable old citizen confront-
ed with the fact that his son, the pride of
his young manhood and the hope of his de-
clining years, is on trial under charge of
having committed an atrocious murder.

Old Mr. Watson sat in the courtroom for
the first time since the trial of his son began.
For 15 days Dr. Watson had endured the
ordeal. That the father suffers profoun-
dly is evident in every line of his face. He
sits absolutely silent and immobile. No
matter what the testimony may be, the
set expression upon his face never changes
in the slightest degree. No unfavorable
testimony could alter that expression for

MUSTARD PLASTER AN INGREDIENT IN CHICAGO SALAD RECIPE

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made Was the Tothsome Dish
Sold at Auction at Woman's Cooking Club—
Purchaser Has Not Been Seen Since.

An onion and a lobster, a grain of salt or
two. Some ham and eggs, a piece of cheese, a
turkey wing, a rabbit's foot, some vinegar and oil.
Then comes the spice and spice it well, for
fear that it will spoil.

Some venison, some salmon tails, an ounce
of horseradish, some pepper, and some
beef that's good enough to try to tackle that.
A mustard plaster does to end, when you
are trying that.

Everybody made a rush for the salad, and
the turnoff was so ferocious, no one re-
membered who purchased it.

Mrs. Rhoda A. Leach of Northwestern
University told the women the settlement
cooking class was helping 60 out of 60 girls
get married.

"It is no matrimonial bureau, however,"
said Mrs. Leach.

Watson a Striking Figure.

Dr. Watson himself is a striking figure.
When one-armed Sheriff Adkins escorts
him from the jail to the courtroom he steps
briskly up to a desk at one end of the
judge's bench, lays his hat and overcoat
thereon, places his rubbers upon the floor
and goes to his seat inside the railing back
of his formidable battle-axe attorney.

The prisoner is, perhaps, the best-
dressed man in the courtroom. His skin
is clear, his blue eyes bright, his black
hair brushed carefully. The forehead is
high and slopes slightly, the hair being
brushed back in a roach. The mustache,
of a dark brown hue, is unusually abundant
and is worn long, but it is well kept.
The nose is strongly aquiline. The cheek-
bones are prominent, yet not to the point
of homeliness. Dr. Watson is a good-
looking man.

He is garbed in black coat and vest, sack
cut, and dark-gray trousers, with a very
thin stripe of lighter hue. He wears a
turn-down collar and a black four-in-hand
tie.

The worse, inasmuch as it is already fixed
at the ultimate limit of unbearable sorrow.
To me, the central figure in the courtroom
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BRISK DEMAND FOR BUSINESS REAL ESTATE

Choice Downtown Properties Are Changing Hands at Prices That Break All Records in Speculation.

OTHER BIG DEALS FOLLOW SALE OF LINDELL HOTEL

Columbia Building at Twelfth and Olive Reported Purchased at \$300,000—Many Sales in Tower Grove Heights.

BY BERRY MOORE. Speculation in realty in the business district of the city is fast taking the form of a boom. The call for investments in this district is unprecedented in the history of the city, and choice holdings are changing hands at prices that break all records. The past week's operations were characterized by two of the most important deals, one in the million-dollar category and involving the building of an entire city block in the annals of the realty market.

The notable events were the sales of the Lindell Hotel block at Twelfth street and Washington avenue for \$400,000 and the southwest corner of Broadway and Olive street for \$300,000. The Columbia building, a nine-story structure at the southeast corner of Eighth and Locust streets, and the northeast corner of Twelfth and Olive streets were also reported to have been sold. The Post-Dispatch was, however, unable to secure the confirmation of these sales. The price mentioned for the Columbia building is \$300,000. William Culver, the owner of the Twelfth street corner, admitted that a deal is pending for his property, but that as yet it had not taken definite shape. The price stated for this plot is \$300,000, or \$5,000 per front foot. There are 100 feet on Twelfth street by 100 feet on Olive street. Mr. Culver purchased the property five years ago for \$300,000. In the event of its sale at \$300,000 he will have realized a profit of \$300,000 on the investment.

The Emporium Realty Co., composed of Lorenza Anderson, Festus J. Wade, P. C. Maffitt, Frank C. Ruf and Paul Brown, has been formed, and it is understood, will take title to the Lindell Hotel property.

This deal was engineered by Lorenza Anderson, vice president of the Mercantile Trust Company, and is the largest on record in St. Louis.

The Broadway and Olive street corner, which embraces two parcels, was purchased by a syndicate, headed by Thomas Wright, the millionaire cigar dealer. The corner plot, having 27 feet 7 inches on Broadway

DEATH LURKS IN TOBACCO

Cancer and Heart Disease the Most Common Diseases Produced by Tobacco.

GEN. U. S. GRANT WAS A VICTIM

Don't you know that most of the heart failures are due to the use of tobacco? Don't you know that most of the cancers are due to the tobacco habit? The heart, weakened and exhausted by continued use of tobacco and alcohol, cannot stand the strain of smoking the strain. Sudden excitement, an unusual strain, a tug at the heart strings, and the tobacco user is dead.

This is not the only danger. Cancer of the mouth and stomach are caused by tobacco, and the diseases are called "tobacco diseases"—foul, disgusting, painful and deadly. Recall the lingering torture, suffering and death of General Grant, the man who died of cancer of the mouth, due to smoking tobacco! The best physicians that money can buy can't cure cancer. The cost of this disease on this powerful man, a prominent Chicago businessman, has just died of cancer of the mouth.

"Mr. W. died of an aggravated case of cancer of the mouth caused by the use of tobacco, which he was using for two years. He was dying by inches." Ask any doctor or institution that makes cancer cases, and they will tell you that thousands of cases of cancer of the mouth and stomach come directly due to poison in tobacco.

Nicotine, the active poison in tobacco, is saving the way all the time. It is for saving the heart, lungs and is inviting disease.

Every time you indulge in tobacco you are in direct contact with a cancer causing agent for any time because of the irritation produced by nicotine, and your heart is being weakened.

These are cold, solid facts. Your own doctor will tell you so. They lead many a man to say, "I would stop using tobacco today if only could, but I can't." That is just what I think. I never think of it. I must smoke or chew it. The whole system is so saturated with nicotine that it is impossible to quit. Not a man in a thousand can stop by just trying to leave it alone.

The whole system must be cleaned out.

There is but one remedy in the world which can perform this work. It is a tonic which was discovered by a leading Cincinnati chemist. It is called Tobacco Specific, and is made from the tobacco plant.

In fact it attracts and draws nicotine just as salt taken into the body demands water. Whenever it is taken, the body tonics must be made over again and built up new, strong and healthy with an antidote for the tobacco poison.

The tonic removes the destroyed tissue, this tonic rebuilds the destroyed tissue and imparts new strength and vigor. It is absolutely harmless and may be given the patient in food or drink without his knowing it. We give a sample free from the West.

NEWTON, KAN., Nov. 2, 1904.

Hoover Drug Co. has a sample of a tonic which cures cancer.

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GARTHA A ROMANCE OF ST. LOUIS SOCIETY

By IVAN WHIN,

Author of "The Shadow Clue," "The Rise of Rose," "Benedicta" and "Myra."

STORY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Mrs. John Graham Graeme has realized her ambition and gone into St. Louis society. Her daughter, Fanny, has come to the United States, and has come through the order of unattached Count de Usses, an attack of the Austrian World's Fair committee. The Count has made a proposal to Mrs. Graeme to marry Gartha, and she has agreed to it. She is in love with Henry Harrison, and they have been engaged since they first met in the house of friends. John Graeme sides with his daughter, but not openly.

CHAPTER VII.

"We will not listen to me," wailed De Utase.

Mrs. Graeme looked at him with something like repugnance on her fine aristocratic face.

"You should be more determined," she said. "Girls are whimsical. Take it for granted that she has listened and talked to her of her future home, of the court of your castle. Tell her what your life together will be like. She will listen to that and you need not worry. Leave the rest to me."

He embraced his mother-in-law-to-be with lightning effusion. "Ah, mamma," he cried, "you make me so happy."

His enthusiasm disconcerted, but did not annoy her. Her mood toward him softened and she dreamed of the day when she should manage through him to obtain a far higher social state than her first hope had included.

Mrs. Stevenson was her warm ally and even Mrs. de Beers became an enthusiast.

"True he is not much of a man," Mrs. de Beers said scornfully, "but who thinks of the man at a wedding. He is only a submerged cause. I have seen accounts of weddings that contained no mention of the bridegroom."

Mrs. Stevenson emitted, "But think of the days after the wedding. Then the bridegroom counts for something and what woman would want to sacrifice her life's happiness on such an altar."

Henry Harrison's father was old and weak. At least his wealth was accepted as a fact until his son, Clarence, an executor, got at the truth. Mark Harrison's end came very quietly one evening in late fall. He had caught a cold, he said, and remained at home under the care of his old wife, who had often nursed him through his small illnesses and there was no doctor to tell them that it was the chill of approaching death that weakened the kind old man.

He had lain a week in the family lot in

Saintefontaine before Clarence got to that point in his investigation of affairs where he was convinced that nothing would eventually remain of the estate. He told Henry first.

"You'll have to turn farmer in earnest, young man," he said.

Henry mused in silence a few minutes.

"Yes and I never counted on this, but I'm not afraid. None of us will suffer."

Fanny has her money, you have your practice. It'll be hard on mother to give up the old home and the country place, but it was harder to give up father, and she won't worry. It's all right, Clarence."

"Good man," said his brother. "But how will Gartha look at it?"

"I'll have to give her a chance to say," Henry smiled, for he had no fear of her attitude.

John Graeme's attitude was unexpected. He swerved from tacit alliance with Henry against his wife to open condemnation of Henry first.

"No, sir," he said positively. "I'm not stuck on foreign counts, but a rich count is better than a poor American. When you have money you were all right. But you'll never make enough to take care of Gartha. What do you know of money-making? You're only an amateur farmer."

With that folly, John Graeme turned and fled.

Henry accepted Graeme's attitude and finally blazed to his happiness, especially at Gartha, only vaguely with her father for recompensation, and smiled sadly at him when he went away.

Disappointed, but determined that he would not ruin his life by useless repining, Henry threw himself into the work of rehabilitating his fortunes. The town house and country place were sold and there was no capital left for a new venture.

Clarence's wife became his banker and he bought a large farm in central Missouri, where he purposed to become a breeder of fine stock. He was not an amateur, as the management of his father's place had proved. The skill, sagacity and energy which had enabled him to earn 20 cents on an expensive, showy country residence farm could be counted on to earn a handsome return on a farm stocked for practical work.

Then came his wet head with his dainty smile through that voice.

"Why, Fanny," he said weakly, and crossed to her.

She put her arm around his neck and kissed him and his daze seemed to deepen. He brushed his hand across his eyes.

"I'm too tired to think," he said.

"I'm a daze he walked around the vines to the space before the door.

"I'm a daze a girl all in white floated

as it seemed to the tired farmer, down the broad stairway of the old house.

"Henry," she said: "Will you marry me?"

And here the scribbler writes
THE END.

WEARY OF SINGLE LIFE

Widower of Two Months Woes by Mail and Marries at First Sight.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

FUNCKPORT, Ind., Feb. 11.—About two months ago the wife of Lincoln Rogers of this city died and today Mr. Rogers took a new bride. Mrs. Rogers had been married only a short time when she stepped off a moon train in this city.

Shortly after the death of his wife, Mr. Rogers went to a matrimonial agency at Chicago and furnished it a description of the kind of woman he would like to wed. In a few days he was placed in the company of Mrs. R. M. Morgan, a lively correspondence agent, who has not instances of what Liquozone has done. The cured ones are everywhere; doubtless some of your friends are among them.

Mrs. Rogers then wrote for her to come on to town as soon as possible, and upon her arrival here was met by him. It was then that they saw each other for the first time.

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Here Are Character Studies of the Two Noted Illinois Evangelists Who Are Giving London a Great Religious Overhauling

Englishmen Call Them "The Modern Moody and Sankey," Because Their Methods Greatly Resemble Those of Their Famous Predecessors.

PEERS AND PEERESSES AIDING THEM IN FIGHT.

Thousands Are Turned Away Nightly From the Great Tabernacle Where They Hold Their Services—Alexander the Singer, Torrey the Preacher.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch and New York World.
LONDON, Feb. 11.—Two American Evangelists, Torrey and Alexander of Chicago, known as "the modern Moody and Sankey," are giving London one of the greatest religious upturnings in its history. Their revival has been running only a week, but thousands are turned away from their tabernacle nightly.

On the stage from which they speak are peers and peeresses of the realm; high and low, alike are caught in the upheaval.

Dr. Torrey is grey bearded, stately and debonair. Mr. Alexander is young, clean-shaven, and full of unceasing movement. Yet both possess the same dominating characteristic. Both convey to one a sense of overwhelming force. They do not plead with people for their hearts—they seize them from them.

On entering the Albert Hall, the eyes first light on Mr. Alexander, for it is his task to pave the way for Dr. Torrey, and therefore it were best to speak of Mr. Alexander first.

Stands on Lofty Pulpit.

It is his wont to stand upon a crimson pillar about twice the height of a tall man and some 6 feet square at its base and top. He is backed and flanked by his choristers, whose eyes follow his every movement, while before him stretches an audience whose gaze never leaves his face.

Indeed, it is a strange thing to watch the men and women filling in and see the little start they give when their eyes fall on Mr. Alexander for the first time. His is not the figure they would look for in a missionary.

He is tall and firmly set above his broad, square shoulders, a comely head of the dark, cloke-dropped, clean-shaved, square-cut kind. But it is his eyes—deep brown, deep set, and deeply piercing—that hold one.

Then his dress marks in no way of the evangelist. Upon his well-made figure hangs a frock coat that the great Poole might himself have built. His collar, with its wings, is snowy white, and is encircled by a glossy satin tie. No wrinkles mar the "dead-creased" splendor of his trousers, and the eye rests gratefully upon his trim, shapely boots. Mr. Alexander seems to have wandered from Bowery to Bond street fad when Mr. Alexander gets to work. Then only one sees a man very much in earnest—a man wedded to his task. And that he has always been since as a small boy he had a small choir to conduct, and as a young man a larger choir. It was of rousing people into song in praise of God which first took him to Moody's Bible Institute, of which Dr. Torrey was then head. It was, too, his obvious love for this labor that caused Torrey to exclaim: "This is the one man in all the world I want as colleague." Now master and pupil are brothers in the work.

Makes Audience Sing.

At the opening of a meeting Mr. Alexander sets himself to laugh his hearers into love with him. For instance, as with his strong, white, nervous hands he is beating out the music of some hymn, and all are singing lustily, he will, with one uplifted finger, stay the singing in the middle of a bar. Then he will turn, and speaking to some man individually, smile and say: "Do not look round when you hear other people coming in; they are only common people like yourself."

Again he will stop the singing and pick out, maybe, a row of stewards, a row of children, or possibly some old man or woman, or a boy, who it seems to him are not singing as they should. And while all the people smile, he will make the feeble singer



REV. R. A. TORREY

stand up alone and give a terror-stricken, quivering solo.

The result may easily be guessed. Whenever his eyes light there do men and women sing with all their might. They have no desire to be made unwilling soloists in the midst of laughing thousands.

Therefore they sing, learning each hymn verse by verse from Mr. Alexander's voice, and picking up the tune as he stamps, stamp, stamps it out with his foot on the crimson pillar.

He keeps them singing for an hour or more such hymns as the "Glory Song." Presently the people come to sing willingly, and at the last with fervor, till all the hall is filled with warm, breathing life.

Then it is that the Souds among Gospel singers step nimbly from the crimson pillar and Dr. Torrey walks slowly up instead.

Torrey's Strong Personality. In the hush that follows one is almost chilled by the cold staleness of Dr. Torrey. He towers above one, huge and commanding, looking steadily into space with eyes that gleam frostily blue beneath his high, wide forehead. His mouth is hidden beneath a white moustache, and a close-cut white beard clings tightly to his strong chin and full, pale cheeks.

In figure he is massive, almost burly, and it seems hard to think that this man up to a few years ago played baseball and

was an allround athlete. But Dr. Torrey had seven years at Yale, where in his own words "games were more to him than godliness."

He looks more than his eight-and-forty years, but his zest of life is keen and many a man who has casually set out to walk with him in London has felt leg-weary afterwards. Moreover, in spite of his apparent gloom, he is a man of merry heart, and those who know him will even call him "a witty fellow." The people of the Chicago Tabernacle, to which curse of souls he went upon the persuasion of Moody, love him well.

He grips his Bible and thrusts it into his hearers' faces, as if he would thrust its message into their hearts. Then raising his voice till it roars like breakers on a beach, and clutching his powerful hands, he drives home the few simple truths he preaches. Finally, with extended arms, he asks: "Will you accept the Lord Jesus Christ—right now, will you accept the Lord Jesus Christ—right now?" over and over again. Then: "All who will—stand up."

And such is the force of the invitation that men and women seem dragged from their seats. By this time Mr. Alexander is standing by his white-haired colleague's side, motioning with his piercing eyes all those who rise. "One more on the right," he cries sharply; and Dr. Torrey sonorously responds, "God bless you."

Such are the Moody and Sankey of to-day.

DEAR SIRS:—I didn't find out that I had contracted Contagious Blood Poison until it had made considerable headway, and fortunately for me the friend that I first consulted had had some experience with the disease, and advised me to take the use of your medicine, taking it as directed. My friend told me to stick to it, and that was what I did, and got along rapidly, from the very first, and my recovery was rapid. I took only about one dozen bottles, and am now as well as ever. When I began S. S. S. my face was so full of sores and eruptions that I could not shave, and now there is not a blotch or pimple on my body.

For Oakley St., Evansville, Ind.

WALTER WEBER.

I was afflicted with a terrible blood disease, which was in spots at first, but afterwards spread all over my body. These soon broke out into sores, and it is easy to imagine the suffering I endured. Before I became convinced that the doctors could do me no good I had spent a hundred dollars, which was really thrown away. When I had finished my first bottle of S. S. S. I was greatly improved, and was delighted with the result. The large red spots on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I regained my lost weight, became stronger, and my appetite greatly improved. I was soon entirely well, and my skin is clear as a piece of glass.

H. L. MCKEE.

For proof that it contains a particle of mineral, it will be mailed to all who ask for it, and our physicians will gladly give personal attention to the cases of all who write. We make no charge for this.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

SSS

or proof that it contains a particle of mineral. Our book on Contagious Blood Poison is a complete treatise on this disease. It will be mailed to all who ask for it, and our physicians will gladly give personal attention to the cases of all who write. We make no charge for this.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

"NO QUARTER FOR OIL TRUST," IS THE CRY IN KANSAS

Move to Establish a State Refinery Has Resulted in a Fight by the Standard That Has Aroused the People.

FARMERS NOT AWED BY THE CRY OF SOCIALISM

Corbine's Reduction of Price to Appease People Taken as Proof of Its Extortion—Senate Passes Bill on to House.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 11.—A great fight is on in the Kansas Legislature over the establishment of a state oil refinery in Chautauqua County, the avowed intention of which is to smite the Standard Oil Co. and break its monopoly in the Kansas oil fields.

In the Senate, a bill appropriating \$40,000 for the purpose of establishing the refinery has been favorably considered by the committee of the whole, and will be passed in the House. It seems almost certain that a similar bill will be passed in spite of the opposition of the "administration" leaders, headed by Gov. E. W. Hoch and Speaker W. R. Stubbs of the House. The administration opposes the bill because of the great expense attached, and proposes as a substitute some drastic railroad laws to fix maximum rates on oil and prohibit discrimination between shippers.

Meantime, the lobbyists for the Standard Oil Co., with J. E. O'Brien of Ohio at their head, are working like tigers for the defeat of the bill. Rumors of boddle and open barrels are floating around in great profusion. It is considered likely that some of these charges will be investigated by the grand jury now in session in Topeka, held out by the Standard representatives, tigers hauled up to give testimony.

Farmers Standing Firmly.

In spite of the dictation of the House leaders and the substantial inducements held out by the Standard representatives, it seems likely that the farmer members of the House will stand by their colors and pass the bill. The fight in the Senate is practically over. The great battle will take place in the House.

A poll of the House made today shows that out of 125 members the present line-up is as follows:

For the state refinery, 74.

Against the state refinery, 34.

Doubtful, 37.

In spite of the apparent predominance of the state ownership idea, there is a good fighting chance for the Standard in the House. The friends of the bill are not unanimous in their ideas as to what the situation demands. Some believe that the state should lease an old independent refinery at Humboldt, and, with a fund of \$25,000, experiment for a couple of years in the oil refining business before expending the vast sum which the Senate has voted to appropriate. This is the plan advocated by Gov. Hoch, and up to this time the Legislature has been willing to follow the governor's ideas on all matters of legislation.

There are other members of the House who favor a state refinery, but who demand in connection with it as a condition to their support the enactment of the railroad laws which, Speaker Stubbs says, will in themselves result in the establishment of successful independent refineries. Still others think that an appropriation of \$60,000 is as much as they will be willing to advocate.

Trust's Agents Busy.

Taking advantage of all this confusion of sentiment, the Standard Oil Co. is working night and day in the statehouse, in the lobbies of the hotels, in the clubs, and even in the private carding houses where the members stay, and seems confident that it can defeat the passage of the bill, which spells ruin to Standard interests in Kansas.

There are doubts as to the constitutionality of the proposed state refinery for crude Kansas oil. The constitution forbids the state from engaging in competition with private business. To avoid this it is proposed to take advantage of another constitutional provision, which gives the state the right to provide employment of any kind for its penitentiary convicts. The plan is to build a new penitentiary in Chautauqua County, in which the oil refinery will be established. The opening sentences of the Senate refinery bill are as follows:

"For the purpose of providing proper employment for the convicts confined in the state penitentiary, the state penitentiary is hereby empowered to purchase a suitable site for the erection of a branch of the state penitentiary in the County of Chautauqua, and construct, maintain and operate thereon an oil refinery as a department of the state penitentiary, for the refining of crude oil, and to market the same and its by-products."

Speaking of this bill, Gov. Hoch says: "I have grave doubts about the wisdom of this proposition, and I would be untrue to myself and to the people who have honored me if I did not voice these doubts. Able lawyers tell me that such an expenditure is of more than doubtful legality under the constitution, which forbids the state to engage in private business. The object of which the penitentiary bill is, so apparent an evasion that the courts might, to say the least, declare it unconstitutional. I have suggested the establishment of a small refinery to cost \$5,000 or \$60,000 supplemented by freight legislation, and I am still of the opinion that this is the wiser plan, if it can be constitutionally done."

Such a statement from the head of the state administration comes almost with the force of a command to the supposedly neutral "administration" House. To break away from such a command will require all of the nerve and independence which the members of the House can muster. To make the situation still more embarrassing

comes out with the following declaration: "The motive behind this oil refinery is a desire on the part of its promoters to have the state do what our constitution specifically provides it shall not do, and the building of another penitentiary is merely a subterfuge to cover this question of law."

"For one, do not care to assume the responsibility for establishing a preceding refinery for the state, for that state and nation to take over any and all commercial and industrial business which is not carried on in the exact way we would like to see it carried on."

In answer to Speaker Stubbs' expressed fear that the State is verging on socialism, the friends of the refinery say: "The Standard Oil Company is in the process of building a twine plant, established for the purpose of saving Kansas farmers from the grip of the binders and twine companies. The plant is a success; it has made money for the state, and saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to Kansas farmers by keeping down the price of binding twine. If this system works so well with one, why not with another?"

Estimates which have been prepared show that with the appropriation of \$40,000, the state can build a refinery with a daily capacity of 2000 barrels. The annual profits of this plant are estimated as follows:

For 60,000 barrels of crude oil at 75 cents a barrel, refining, 5¢, cost per gallon 42,300
Cost of crude crude oil to refinery 32,000
Total 74,300
The revenue from the refinery per month is figured this way: 2000 barrels per month is the amount of crude oil it costs a gallon 60,300
Receipts for gasoline, kerosene, fuel oil 25,000

Total monthly 85,300
Total receipts monthly over disbursements \$ 20,000

It seems likely that even though the Legislature does not enact the state refinery bill in this way, it will pass a number of other laws which will tend to the same effect as the Standard Oil Co. controls the market and uses only a small portion of the producing capacity of the state. The Standard Oil Company's oil actually marketed during the past year was about 200,000 barrels, and the Standard has been consistently forcing down the price of crude oil, causing a great increase in the cost of the refined product. It is a significant thing that when the present agitation for a state refinery commenced, the Standard Oil Company prohibited the sale of refined oil 4 cents. Such laws as those would put the Standard Oil Co. in a position to market its refined product at no higher freight rates than those of the Standard.

All these bills have recently been proposed by the Standard Oil lobby, and there is no telling to what ends that company will go to accomplish their defeat in the House.

From all over the state, petitions are

pouring in to members of the Legislature to enact the state refinery bill, and the other anti-Standard Oil bills, into law. Not the most numerous come from the oil wells where the oil wells are located, but from the Missouri border clear to the "short grass" country in the extreme west. The tremendous agitation for a state refinery against the Standard is the thing which the friends of the bills are most strongly counting upon to bring victory.

There are now about 80 producing oil wells in the state. What their total capacity is, no one can tell, because the Standard Oil Co. controls the market and uses only a small portion of the producing capacity of the state. The Standard Oil Company's oil actually marketed during the past year was about 200,000 barrels, and the Standard has been consistently forcing down the price of crude oil, causing a great increase in the cost of the refined product. It is a significant thing that when the present agitation for a state refinery commenced, the Standard Oil Company prohibited the sale of refined oil 4 cents. Such laws as those would put the Standard Oil Co. in a position to market its refined product at no higher freight rates than those of the Standard.

It is, of course, likely that even if the state refinery bill, the common carrier bill and the oil tax bill are all passed, there will be a hard fight made in the courts by the Standard to declare the laws unconstitutional.

Reads Fine Print and Threads Needle at 98



Remarkable Vitality of Mind and Body Possessed by Mrs. Catherine Skinner, of New Britain, Conn.

Her Strength and Clearness of Mind Are Sustained by the Nourishing and Life-Prolonging Powers of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

"I have Found It a Wonderful Aid in Sustaining Health and Strength," She Writes:

"It gives me pleasure to say that I have used your Pure Malt Whiskey with the most beneficial results, and I have found it a wonderful aid in sustaining health and strength, especially for a person who is getting along in years. It tones up and regulates the system, aids digestion, stimulates the circulation and strengthens the blood, gives a good appetite and makes you sleep well at night." CATHERINE SKINNER, 55, Beaver street, New Britain, Conn., Sept. 27, 1904.

At her advanced age, Mrs. Skinner goes to mass at 7 o'clock, and sometimes she attends service twice a day. She eats her meals regularly with a good appetite, keeps her own room in order and threads her own needle. She reads a small print prayer book each day, with the help of her spectacles, and while her hearing is slightly impaired, none of her other faculties are much affected by her extreme old age.

4000 Centenarians Owe Health and Old Age to

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

Whiskey could possibly be given than is conveyed by the earnest words of this dear old lady, who, like thousands of other grateful men and women, not only their sound mental and physical condition, but their very existence to this grand, invincible life.

It is endorsed and recommended by ministers of the gospel, doctors and temperance advocates for its health-giving powers and absolute purity.

It contains no fusel oil and is the only whiskey recognized by the government as a medicine.

All druggists and grocers sell it, or it will be sent direct, on application. \$1 per bottle. Be sure you get the genuine. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.

BABY'S BEST FRIEND

The best way to be sure that baby will grow up strong, happy and healthy, is to keep its stomach and bowels in perfect condition, with

DR. CALDWELL'S (Laxative)

SYRUP PEPSIN

Baby's work is to grow. It can't grow if it doesn't digest its food. Most babies have stomach trouble, of some sort or other, at one time or other. Dr. Caldwell's (laxative) Syrup

Pepsin is, without doubt, the very safest, pleasantest, and most reliable medicine, for all infants' diseases. By relieving discomfort and pain, it induces refreshing sleep, and soon cures all baby

ST. LOUIS NOW A FREE PORT."

City Removes Tonnage Tax on Steamboats Which Yielded \$12,000 in 1904.

RESULT OF COMPROMISE

Wharf Rental Still Effective Although River Men Asked Remittance of Both.

The Council ways and means committee has agreed to make St. Louis "a free port." Under the present ordinance governing the harbor and wharf of St. Louis, what is known as a tonnage tax is provided, which yielded the city treasury about \$12,000 last year.

Steamboatmen contend that the tonnage tax has hampered the development of the local river trade materially.

All boats owned by St. Louis taxpayers were compelled to pay a tax of 2½ cents a ton for docking at this port. Steamboats owned by residents of other states were compelled to pay a tax of 20 cents a ton.

The steamboatmen requested that the tonnage tax and even wharf rentals be abolished. The ways and means committee compromised with the river men by abolishing the tonnage tax and allowing the wharf rentals to stand.

Steamboats are only charged wharf rentals when they establish regular docks, and are charged the up to date wharf and load or unload across a stage landing when being asked to contribute to the city treasury.

The packet ferry boat lines all maintain special wharfs. So do the excursion steamers. The city derives considerable revenue for wharf space occupied by these landings.

"It costs the city a great deal more money to keep the wharf in good shape than is derived from the steamboatmen," said Harbor Commissioner Whyte. "All the revenue collected from the steamboatmen would not pay the cost of paving and maintaining the levee and wharf. The city makes up the difference in rentals received from the railroad lines in North and South St. Louis."

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"First in everything."

NO MORE TELEPHONE LICENSES

Ohio Elopers Not to Be Allowed Wedding Permits Obtained by Use of the Wire.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

LISBON, O., Feb. 11.—Henry C. Slinman, who is alleged to have married the age of 15 years, has, through his father, J. H. Slinman of Pittsburgh, brought proceedings to have marriage license issued. T. F. Sanderson of Youngstown, his attorney, is here securing affidavits. As a result the previous plan of Ohio to get marriage licenses by telephone to runaway couples from Pennsylvania on oaths that are often perjured is likely to be stopped.

Years Slinman and his wife were married in East Liverpool by Justice of the Peace J. N. Rose, Oct. 11. Since then, he has been unable to get a marriage license to be issued. When he telephoned from Lisbon and later forwarded to the justice by mail, it is now claimed Slinman was only 15 years old when he married.

WHAT SULPHUR DOES

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver, and excretory organs and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and compared with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles, and especially in all forms of skin diseases as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers" will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

The Fighting Czar.

From the *Chicago Tribune*:

"Don't see the Czar of being 'afraid to fight.' Don't see the Czar of being 'afraid to fight.'"

"N. P.—No Pop."

Willie Waltz: Did you ever meet a man who was such a rapid walker that his corns popped?

Full O'Prunes: I've met the man who wore pretty warm shoes. N. P.—no pop.

Willie Waltz: Why no pop?

Full O'Prunes: Because he had no corns. He wore Harry's Kustom Kicks.

HANGED MURDERER IS STILL LIVING

Wore Steel Frame Which Prevented His Neck Being Broken by the Drop.

IS NOW A WEALTHY MAN

Baxter Pate, Legally Executed for Murder of Friend, Said to Be Alive.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

GATE CITY, Va., Feb. 11.—For nearly half a century the people of southwest Virginia believed that Baxter Pate, alias McDaniel Rhea, paid the penalty for the murder of John Littrell, one of his most intimate young men friends, and Pate was hanged on a gallows erected in a hollow of the mountains southwest of Gate City, Va., on Oct. 10, 1878.

The condemned man requested that the tonnage tax and even wharf rentals be abolished. The ways and means committee compromised with the river men by abolishing the tonnage tax and allowing the wharf rentals to stand.

Steamboatmen contend that the tonnage tax has hampered the development of the local river trade materially.

All boats owned by St. Louis taxpayers were compelled to pay a tax of 2½ cents a ton for docking at this port. Steamboats owned by residents of other states were compelled to pay a tax of 20 cents a ton.

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PECULIAR TRIALS OF AGED MAN

Dies at 95 Without Seeing a Locomotive, Though Trains Run Near His House.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

HUNTINGDON, Tenn., Feb. 11.—Among the cases to be tried at the present term of the Chancery courts one of long standing involving the estate of Mark Bullington, one of the most remarkable men who ever lived in this country. Bullington died a few years ago near Atwood at the age of 95 years, and his children became engaged in a lawsuit over his property. The case has since been in the courts.

When a prisoner is admitted he is placed in the second grade and is dressed in a suit of small red plaid. If he behaves himself for 60 days he is promoted to the first grade where he wears a suit of gray or a solid color and which is not unlike the gray suit of ordinary citizens. If he does not behave himself he soon goes down to the third grade, where his suit is the regulation black and white prison bars.

During the past month there were 14 grade by promotion and only two from the second to the third. Eleven were promoted to the second grade and one to the first. There were 14 in the first grade, 12 in the second, and 10 in the third.

The device consists of a metal wheel about 13 feet in diameter, which is supported on a solid iron column, and which turns in both a horizontal and a vertical plane. A slatted track is fixed around the wheel.

The death-dealing "Yale," who uses a small bicycle, takes position at the bottom and inside the big wheel. As he pedals he imparts an opposite motion to the gyroscope, just as a captive squirrel turns its cage. By suddenly checking his bicycle the "Yale" is carried toward the top of the big wheel. As a certain height is reached the rider carries himself over the track.

By repeating this several times a speed is attained which the rider can completely circle the wheel some seven or eight times.

CONDUCT REGULATES COLOR OF CLOTHES

Iowa Penitentiary Prisoners Wear Garments of Different Hues, Showing Behavior.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

ANAMOFA, Io., Feb. 11.—Prisoners in the state penitentiary are very sensitive to the color of the clothing they wear and this fact is shown in the reports for the month which have been received by the state board of control.

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PARIS ENJOYS A NEW "THRILLER"

"Yale's" Daring Feat in Looping the Gyroscope Stirs Excitement; Lovers' Blood.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

SAN BERNARDINO, Feb. 11.—The eccentric conduct of the gyroscope engine and pumping plant in the China valley has been the cause of a domestic eruption in the family of a prosperous rancher, according to the story told on the witness stand in this city in the case of Mrs. Ella Adams against her husband, Samuel Adams, in an effort to secure a divorce.

After a siege with the engine and pump in an endeavor to make them perform their proper functions, Adams, the wife testified, would drink the engine oil.

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GASOLINE ENGINE DISRUPTS FAMILY

Eccentricities of Eccentrics and Cranky Cranks Drive Husband to Strong Drink.

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File Orders in Advance.

"Will ride in a 'trolley' car for other day," one passenger line, remarked the traveling man.

"I ordered a somewhat pretentious fire engine in a small hand."

"That speaks well for the enterpriser and public spirit of the people who live in this neighborhood," I said to the man who sat beside me.

"You," he replied, "but—no I am a native. I am in a position to inform you that, if you wish to make use of that fire engine you will have to send a postal card the day before the fire."

Constipation Sufferers.

Are You Weak and Sickly and Discomforted, Be Comforted, There is a Cure.

You may take medicine the rest of your miser- able, suffering lives, but you will never get well so long as your bowels are sluggish and sluggish. Neither will the physic or pill habit cure you.

You will become a confirmed invalid.

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NO EVIDENCE OF OCCULT INFLUENCE

Mrs. Elizabeth Bannon in No Way Connected With Divorce Troubles of the Mannings.

In the divorce suit of Mrs. Eileen Manning against Timothy Manning, which was tried in Judge Kinney's branch of the Circuit court in November, 1904, resulting in a decree of divorce, the petition stated that Mrs. Elizabeth Bannon exerted an occult and preternatural influence over Mr. Manning.

The decree of divorce was set aside last Saturday by Judge Kinsey, who had succeeded Judge Kinney, and the case dismissed.

In speaking of the trial and the connection of Mrs. Bannon with it Joseph H. Wright, attorney for the defendant, said Saturday:

"While the petition alleged that Mrs. Bannon exerted an influence over Mr. Manning and against the peace of the Manning family, this evidence absolutely failed to disclose any such influence, or that Mrs. Bannon was in any wise responsible for the trouble in the Manning family."

Judge Kinney in deciding the case expressly stated that Mrs. Bannon had not used any influence upon him to encourage the breaking of the family tie.

The evidence also showed that Mr. Bannon was an intimate friend of Mr. Manning, and that his contention that Mr. Manning had had either of the Bannons was with Mr. Bannon and not with his wife.

"I was present throughout the trial and I know there was no evidence to show that Mrs. Bannon was connected with the trouble."

"Mrs. Bannon is not a fortune teller, but on the contrary she is a woman of culture and refinement," said Mr. Kinsey.

"I feel that the friends of Mrs. Bannon may have got a wrong impression from the trial and I want to vindicate in every way the good name of Mrs. Bannon. I am acquainted with the facts in the case and feel that it is nothing more than justice to her to make this statement."

Lawmakers Visit State University

Columbia Students Give Enthusiastic Reception to Big Delegation of Legislators.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

COLUMBIA, Mo., Feb. 11.—Columbia and the State University gave a royal reception today to the visiting members of the Missouri Legislature and their friends. Of the legislators about 110 arrived on the special train which brought the delegation to the city at 10 this morning. With them were some 250 of their friends. The party returned to Jefferson City at 4 in the afternoon.

If, as Dr. Alonso Tubbs so broadly hinted when the university invitation was received by the Legislature, the institution is really working for a liberal appropriation for the ensuing biennial period, there was no evidence of it. President Jesse even urged the lawmakers, if any one attempted to lobby with them, to report it to him, as he considered it a violation of all rules of hospitality.

Meeting the visitors at the station with every closed carriage in Columbia, a crowd of 300 students escorted the delegation to the institution's auditorium, where Editor W. S. Niedermeyer and President Jesse made addresses of welcome.

Responses were made by half a dozen students, including a soprano, as well as by several graduates of the university. The speakers all expressed the strongest friendship for the university.

"Many members of the Assembly want appropriation for the university," said Lieutenant-Governor McKinley, "and I want to tell you that we're going to make them come up to the mark before we give up." The speaker, Mr. Lainchon, was served at 12:30 by the young women students. The afternoon was spent in an inspection of the university buildings and grounds.

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NEW YORK CASINO BURNED AT MIDDAY

Famous Broadway Playhouse Takes Fire During a Rehearsal of "Lady Teazle" Chorus.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—During a rehearsal of the chorus of the "Lady Teazle" company, shortly before noon today, fire, which broke out in the third-floor dressing room above the stage, damaged the Casino Theater to the extent of about \$50,000.

Fortunately, there were no spectators present, and the only person injured was one of the chorus girls, who was slightly hurt in the mad rush for the stairs, following the first discovery of the flames. Two hours later the building would have been filled with the usual Saturday afternoon matinee of women and children.

The Casino is at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway, in the very heart of the theater and hotel district, and with the first burst of flame and smoke from the third-story windows, a tremendous throng gathered in Broadway for blocks in both directions, stalling all traffic and hampering the efforts of the firemen.

The house is at present under the management of Sam S. and Lee Shubert. The "Lady Teazle" company is headed by Lillian Russell, but she was not in the theater at the time of the fire. The chorus girls, about 40 in number, were rehearsing in costume and were crowding up a narrow stairway to a dressing room on the third floor above the stage, when the flame and smoke from the dressing room drove them back.

St. Louis has more Post-Dispatch readers every day than it has homes.

"First in everything."

WOULD REVOLUTIONIZE TRAINING OF SINGERS

Mme. Pernet McCarty of St. Louis, in Forthcoming Book, Takes Radical Issue With Adopted Methods—Correct Breathing, Not the Thing, She Holds, and Bases Her System on Indispensability of the "Resonator."

Mme. Pernet McCarty of St. Louis is about to take radical issue with conventional methods of vocal culture by the publication of a book entitled "The Natural Singing Voice," which advances some emphatically revolutionary ideas. Her argument will be that the accepted system of voice-building is based on a defective foundation which must be repudiated and demolished in order to make a new start in the right direction. Such a content, coming from a teacher of singing who has received his own training in Paris, bids fair to excite feverish discussion in musical circles.

Eliminating the "technical" features of the forthcoming book, which enters upon an exhaustive analysis of the anatomical phases of its subject, it may be said that Mme. McCarty denounces outright that the present development of the singing voice demands chief upon correct breathing. She holds a discriptive bombshell into the academic camp by declaring that the proper employment of the muscles comprising the track from the lips to the stomach is the secret of good singing. These muscles, she claims, constitute the perfect and only resonator; they comprise a group amenable to a perfect unity of action and to continuity of effort, and they can be trained collectively until they have acquired the strength and suppleness necessary to keep a uniform shape for all tones.

Against her new theory, Mme. McCarty contrasts the existing method of breathing voice culture on a system of breath-

ing and a control of "involuntary" organs that can no more be controlled than can the beating of one's heart. While it is true, she concedes, that the vocal chords and the breath give the correct pitch, a good ear being the only requisite, it is equally true that the resonator alone adds music to the pitch.

Value of "Resonator."

"Take away the resonator of any instrument," she says, "and there would be no music without it." And this resonator, supplied by nature for the human singing voice, is possibly the one thing that has been ignored in the accepted method of voice building.

Mme. Pernet McCarty of St. Louis is preparing to give her new theory in detail and frankly contends that, merely because the accepted method of singing voice demands chief upon correct breathing, she holds a discriptive bombshell into the academic camp by declaring that the proper employment of the muscles comprising the track from the lips to the stomach is the secret of good singing. These muscles, she claims, constitute the perfect and only resonator; they comprise a group amenable to a perfect unity of action and to continuity of effort, and they can be trained collectively until they have acquired the strength and suppleness necessary to keep a uniform shape for all tones.

The author will deliver a lecture on her new system next Tuesday at Henneman's Hall before the ladies of the Morning Call, and the lecture will follow in the near future. She is a Parisienne by birth and has for several years given conferences on the French language and literature. She is a member of the Society at the St. Louis Central High School.

She is very widely known in St. Louis society, and, by reason of her many travels, has been in most of the principal cities in Europe, where she has chaperoned a number of groups of young lady tourists in their trips abroad.

TRAMPS WELCOME IN FARMER'S BARN

Pennsylvania Dairyman Holds Record of Having Sheltered 5000 Knights of the Road.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

BARTO, Pa., Feb. 11.—A name synonymous with generosity among all the "pedestrians of the pike" in the eastern part of the state is that of Peter M. Deysher, who has in the year just passed given shelter to 5000 tramps in his barn, which adjoins his Barto County home. During 1904 Mr. Deysher gave shelter to 1600 tramps; 1903 saw an increase of 361, which was due in part to the moving away of a neighboring farmer who had up to that time given shelter to many tramps.

The Deyshers are kind hearted, hospitable people, and they are well known all over Berks County, where the old stock of the family moved in 1838.

Since the time since one of the Deyshers family has continually given shelter to tramps who have stopped at the farm, and in the past 25 years the number thus cared for would aggregate nearly 50,000.

The Deyshers are dairy farmers, and the work of sheltering the tramps in their large barn is conducted in a businesslike manner. The building was, for this purpose, remodeled, and many additional windows cut in and an up-to-date ventilation system installed. The room temperature is uniform at all times, and the warmth from the cows' and horses' bodies, before the country butchering was in progress, before the flames could be extinguished the little fellow was horribly burned about the face, head, neck and shoulders. He has lingered between life and death since then.

The physicians determined that skin grafting was the only means of saving his life. While the skin was taken from his body hours' while skin was taken from his body a few weeks ago the Smith child's clothing caught fire while country butchering was in progress. Before the flames could be extinguished the little fellow was horribly burned about the face, head, neck and shoulders. He has lingered between life and death since then.

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DR. MCLAUGHLIN WANTS ROCKEFELLER'S MILLION.



The man who proved that he was five years ahead of Prof. Loeb in discovering that "Electricity Is Life" now says that he can cure John D. Rockefeller, and agrees to give \$5,000 to charity if he fails.

BY JOHN FRANCIS BYRNES.

Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 10, 1905.—John D. Rockefeller offers a million dollars to the man who will give him a healthy stomach. He made that offer to a doctor who called upon him, saying that it would be worth a million to him if he could fix his stomach up so that it would digest his food.

"A million dollars for a healthy stomach"—John D. Rockefeller.

"I accept the offer and will forfeit \$5000 if I fail to deliver the cure."—Dr. McLaughlin.

This looked to me like material for an interesting story, which led me to Dr. McLaughlin's office for more particular details.

The first greeting from the doctor convinced me that I had met a man of convictions, and strong ones. The doctor was enthusiastic over what he terms a long-sought opportunity, and entered gleefully into a discussion of the subject.

"I would like to accept that offer," said the doctor. "I think that I can earn it, and, further, I believe that no medicine on earth in the shape of a drug will do what Mr. Rockefeller wants done, simply because there is no vitality in the secretive glands of the stomach, and until he gets that vitality, which no drug can give him, he will never be cured.

"Just understand one point clearly: His food does not digest because certain functions related to digestion are powerless to act. They are weak, incapable of doing what nature intended. You see that. Now you can see that to set him right you must revive the strength in the parts which are weak. That is plain. Drugs will not do that. They never did and they never will, and every doctor on earth knows it.

"What will do it, then? Electricity!

"I would pay \$5000 this minute to see John D. Rockefeller walk into this office and permit me to tell him what I can do for him," said the doctor. "I am as certain that I can build up his digestive apparatus as I am that I have done the same thing for hundreds of others. His case is not incurable by my method, and I would consider my fortune made if he would but grant me a trial.

"What is my method? The restoration of vitality—nothing more. To appreciate what I am going to say you will have to understand that it is now generally conceded by medical men that the motive energy of human organs—the force which keeps the heart pulsating, the stomach digesting and the brain scheming—is Electricity.

"Three years ago Professor Loeb, recognized as high authority, stated that he had discovered, after ten years of studious research, that 'Electricity is the basis of human vitality.'

"Just glance at this book of mine, written in 1896, and read what I say in the introduction."

I took the opened book from the doctor's hand and read: "I anticipate still greater results from my efforts toward demonstrating the truth of my lifelong claim that 'Electricity is the basis of all animal vitality, and without it we could not live.' That indicates that my discovery was years ahead of Professor Loeb," continued the doctor. "I claim no credit for that. I did not discover it at all. It was my belief twenty odd years ago, as it is the belief of every thinking man today, and I have simply developed the theory until now it is a proven fact."

"I quote Professor Loeb simply to clinch my right to say that if Mr. Rockefeller's stomach is unable to digest his food it is because it has not sufficient vitality, and we have already shown that 'vitality' means 'Electricity.'

In another part of his book Dr. McLaughlin gives a more comprehensive solution of the heat problem than that advanced by Professor Loeb. Dr. McLaughlin says:

"The food that we eat is treated as fuel by the stomach, just as is the coal in a furnace. The chemical action which is produced upon the food by the acids and juices of the stomach burns the food and causes a carbonic heat. This heat is Electricity, and it is forced into the nerves and vital organs and is their fuel."

Further, Dr. McLaughlin says: "The electrical heat generated by the consumption of our food should keep healthy every vital organ of the body. Debility of the vital organs arises when the waste is greater than the repair—when the stomach is not able to generate sufficient electrical heat to supply the demands of nature."

"This excessive waste is due to overtaxation of the vital forces by hard work, mental, grief or worry, extra physical exertion, severe fevers, such as typhoid or malaria, which drain away the vitality and leave the system debilitated."

Now here is where Dr. McLaughlin passes beyond the period covered by Prof. Loeb and shows how this vital electricity, which is the law of life, may be replaced in the body when lost by the causes producing debility.

He says: "When the stomach is not able to generate sufficient of this energy to supply the demands of the vital organs, the natural result is a lowering of nerve, organic and muscular power—a general debility. Then an artificial agent must be used to assist the stomach. That agent is Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt."

"This is the remedy for Mr. Rockefeller. To prove my faith in it I would be willing to put up \$5000, to be given to any public charity which he may select, if I fail to cure his stomach in four months, to wear my appliance for six hours each day or night during that time. And he may be the sole judge as to the result to be obtained."

"How about Mr. Rockefeller's offer of a million dollars, doctor?"

"That is a secondary matter. I want it, of course, but not for my own use, as I don't need it, and a million dollars wouldn't increase my happiness one jot. I would much rather have the satisfaction of seeing my invention successful in curing a case where so many noted physicians had failed. When a man has devoted the greater part of his life to the development of an idea which he thinks will benefit humanity he is passionately fond of his idea, and money holds little fascination for him."

"What would you do with the money, doctor?"

"I should earn the prize I would gladly consent to having it go to some public charity, which I would deserve the right to name."

"And the \$5000 which you offer?"

"On the day that Mr. Rockefeller agrees to use my treatment and observe my simple instructions I will put up my certified check for the amount, to be paid to any public charity which he may designate if he says that I have failed in my work."

"Then you leave the matter entirely in his hands."

"Entirely, I am willing to trust to his decision."

"A great many wealthy men are suffering tortures and degrading themselves with drugs without relief who never try a remedy like mine, because they impose entire confidence in their family physicians, who believe that 'Electricity is a remedy of the future, not of today,' and so advise their patients."

"Tell you that Electricity is a remedy of today. It has been a grand remedy for the past ten years. I have studied this subject more carefully than any physician ever studied his patients."

books, and I can show results. I am curing men every day who were never able to get benefit from drugs."

"Is it true, doctor, that your patients are mostly people of the middle or poorer class?"

"Yes, when a rich man is sick he calls in his doctor, who writes a prescription and looks wise, and the rich man has confidence that he will be well tomorrow. He feels better, perhaps, because the doctor can feel nature for awhile. But after awhile the doctor looks wise, and it doesn't do the rich man any good, and the first thing he knows nature demands her price, and he has to pay it, as the doctor can help him no more."

"When a poor man gets sick he does the same way, but he soon gets tired of the doctor's bills, and takes his case in his own hands and comes to me. I cure him with Electricity, and that is why my patients are usually poor men. Rich men's doctors will not let them come to me."

"You cannot possibly estimate the true import of this discovery of Professor Loeb," said Dr. McLaughlin. "It means more happiness to the civilized race than has followed any discovery for years. It will bring about the general recognition of the greatest possibility which exist in the applications of Electricity for the promotion of the vigor of youth."

"I have for years contended that old age was nothing but the freezing of the blood when there was no longer sufficient vital heat in the body to keep the blood warm and the organs active. I have said that years did not cause decay, and proved it by citing cases where some men have been made vigorous by my retentive treatment at 80, while you have examples all about you of men who are old and decrepit at 60."

"Now Professor Loeb says that I am right."

"We get that heat from the chemical action of the acids and juices of the stomach upon our food. This combustion produces carbonic heat, and carbonic heat is Electricity. That is the basis of life in every vital organ. As long as the stomach is able to generate enough of this heat to replenish the wear and tear upon our vital energies we are strong and active. It is when the stomach finds the strain too heavy that we grow old and begin to decay."

"An old fellow, a patient of two years previous, asked me to have his belt overhauled, as he wished to put it on again. I reminded him that he had reported himself as cured two years before, and I did not see the need of the belt now. 'Precaution,' said he. 'I was cured two years ago, strong and sound, but I am 71 years of age, and am not as well able to stand knocking about as I was in my youth, and I wear the belt occasionally, not because of present need, but just that I will have strength to spare in case of demand. If you are riding a bicycle on level ground and you see a hill before you, what do you do? Put on more steam, eh? I am getting older every day, and I need more steam. That is why I wear my belt.'

"This is upon the same principle that an engine pulls a train of cars up hill. On level road it goes easily, but when it goes up hill the strain is heavy, and your engine, making power from burning coal, just as your stomach makes it from burning your food, is taxed beyond its limit, it is unable to go farther, and exhausting all its steam in the effort, breaks down."

"The human body is just like that engine. It breaks down when the physical energy is overtaxed. That energy is Electricity. I have here a means of replenishing the Electricity of the body, and that is the basis of my treatment.

"Decay in old men is similar to general debility in younger men. Years have nothing to do with it. In each case it is the failure of the stomach to generate sufficient energy to supply the demands made by the vital organs."

"How quickly we fail when the stomach fails to digest the food! That shuts off the supply of energy."

"I have on record hundreds of instances where men of 75 to 90 have returned to the hard labor of their youth with a vim after having worn my appliance three months."

"One decrepit old man of 75 had in youth been a blacksmith. After using my appliance he took up his tools and says he can work as hard as he did at 35. He says he is an old man made young."

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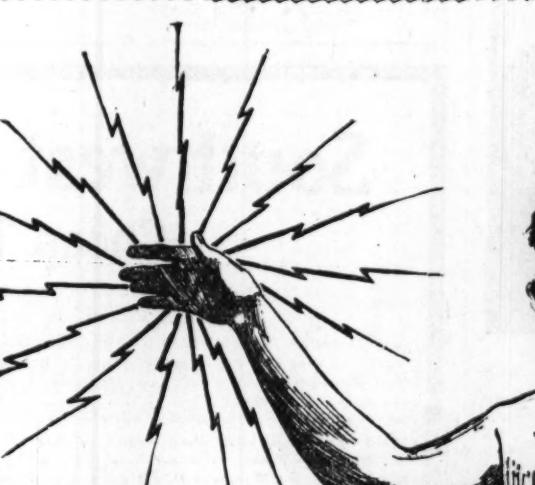
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of increasing the power of my appliance until it is five times as strong as that of any other electric body appliance on the market. My appliance is conceded to be the only one of the kind which is constructed upon truly scientific lines. Compared with all other so-called electric belts are the inventions of the blacksmith's hammer.

"It is not upon that point, however, that my success has been founded. My immense business is due to my knowledge of the effect of Electricity upon the ailments traced and the best way to obtain that effect. I take every case that comes to me as an individual and direct the application of my belt to suit the demands of that particular case. When you consider the fact that the Electricity which I supply is life to organs into which I send it, you can see how I get my results. My success comes from my cures. If I did not cure, my business would have worn out long ago, as has the business of every other maker of electric belts. A great many schemers and frauds have gone into the electric belt business because they fancied it was an easy way to make money, and have resorted to very questionable methods at times, but the old adage, 'You can't fool all the people all the time' was active in their cases, and they did not last long."

"Now, doctor," I said, "your theory sounds very good, but can you give me any bona fide evidence of cures to back up your statements? You know that there are a great many advertised remedies, and the case of Mr. Rockefeller, who has been in the hands of the best physicians for years, is very good proof that few of the remedies are successful."



"I took the offered book from the doctor's hand and read: 'I anticipate still greater results from my efforts toward demonstrating the truth of my lifelong claim that 'Electricity is the basis of all animal vitality, and without it we could not live.' That indicates that my discovery was years ahead of Professor Loeb," continued the doctor. "I claim no credit for that. I did not discover it at all. It was my belief twenty odd years ago, as it is the belief of every thinking man today, and I have simply developed the theory until now it is a proven fact."

"I quote Professor Loeb simply to clinch my right to say that if Mr. Rockefeller's stomach is unable to digest his food it is because it has not sufficient vitality, and we have already shown that 'vitality' means 'Electricity.'

In another part of his book Dr. McLaughlin gives a more comprehensive solution of the heat problem than that advanced by Professor Loeb. Dr. McLaughlin says:

"The food that we eat is treated as fuel by the stomach, just as is the coal in a furnace. The chemical action which is produced upon the food by the acids and juices of the stomach burns the food and causes a carbonic heat. This heat is Electricity, and it is forced into the nerves and vital organs and is their fuel."

Further, Dr. McLaughlin says: "The electrical heat generated by the consumption of our food should keep healthy every vital organ of the body. Debility of the vital organs arises when the waste is greater than the repair—when the stomach is not able to generate sufficient electrical heat to supply the demands of nature."

"This excessive waste is due to overtaxation of the vital forces by hard work, mental, grief or worry, extra physical exertion, severe fevers, such as typhoid or malaria, which drain away the vitality and leave the system debilitated."

Now here is where Dr. McLaughlin passes beyond the period covered by Prof. Loeb and shows how this vital electricity, which is the law of life, may be replaced in the body when lost by the causes producing debility.

He says: "When the stomach is not able to generate sufficient of this energy to supply the demands of the vital organs, the natural result is a lowering of nerve, organic and muscular power—a general debility. Then an artificial agent must be used to assist the stomach. That agent is Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt."

"This is the remedy for Mr. Rockefeller. To prove my faith in it I would be willing to put up \$5000, to be given to any public charity which he may select, if I fail to cure his stomach in four months, to wear my appliance for six hours each day or night during that time. And he may be the sole judge as to the result to be obtained."

"How about Mr. Rockefeller's offer of a million dollars, doctor?"

"That is a secondary matter. I want it, of course, but not for my own use, as I don't need it, and a million dollars wouldn't increase my happiness one jot. I would much rather have the satisfaction of seeing my invention successful in curing a case where so many noted physicians had failed. When a man has devoted the greater part of his life to the development of an idea which he thinks will benefit humanity he is passionately fond of his idea, and money holds little fascination for him."

"What would you do with the money, doctor?"

"I should earn the prize I would gladly consent to having it go to some public charity, which I would deserve the right to name."

"And the \$5000 which you offer?"

"On the day that Mr. Rockefeller agrees to use my treatment and observe my simple instructions I will put up my certified check for the amount, to be paid to any public charity which he may designate if he says that I have failed in my work."

"Then you leave the matter entirely in his hands."

"Entirely, I am willing to trust to his decision."

"A great many wealthy men are suffering tortures and degrading themselves with drugs without relief who never try a remedy like mine, because they impose entire confidence in their family physicians, who believe that 'Electricity is a remedy of the future, not of today,' and so advise their patients."

"Tell you that Electricity is a remedy of today. It has been a grand remedy for the past ten years. I have studied this subject more carefully than any physician ever studied his patients."

That is my strongest argument," said the doctor. "Here are letters from prominent people, given me without solicitation. You can see these patients and secure from them a verification of what is contained in their letters."

Thereupon Dr. McLaughlin showed me a file containing letters from many of the best-known people in the city, and some from outside places. At random I picked out several and reproduced some of them here. The doctor told me that many of his best testimonies could not be published, as the patients, though recommending his treatment privately, objected to publicity.

Mr. A. L. Bloom, Edsberg Hotel, Chicago, Ill., says: "I purchased one of your belts, contrary to the advice of the physicians who were treating me, and it cured me entirely of stomach trouble."

Mr. Gustav

FEW VEHICLES IN ST. PATRICK PARADE

Only One Carriage to Be Allowed for Each Parish Represented.

TOO MANY IN THE PAST

Many Uniformed Organizations Are to March in the Parade on the 19th of March.

Vehicles are to be almost completely barred from the St. Patrick's Day parade, which is to take place on Sunday, March 19. Only one carriage is to be allowed at the head of the marchers, representing each parish participating in the parade. In past years a great number of vehicles have been mixed up in the parade. To prevent this this year, action was taken against the vehicles at the meeting of the Irish Catholic Parade Union at the Lindell Hotel, Friday night.

Rev. Timothy Dempster presided at the meeting, and, in the absence of Rev. D. J. Lavery, the grand marshal, the assistant grand marshal, John T. Killoren, was there.

Six uniformed companies of the Hibernian Knights, the Knights of Father Mathew, the Green Hat Brigade of the American Order of Foresters, and the Knights of Columbus have signed their intention of participating in the parade.

At the meeting a resolution was introduced endorsing the effort of Representative H. C. Smith to have a bill introduced for the execution of William Rudolph, charged to a fate other than the 17th of March, and there was a general discussion. Several of the members wanted it understood that they were not attempting in any way to interfere with justice.

Rev. Dempster, chairman of the organization committee, stated that there would be no official program and that nobody was authorized to solicit advertisements or donations.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Holbrook-Blackwelder and Aiple & Hemmelmann's Sales.

The Holbrook-Blackwelder Real Estate Trust Co. has been active during the week, having put a number of deals under contract to be closed within 30 days, besides finding an active demand in the rental of downtown property.

Among the sales closed by the firm was that of a three-story building on Franklin avenue, No. 617, from the Elberta Beach and Land Co. to Paul J. Kranz, who has a residence on the property located on an acre between Eighth and Ninth streets and has a frontage of 90 feet by 100 feet. The building is in good condition, improvements in the putting in of a new plate glass front and has a second and a portion of a third floor, plus a first and last floor. There is a small room on the second floor.

The firm also sold for E. M. Niedenander a lot on Washington avenue between Franklin and Franklin, No. 1000, which has a front of 20 feet 6 inches on south side of Washington avenue, a depth of 100 feet to Franklin, and is bounded on the north by a large three-story dwelling. The Hess Realty and Financial Co. represented the seller.

Atle & Hemmelmann Real Estate Co. reported the following sales for the past week:

South side of Franklin avenue, 40x140 for \$1700; front Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co. representative, 10x100 for \$1000; Kranz, who will improve with a modern residence to cost about \$10,000.

South side of Franklin avenue, a double two-story brick house, three-room flats, lot 20x125, renting \$600 per year; from C. S. Gannon to Mamie Dill, for \$4000.

2010 California avenue, a two-story brick dwelling of two modern flats of four rooms each, with lot and court, water, heat, etc.; lot 20x125, renting \$600 per year; from John Schmitz to Vengell Zwick, for \$4000.

1411 Green Lee place, a two-story brick house, four rooms, lot 20x125, from M. Kranz to James K. McNamee, for \$1100. This is the second time within 30 days this place was sold by Atle & Hemmelmann.

1573 and 1572½ Old Manchester road, a double brick of four three-room flats, renting for \$600 per year; from M. Kranz to George G. Gandy, for \$4000.

South side of Halsted avenue, 120 feet west of Leland street, 40x125, from Connecticut Mutual Realty Co., represented by Mercantile Trust Co., to Margaretha Breslau, for \$1600.

FRETFUL WOMEN

Should know that if their various organs were strong and healthy they would not be in that state of mind. Happiness depends entirely on good health, and to recover this priceless possession Hocktetter's Stomach Bitters is needed. It's 50 years record proves its worth in cases of Monthly Irregularities, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness, Unstrung Nerves, Backache, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. We urge all sickly women to try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

OLD MEN MIDDLE-AGED MEN YOUNG MEN

ARE YOU WEAK, WORN OUT, DISCOURAGED AND UNSTRUNG?

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ADMITS HE LIED IN ATTEMPT TO SAVE MITCHELL

Indicted Senator's Law Partner Confesses to Perjury and Says He Will Testify Against His Friend When Called in Case.

MORE TRUE BILLS FOUND IN LAND FRAUD INQUIRY

Congressman J. N. Williamson Added to List of Those Who Must Answer to Charges of Cheating Government.

By the Associated Press.
PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 11.—United States Senator Mitchell's law partner, Judge A. H. Tanner, confessed in Judge Belingier's court today that he committed perjury in testifying in his partner's defense at the grandjury investigation of the land fraud cases, on charge of complicity in which the lawmaker was recently indicted.

When Tanner was before the grandjury he told a story, which, according to his confession today, had been agreed upon in many of its details when Mitchell was in Portland, last December.

He said that there had been an agreement made between himself and the senator by which the latter was not to receive any return from first world done which would lead him to either of the departments of the government, and their agreement had been made on March 5, 1904.

By today's confession, it appears that the agreement was only entered into last December.

"No one knows the torture I have endured since Jan. 31, when I made my statement to the grandjury concerning the date of the 'partnership' agreement between Senator Mitchell and myself," said Tanner.

"The last straw came when I learned that the federal grandjury was preparing to indict my son, who had written the agreement between Senator Mitchell and myself on the typewriter and I found that the government documents were in possession of the grandjury, so I was trying to prove to myself that the document was not signed March 5, 1904, as I had sworn, but that it had been prepared and signed last December."

"Do you expect to testify against Senator Mitchell?" was asked.

"Yes, I expect to be called as a witness in the case against Senator Mitchell, and I will tell the whole truth regarding the business of the firm, without regard to consequences."

The federal grandjury this afternoon indicted Congressman J. N. Williamson and his partner in the sheep business, Van Geesner, and also A. R. Biggs, land commissioner at Prineville, Ore., charging conspiracy to defraud the United States of public lands.

The indictment alleges that on June 30, 1902, the accused persons entered into a conspiracy to obtain 100 persons to file applications for public lands in Crook County, Oregon, and swear that the land was for their own use, when, according to the indictment, it was for the benefit of the firm of Van Geesner & Williamson, who deeded the lands for sheep grazing.

STOCK GAMBLING ATTACKED.

Senator Clay Would Make Dealing in Options and Futures a Federal Crime.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—Senator Clay introduced an amendment to the post-office appropriation bill, declaring "options and futures" to be in restraint of trade.

For such trading, either as buyer or seller, a penalty is provided of a fine of not less than \$500 in amount, with imprisonment for from one to three years.

The use of the mails is forbidden by the proposed measure to those engaged in such transactions.

HIST! THERE IS THE PRESIDENT'S FRIEND

Roosevelt Well Represented If All So Advertised Are Really His Emissaries.

CAPITAL FULL OF THEM

"Not Such a Bad Stunt, Either," W. H. Garland Probably Thinks.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Feb. 11.—"Hist! There goes the President's friend."

It is getting to be an old gag now, but ever since the Missouri senatorial contest began the politicians have picked out every unidentified stranger at the state capital as the personal emissary of President Roosevelt.

Nobody has ever seen the bona fide credentials of one of these emissaries, but nevertheless they come and go, receive all manner of attention while they are here, and notwithstanding their mission of peace and good will to all Republicans, the senatorial deadlock is as firm as ever.

Not a day passes but these idle rumors are circulated in the hotel corridors and each time they provoke the most confident expression that the President, having at last taken a hand, the Republican successor of Senator Francis M. Cockrell will be elected on the next election.

The other day a very handsome and rather elderly man, suave in manner and garbed much after the fashion of a revivalist, stood in the corridor of one of the leading hotels, picking his teeth compactly and viewing sharply the army of politicians.

"That's him," said a breathless individual, pointing to the stranger.

"Who?" asked a dozen, excited.

"Why, the man Roosevelt sent here to write the boilers into line," volunteered the informant, confidentially and in whisper tones.

That was enough. A reporter for a St. Louis newspaper, who had been sent to interview the man, and asked the stranger the purpose of his visit. The stranger smiled.

Once again the stranger's face relaxed.

Then, as if an idea had suddenly struck him, he said: "Hist! That is my mistake, but keep it under your hat."

"Let us go somewhere to avoid the gaping curiosity of these loitering postmen," he said, and hurriedly made his way to a corner. When the setting was rendered more or less confidential, he said: "My visit is one of personal interest. I want to get both sides together."

No, he can not exactly compromised, but I am doing all I can to bring it about.

You see Mr. Roosevelt and I were old friends. In fact, we were boyish friends together and he thinks the world and all of me.

Now, I think this whole matter can be arranged in a few short hours. But it will require diplomacy. Diplomacy, young man, is the word. The Russians are not greater than we are.

"But stand aside just a moment. There is a pretty coming out meeting to-morrow. The President's friend accepted, though reluctantly. He managed to conceal his identity, and for three days he lived on the streets, in a disreputable hotel, boyishly smokes together and he thinks the world and all of me.

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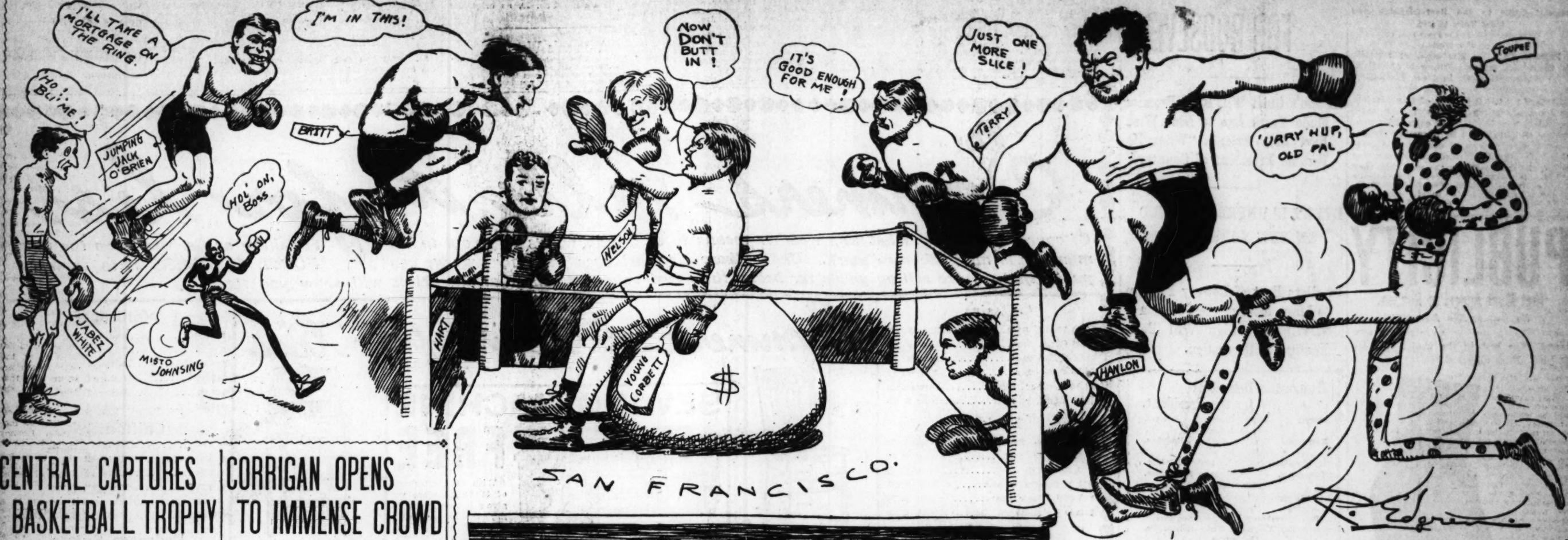
CENTRAL HIGH DEFEATS MANUAL IN HOT CONTEST.

PANAMA PARK SCORES OPENING TRIUMPH.

BASEBALL NEW YORK MEETINGS MARK SEASON'S OPENING.

TURF NEWS

Cartoonist Edgren's Impressions of the Modern Argonauts Making for the Golden "Fleece" on the Pacific Coast



CENTRAL CAPTURES BASKETBALL TROPHY

Manual Training School Gives Old Champions a Close Call in Final Struggle.

SCORE CLOSE, 18 TO 21

EQUIPMENT PLEASURES CROWD

Clean Game Marked by Spirited Playing Marks End of Interscholastic Contest.

Before fully 200 raving roosters of both teams, Central High School won the interscholastic basketball pennant from Manual Training School, Saturday afternoon, in Louisiana Hall. The contest was one of the most exciting ever played in St. Louis, and the result was in doubt until the final whistle sounded. The score was 21 to 18.

Interest was attracted to the game because the interscholastic championship depended upon the result and also because it was the first time in the history of the league that Manual ever reached the finals in an interscholastic league race.

The orange and black boys have an unusually strong team this year and their followers were confident the Central would be triumphant in the end's game. Fortune favored Manual in the absence of Barrett, Eber, and Tittman, three members of Central's winning combination, who were graduated in January and, consequently, were ineligible for the final contest. Ester, Webster and Reber, who substituted, played excellent basket ball considering the circumstances.

C. Lewis and Roeder, the only members of Central's championship team of last year, played in their old-time form. Lewis, especially, showed well, his penalty goals and work on the offensive being excellent. Roeder was not in the best of condition for the game and toward the last was forced to take matters easy.

Manual started the game with a rush, and by reason of Central's numerous fouls and Manual's accuracy in throwing the penalties, soon gained a lead. The score at the end of the first half was 11 to 7 in Manual's favor, and the followers of the orange and black were jubilant. The Central boys could not get together, and it looked as if they were doomed at the hands of the orange and black team.

High School came back in the closing period with determination marked in every move. Roeder again scored a field goal and Lewis again on the free throw. Manual then scored five points. M. Lewis and Bowen doing the throwing.

The game was at 10 points, and Manual began to slow down. The red and blacks were playing fast, and scored rapidly. Bowen put the sphere in on a penalty shot. Manual's last point just as time was called.

The work of Reference Stennell, who has been a valuable member of the Central basketball team, was first class.

He watched the men closely, and his penalties were just and caused little trouble.

Central. Right forward Hellman

Eccles Left forward Mr. Lewis

M. Lewis Right guard Ashley

Webster Left guard Taylor

Referees—Stennell, Timers-Lamb, and Loff

Eccles. Field goals—C. Lewis, 3. M. Lewis, 2.

Bowen, 2. Eates, 1. Penalty goals—

Bowen, 2. Lewis, 0.

COLUMBIAN A. C. HAS GOOD BILL FOR TODAY.

Jimmy Potts of Minneapolis and Maurice Thompson are billed to furnish the main event on the fight program arranged by the Columbian A. C. for Sunday afternoon.

The boys are scheduled to fight 10 rounds at 123 pounds and should put up an interesting exhibition.

Thompson has earned a favorable reputation in his last few bouts, his best recent showing being a draw with Willard, the well-known local fighter. They have agreed to weigh in at 125 pounds, rising to 130.

Perry Queenan is near possibility, and the New York boxer, who has decided to fall through, the Danes who was well known to Milwaukeeans in his pre-immigrant days, may be brought here to遇上 Sayers.

A six-round preliminary bout will be fought by "Cotton" Billiter and Al Toft, the well-known local fighters. They have agreed to weigh in at 125 pounds, rising to 130.

Joshua and "Red" Held will alternate as officials.

Oxford Defeats Cambridge.

LONDON, Feb. 11—Oxford won the thirty-second annual inter-university association football match at the Queen's Club here yesterday, beating Cambridge by two goals to one.

HICKS' CAPUDINE IMMEDIATELY CURES HEADACHES FROM CIGARS

It Might Be.

I have in keeping this a free country," observed the French philosopher, "as he did of a country where the people are not free." The details of this statement are not known. It does occur to me that it might be a good idea to have more free countries in the world.

The Antagonized Typewriter is going on a strike.

What's the trouble?

What's about to be dictated to?

The only people who are tickled by the cancellation of the New York American's debts in Jacksonville are the Bostonians, who figure that they will draw larger sums of money from the Bostonians.

The Bostonians, without having to worry about Griffith's men, President Taylor and Secretary

Gandy are also pleased at securing April 15 to 206 N. 6th Street, 614 Olive Street, Park.

The Bostonians will be in a better position to play championship ball by that time.

McKnight, 614 Olive St.

TAILOR.

DRAPER.

CORRIGAN OPENS TO IMMENSE CROWD

Four Thousand Persons Brave Rain, but Ted Sloan Does Not Ride.

MAYOR MARTIN BREAKS BOTTLE OF WINE AT START OF THE IN-AGURAL RACE.

EQUIPMENT PLEASURES CROWD

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THE BEST EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.
14,431 MEN, WOMEN,
BOYS AND GIRLS
Given employment during January through
POST-DISPATCH "WANTS"
Over 4000 more than next largest want medium.
"FIRST IN EVERYTHING."

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

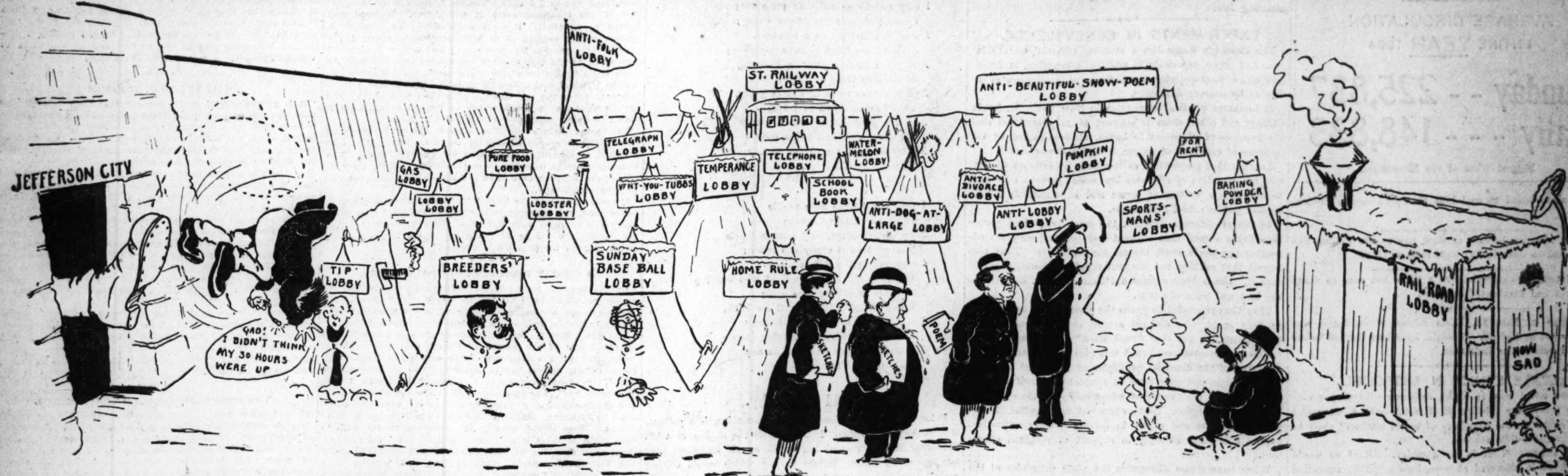
EDITORIAL
SECTION
"FIRST IN EVERYTHING."

PART THREE.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1905.

PAGES 1-10B

"JUDGMENT ON MY 'FRENZIED MORALITY' AS AN ORIGINAL EXPRESSION!" EXCLAIMED GOV. JOSEPH W. FOLK, APPEALING TO THE FAMOUS CABINET-AT-LARGE



"We Entered the Camp of the Exiles and Walked Up the Principal Street—Lobby Lane. In Front of an Old Freight Car We Found Col. Bill Phelps Huddled Before a Fire Cooking a Small Steak on a Spit. We all wept, and the Colonel Led the Weepfest With Great Boo-Hoos Which Sounded Like the Roaring Grief of a Love-Lorn Lion."

HERE was tremendous excitement in the office. Frank Duncey, publisher of a hitherto respected eastern magazine, had attempted to kidnap Ivan Whin, the novelist. The wicked attempt had created a terrific sensation in the literary world, and Rudyard Kipling, William Marion Reedy and Charles Algernon Swinburne had all written powerful poems pronouncing the poetaster's curse upon the guilty publisher.

McQuill of the Cabinet conducted himself through the ordeal like the cool head that he is. He insisted that, being wholly non-political, it was not a case for the expert services of the Cabinet-at-large.

Congratulations upon his brilliant work in the tough case of Kerens vs. Niedringhaus had begun pouring in upon the Chief. Secretary of State John Hay wired:

"You are the greatest statesman of your age. What is your age?"

Sir Arthur Balfour, probationary prime minister of Great Britain, cabled:

"You have a great head on you. Try a cracked ice poultice."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, governor-general of Canada, wired:

"We have nothing like you in Canada. Congratulate us."

McQuill accepted these bouquets as a matter of course. He said he would give them all for one single chirp of praise from his old boss at East Aurora. He opened this telegram from D. R. Francis, who is in Cuba:

"Have been here two days. Am mentioned for President to succeed T. Estrada Palma. Also some talk of giving me Morrow Castle."

Wyllis had gone to Jefferson City to lobby for his bill making it a felony to write poems about the beautiful snow. He had taken with him a sample of one of his own early efforts as an argument for the passage of the bill. In his absence McQuill was doing the heavy work on the Home Magazine, and had written three domestic editorials of deep interest to the home:

1. How to cheat the butcher.

2. Marriage a flat failure, or the advisability of renting a house.

3. How to tamper with the gas meter.

Suddenly McQuill darted over to the telegraph editor and snatched a message just torn from the wire. Rushing over to the human elephant, Blott, and the sinuous Inky Dink, the Chief brandished the telegram and exclaimed:

"Gov. Folk wants the Cabinet-at-Large to come to him this afternoon!"

Off Again in Duty's Name

WE were off again in duty's name. Chief Kiley tendered the cabinet the police automobile, and a number of notable St. Louisans assembled out in Forest Park to give us a hearty send-off as we passed through. James M. Siebert, state's attorney, was there. So were Matthew Kiley, chief of police; William Dusmond, chief of detectives; Dr. Paulkner, bush-ho-hauk of the police department; Harry Hawes and numbers of others.

The police didn't charge the cabinet anything for the use of the machine, but McQuill offered to give them half what we killed.

Kiley, Paulkner and half a dozen others tried to get McQuill's ear for a last word to the governor, but the Chief opened the machine and we were off!

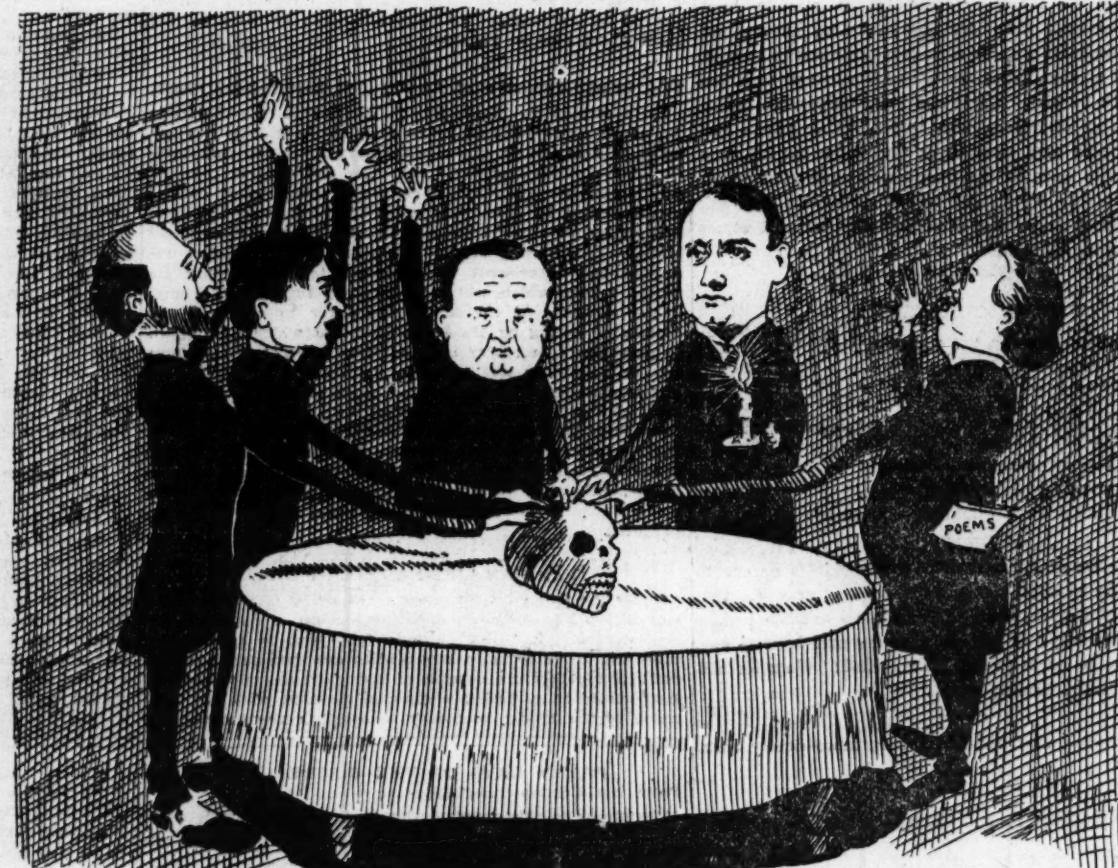
As the afternoon aged the walls of Jefferson City and the dome of the state capitol came into view. Wyllis met us a mile out of town. The governor had told him about sending for us. The student-statean was very grave, and we knew it was not well with his anti-beautiful snow poem bill.

"We pass right through the camp of the old lobbyists going into the city," said Wyllis.

As the camp of the exiles came into view, Wyllis arose and explained:

"What the hotel?"

"No hotel at all," said Wyllis. "It is an



"We Took the Midnight Oath, Swearing Allegiance to the Cause of the Common People With Our Forefathers Upon the Skull of a Bodder Who Had Been Killed by His Conscience."

beautifull place," said the colonel. "I suppose you live on canned goods."

That old expression of humor which has made the colonel valuable around Jefferson City for these many years broke upon his tear-stained countenance.

"Well," he said, "it is true that a good many cans follow us out here, but I don't

know that you could exactly call their contents food."

'Sh! The Midnight Oath.

IT was night when we knocked at the Executive Mansion. We were ushered into the hall, and Gov. Folk came out to greet us directly. He was that glad to

see us he threw himself in McQuill's arms, crying:

"Welcome! Thrice welcome is the Cabinet-at-Large! My mansion is but an unworthy shelter for so learned and so brilliant a body."

He passed his hand around to Wyllis, then to the human elephant, and finally to Inky Dink, who was scowling critically at a Coronet on the hall wall.

"Now, gentlemen," said the governor, barking off a pace, "before we go into executive session for judgment upon my 'frenzied morality' as an original expression!"

He smiled, but the members of the Cabinet looked very grave. It is a serious matter, this thing of proclaiming someone the originator of a great saying. Think what had been our humiliation had we proclaimed Lincoln the originator of 'You can fool,' etc., only to learn at this late day that the author of that proverb was P. T. Barnum.

McQuill lifted his hand and said:

"Your Excellency, much as I would like to give you credit for coining the phrase, we cannot do so without making a thorough investigation. We must see Tom Lawson. He must fine-comb current literature. We cannot be hasty in these great matters. Our reputation is great, and our responsibility is colossal."

"Be that as your wisdom suggests," said the governor. "I only made haste to speak of it because it has been upon my mind ever since I used the expression in my special message to the Legislature last Tuesday. If you will follow me now we will go into the swearing room."

We went in and took from the governor himself the allegiance of devotion to the welfare of the common people. We swore to hunt down and slay, one by one, the enemies of the masses. We swore it all with our forefathers laid upon the skull of a bodder who had been killed by his conscience.

From the swearing room we went into the library. McQuill sat down at a table with the governor for a private exchange of pure thoughts. Wyllis found a kindred literary spirit in Hal Woodside, the governor's private secretary, and withdrew with him to another side of the room,

plant and Inky Dink sat up and take a less timid look at him.

"Of course, you have a great deal on your hands," said McQuill.

"Yes," said the governor. "I am much busier than the proverbial cranberry merchant."

"It strikes me," said Wyllis, "that if you have some errands to run, you might get Senator Frank Harris to trot around a little for you. I understand he is not on a single Senate committee and that he is leading the life of a sort of industrial immigrant in the Senate."

"Don't you think you are rather severe on the lobbyists?" asked McQuill. This is a big question," but the chief plumped the governor with it without hesitating.

"Now, gentlemen," said the governor, "barking off a pace, "before we go into executive session for judgment upon my 'frenzied morality' as an original expression!"

"The cabinet-at-large, fully and deeply appreciates your position," said the chief.

"If you would sit the whole world would gape; if you should fall all Christendom's hopes would be dashed to earth by the collapse of that promise with which you sustain them."

"Of course, I suppose the real stick-in-the-mud can get in 30 hours to remove any suspicion of unfairness in the ruling," said Wyllis. "But it does seem to be asking a good deal to demand that they come here and tell you what they purpose doing."

"No," said the governor, "would you believe it? I have had several of them in, and really their motives have thus far proven quite honorable."

The almost audible glances exchanged between Wyllis and McQuill said plainly enough:

"What a trusting man is the governor of Missouri!" Even Inky Dink and the human elephant looked at the governor as though loath to believe him so dead easy as that.

"Of course, you will have a great many important bills to pass upon finally," said McQuill.

"Yes," said the governor.

"I think the Tubbs bill making tipping a penalty a perfect masterpiece of legislative conception," said Wyllis.

"Personally I think more of the bill protecting the state watermelon industry in the state," said McQuill.

"What do you think my attitude toward the railroads should be?" asked the governor.

"I think," said McQuill, "that this is a matter which you should know yourself unqualified to pass upon. Nobody knows what a railroad's rates should be but a shipper, and no one knows the real justice of passenger rates but people who have until recently enjoyed passes. You are not a shipper and you have always paid your fare. Therefore, you are not qualified to pass upon this great matter of railroad rates."

"If you don't believe it, ask some railroad official," said Wyllis.

"What of the movement to put down Sunday baseball?" asked the governor.

"There should be a law," said McQuill, "compelling every baseball team in the state to play a double-header every Sunday."

"What does Missouri need more than anything else?" asked the governor.

"An United States senator," said Wyllis.

The breakfast bell rang, and we insisted upon returning to our hotel. The governor bowed us out, and his chef made a futile effort to gig Blott, the Human Elephant. We reached the following conclusions concerning Missouri politics, which are submitted for thought:

1. That Gov. Folk's dimples is the love-best in the world.

2. That Bill Phelps' smile is only skin deep.

3. That it will be bad form to be a burglar in St. Louis for the next four years.

4. That the governor and Col. Phelps will not fight a duel.

5. That there will be a barbers' uprising against whistlers in Jefferson City are the end of the present legislative session.

6. That if the old comes off in St. Louis, off will come Kiley's helmet.

7. That Jim Heiter may expect to get his any morning now.

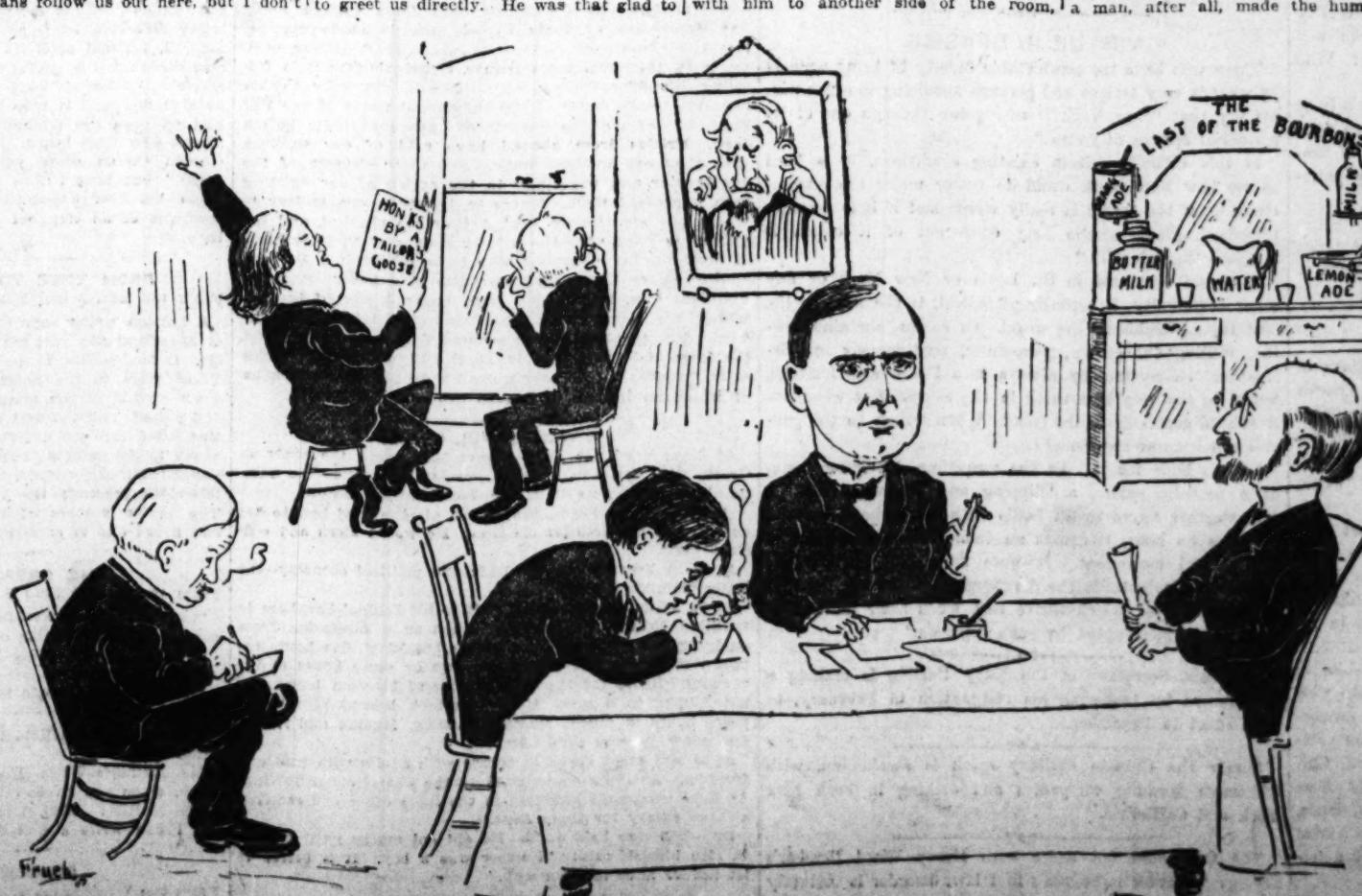
8. That Republican ascendancy in Missouri will be short and bitter.

9. That Gov. Folk is determined to have no other advisers than the cabinet-at-large.

10. That it pays to be a reformer and keep it up.

McQuill arose. (Continued)

WYLLIS, BLOTT, INKY DINK.



McQuill Sat at a Table With the Governor for a Private Exchange of Pure Thoughts. Wyllis Found a Kindred Literary Spirit in Hal Woodside, the Governor's Secretary, and Withdrawn With Him to Another Side of the Room, Where He Read to Him His Very Late & Volume, a Breezy Little Satire, Entitled 'Honks by a Tailor's Goose.'

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER. Published by
THE PULITZER PUBLISHING CO., 210-212 N. Broadway.

"FIRST IN EVERYTHING"

20,000 More Post-Dispatches sold in St. Louis every day than there are homes in the city.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION ENTIRE YEAR 1904

Sunday -- 225,837
Daily -- 148,833

Biggest West of the Mississippi.

It is zeros added to coal bills that produce the chilliest shivers.

Russia may yet become as slow pay as the Sultan. She is now said to want to buy steel rails on time.

The insurance companies are a little hot over so many red stoves and overheated furnaces.

The man of East St. Louis whose whole house was stolen is not so bad off. It might have been burned before he could renew the insurance.

STATE ETHICS IN MISSOURI.

Another novel way, in which Jefferson City proposes to regulate the future intellect of Missouri is by a law under which "ethics or the principles of moral conduct" shall be taught in the public schools.

Whose ethics? That is the question. All of us would like to have it answered at once, before "public education in ethics" goes further at state expense.

Here, for instance, is Prof. Ernest Haeczel, who is regarded by some in this country as well as in Germany as the highest living authority on ethics and some other things. And he has written another book, his very latest, with his very latest system of ethics in it. This contains three important new ethical modes of promotional survival only for the fittest:

1. The killing of "unfit" infants as soon as they are born.

2. The scientific removal of lunatics, idiots, hopeless invalids and others who cannot enjoy life, though they can interfere with the enjoyment of others.

3. The encouragement of suicide when living is not comfortable.

In support of all these ethical methods, Prof. Haeczel uses arguments as ethical as possible. Invalids, under his system, would not be coarsely murdered, of course. They might be subjected to "open air treatment," however, with an anterior intention of adjusting it to cure the easily curable and allow science to take its course with the others.

This is "ethical." In at least half the "ethical systems" the only distinction made between right and wrong is that of convenience. After this, of course, is the question of "whose convenience?" But, of course, it is a fine thing to learn ethics.

Dictionary defines a spot as "a particular place of small extent," but an astronomer in Chicago says he has found one on the sun that is 60,000 miles wide.

A CRISIS FOR CHICAGO ALTRUISM.

Since "Ruskin University" was removed from Missouri to the suburbs of Chicago, the report comes that it is "passing through a financial crisis which threatens its existence."

It seems that merely as a result of this lack of money, faculty and students fail to find satisfaction in the workings of the "altruistic" principle of each for all and all for each, under which doctors of literature are expected to scrub out the halls while doctors of philosophy are operating the kitchen range.

This is deplorable, but what else could have been expected in the Chicago atmosphere? Does a Chicago student study for years to become a doctor of philosophy, really philosophical enough to clean the snow from his own sidewalk and afterwards to help in cleaning the adjacent walks without charge?

This is "altruism," and the object of Ruskin University is to fill Chicago with doctors of philosophy who will practice it. But who ever saw one of them doing it? Who ever expects to see it?

It always has happened to Chicago altruism as it is happening now. It announces a "financial crisis" as soon as its academic philosophers are compelled by lack of "endowment" to face a prospect of becoming actually philosophical, with no possible way of avoiding it.

Probably the Count de la Vaulx is right. We in America do not seem to take to ballooning. But did he happen to see us kiting in high finance?

CHINESE EXCLUSION.

At a Sunday school entertainment for the members of the Chinese Sunday school in St. Louis, ex-Gov. Charles P. Johnson and Rev. John L. Brandt are said to have urged the repeal of the Chinese exclusion law. Gov. Johnson declaring it to be a blot on the country, while Dr. Brandt said that any one who would bring about its repeal "would deserve a crown in heaven."

Presumably, both these gentlemen know a great deal about Chinese. But there is always something more to be learned as to this many-sided people. Broughton Brandenburg, in Collier's Weekly for Feb. 4, has an informing article, which should be read by those who believe in repealing the exclusion act.

Mr. Brandenburg gives the facts ascertained by him in a long experience as a newspaper reporter among the Chinese in America, especially in connection with the numerous crimes of violence committed by members of the various Tong and Highbinder societies. As nearly all our Chinese immigrants belong to some one or the other of these societies, and as they constantly use deceit and violence, including murder, in their dealings, the record of Chinese life in America is not one to encourage hope in their amalgamation, from our point of view.

Besides this, and without considering the undoubtedly peril to American labor from a repeal of the exclusion act, there is the opium evil, which the American Chinese are doing their best to stimulate in this country. As a

rule, these yellow men are inveterate gamblers and liars. Many of the "reformed," queuous Chinese and Sunday school scholars have turned up in the ranks of the Tong and Highbinder assassins.

The matter seems to be summed up in what Dr. Arthur Smith, the highest living authority on Chinese characteristics, has said of these people, namely, that they are the victims of an inextricable mental confusion, which is impossible for us to fathom.

If it be right to maintain an institution by the licensing of wrong, the same principle would justify the support of all state institutions, and even the state government, from the fruits of legalized crime. From Gov. Folk's special message on the repeal of the racketeering gambling law.

EXPERIMENTS IN BENEVOLENCE.

The Brooklyn Eagle has a striking editorial on the increase of crime, especially of political corruption, in American cities, accompanying the increase of intelligence as indicated by literary education.

Instances of political corruption in New York, St. Louis, Chicago and other cities in support of its proposition that the increase of education in books, unaccompanied by the increase of religious education is highly demoralizing.

Leaving that proposition as it stands, it deserves the immediate attention of all those benevolent persons who wish to introduce a system of arrest and imprisonment for irregular public school attendance.

In the seventeenth century, the most benevolent people then living argued that without more general religious education the world must become uninhabitable. They also argued that nothing but the best religious education would save it. Hence they determined that all must conform to the best and learn the best.

They then proceeded to cause the arrest of all or as many as they could, who did not attend church regularly and that church the one they "authorized" as the best.

This was benevolence, but it was also bigotry and a gross disregard of the essential principles of right and wrong.

Every argument now used in support of arrest and imprisonment in the "cause of education" was then used in the name of religion. Every argument now applied in support of coercion and arrest in forcing literary education, applies still more strongly in support of religious education.

When benevolence disregards the plain principles of the rights of others in any cause whatever, it immediately becomes bigotry. It was so in the seventeenth century. It will not be otherwise nor will the results be otherwise in the twentieth.

The Minnesota drunkard who swallowed nitro-glycerine and exploded after having frozen to death has somewhat surpassed the Englishman in Dickens' story who got so near the fireplace that his breath caught the flame and consumed him. America excels in all things.

SPECIAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN.

Under the plan by which an investment of \$5 buys a square foot of ground in a new site for the St. Louis Training School for Women, there ought to be \$5 billions enough forthcoming to cover the site completely.

We need nothing in a twentieth century city worse than training for women, to fit them not merely for managing their own households or those of others, but for the emergencies of life.

A literary education helps to do this. The knowledge of how to manage a household helps still more. In fact, the woman who can actually keep a house in the best possible order has executive talent so high that it is almost, if not quite genius.

No single thing is of more importance than this. But still this is not enough. Women with literary educations, competent to meet the responsibilities of the home, are constantly called to face the world, single handed.

Their opportunities in special fields and through special training for these, have been greatly enlarged, but we still leave the great majority of women, especially those who have the best literary education, with no training which gives them a real insight into the life of the world outside of books, music and art.

In the emergencies of life they must rely on some man who has this training. This is well enough, provided they have the man to rely on. But the emergency nearly always comes because they lose this reliance and must rely on themselves.

Every man needs all the special training for life he can get and every woman has a right to have it.

VIRTUE IN SPASMS.

Those who have the comfortable faculty of being amused by what is very serious and perhaps agonizing to other people say that "New York is now going through one of its periodical spasms of virtue."

If this actually defines existing conditions, it is hard to see how New York could do better under the circumstances. If the spasm is really virtue and if it is actually periodical, great results may come out of it before it is "gone through with."

A spasm of virtue in St. Louis or New York or any other community, if actually periodical, is the next to the best thing possible in the world. Of course, sustained virtue, welling out evenly, peacefully, continuously and irrigating the community always into bloom and fruitage, would be the very best thing in the world. But when it existed generally in the past? When will it be the general condition of the future?

Let us hope for it. In the meantime, if virtue comes as a periodical spasm, a "nipping and an eager air" as zero weather comes to St. Louis with the Dakota wind at 50 miles an hour, it causes an immediate acceleration of the general movement. It puts more oxygen into the blood. It also retards the development of several hundred million microbes which thrive best when their multiplicities is not interrupted by such "spasms."

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Darling is making a new record by tendering his resignation in February, to take effect in December.

Surely the Chinese military spirit is awakening, with Chinese forming companies and drilling in both New York and California.

The Chinese does not agree with Henry Ward Beecher's saying: "If order is heaven's first law, disorder is certainly its second."

The oleomargarine makers have not yet begun to toy with peanut-butter coloring.

JUST A MINUTE
for
POST-DISPATCH
Verse and Humor

ME AND VESUVIUS.

I may not be as swift as some are;
I may not have the proper swing;
I may not strictly be a hummer,
Although inclined to have my fling;
And yet I pride myself on knowing
A valuable thing or three,
And if I miss some of what's going,
That's no discredit as I see;
And I'm glad—caring not a penny
For some opinions, not a cuss—
My smoke is just as black as any
Emitted by Vesuvius.

II.
I may not be the only pebble
Upon the literary beach;
My voice, to some, may seem a treble,
Though bass it easily can reach;
I may not look a bit heroic—
Where is the man of weight who does?—
Nor smile as grimly as a stoic
When stinging ills around me buzz;
But I rejoice to know—and many
Have been delighted, musing thus—
My smoke is just as black as any
Emitted by Vesuvius.

Wasted Sympathy.

Peter A. Cleary, a Wisconsin representative, is a gallant, if mistaken, statesman. Mr. Cleary is the author of a bill providing for an annual tax of \$5 on all bachelors over the age of 30 years, failure to pay which would subject a man to a fine of \$15 to \$50 or imprisonment not to exceed 30 days.

But, while perfectly willing to mullet the single men, who might get married but do not, Mr. Cleary does not believe in taxing old maids. "Their lot is already hard enough," he declares. The very fact that they have missed

But not all maiden ladies are single because no man has asked them to be his. There are many admirable ladies, in Wisconsin, as elsewhere, who would rather pay a fine of \$50 forty times over to be tied down for life to a coarse man with hair on his face and a smoke-tainted or booze-laden breath. They need no compensation, and ask none. Mr. Cleary is wasting his sympathy when it comes to these knowing old girls.

Madge to Mayme.

If you'd carafe in your garde—
Tis the latest Gotham fad—
And I told you, for a starter,
I had spent the last I had,
How would you escape this pickle,
If the car were full of men,
And you had to have a nickel?
Tell me, what would you do then?

Father Sheehan of Pennsylvania, in an address on courtship, said: "To be sitting in a room week after week, two or three times a week, until 11 o'clock, no sensible person will say is necessary. What can a young man have to say that will take so much time?" Yes, what? We refer the question to Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"Bat" Masterson uses something even more deadly than a "big stick."

New York proposes to put the spitter on the spit and grill him.

THE OFFERING OF PORT ARTHUR.

A Japanese Officer, in Leslie's Monthly Magazine for February.

In his dreams the soldier of Nippon sees the restless spirits of these patriots still hovering over Port Arthur in company with a number of other men who had fallen before Port Arthur in taking it from the Chinese. These unhappy spirits—in whose existence we of the Far East believe quite as deeply as the Christians believe in the immortality of the soul—can never be persuaded to enter into a realm of peace until the one aim and end for which they have shamed away from expression of their earthly life is made perfect.

For the soldier of Nippon to take Port Arthur over again is, therefore, more than a signal victory; it is fulfilling his sacred duty, so to speak, not only to his country, to the cause of the permanent peace of the Far East, but as well to the eternal peace of their heroic dead. Critics from abroad have said of our soldiers that they are a silent army. The utter absence of the spectacular and the stay in the action of our fighting men impressed them. There is, however, one gallery to which our men before Port Arthur are playing, and the gallery is filled with the faint shades of their fathers, of their brother comrades who have passed into the unknown before them, that our country's honor must be maintained.

In Nippon we have many kinds of incense which we burn before the mortuary tablets of our dead. But to plant the sun-red flag once again upon the fort of Port Arthur is, as the Nippon soldier looks at it, to offer to the heroic dead a flower, the fragrance of which no incense of heaven can equal.

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

At 3 years of age John Stuart Mill began the study of Greek, with "arithmetic as an evening relaxation," as Samuel Johnson puts it in the Westminster Review.

At 6 he began Latin, Euclid and algebra, and had to act as tutor to the younger children. He was a stern and efficient tutor.

At 12 he began scholastic logic and political economy—the latter his main lifework.

At 14, while paying a long visit to Sir Samuel Bentham in southern France, he learned French as a relaxation from studying two or three hours before breakfast, five hours between breakfast and dinner and two or three hours in the evening. Being for the time master of his own hours and not subject to a stern father, he took lessons also in his spare hours in music, singing, dancing, fencing and riding, but never became proficient.

At 16 Mill could speak in debate with adults with ease and freedom. At 18 he contributed to the Westminster Review.

At 22 he was made assistant in the India office and received a large salary for those days.

But—Mill was bald at 22. He did not marry until he was 45. He himself said: "I never was a boy. It is better to let nature have its own way."

A BIT OF GOOD ADVICE.

From the Chicago Journal.

One of the best things to do before we criticize others much is to begin an intelligent study of ourselves.

ME AND VESUVIUS.

THE POST-DISPATCH RECORD OF PROGRESS

The Railless Trolley in Germany and France—A Great Discovery in Palestine—Theories of the Storm in the Sun—The Seedless Apple as an Accomplished Fact—News From the World of Mind.

THE RAILLESS TROLLEY.

As far as it has been systematically tried under proper conditions in Germany and France, the "railless trolley," as the latest experiment in applied electricity, is a practical success, from which some are already expecting "revolutionary results" in the United States. The line connecting Dresden with one of its suburbs cost about \$13,500 a mile for everything except the cars. The car, which is an adaptation of the omnibus, seats 23 passengers. Warmed and lighted by electricity, it costs about \$1000. To "install" a railless trolley system, it is only necessary to string the wires over a good ordinary roadbed and attach the trolley connection to the car, to start the system to operating. As there is no "rail return" for the current, the "double-wire" system is used, and it is said to take about a fourth more power to move the car without rails than with them. The system works at a speed which in French experiments is stated at about eight and a half miles an hour.

Its "great future" in the United States is predicted through its extension in country districts, where it can be installed at a small initial cost—albeit providing there is a passable country turnpike to install it on. During snow in winter the Dresden cars have the hind wheels removed and runners substituted.

If every county in the United States had at least one well-paved road, the expectation of "railless trolleys" connecting every county town with the next, might be realized during the period it will now be likely to require to get existing roads mended for four-horse wagons.

A "GREAT DISCOVERY" IN PALESTINE.

In the account of the latest researches in Palestine, recently published by Prof. A. H. Sayce, there is a report of remarkable developments, showing that the country was highly organized before the Jewish exodus from Egypt.

In digging into the lowest layers of ruins at Taanach, one of the towns of the people who were conquered and exterminated by the Hebrews, there was made what Prof. Sayce rightly calls a "great discovery."

In an inner chamber of the governor's house was found the "town library and bookcase."

The case consisted of a chest of terra-cotta and the books of clay tablets written in the cuneiform character of Babylon. Similar records have been found in other towns. They relate usually to collecting money and to war.

One of them is a "muster roll of the local militia."

HERE IS THE MAN WHO WILL CONTROL OUR STREET RAILWAYS, LIGHT AND POWER

John I. Beggs, Manager of North American Co., Promises St. Louis Plenty of Clean, Warm Cars.

"Move toward the center of the car."
That is one of the new regulations that John I. Beggs will issue to the patrons of St. Louis street-car lines after the North American Co.'s deal for the absorption of the United Railways corporation is concluded.

In Milwaukee, where Mr. Beggs has exclusive control of all the street railway lines, this notice has become as familiar as certain brands of beer.

"Please enter by the front platform and leave by the rear platform," is another Beggs regulation, now respected in Milwaukee, which is in store for St. Louisans.

"Passengers are requested to maintain a passageway on platforms and inside the car," is still another pronouncement which St. Louisans will probably be asked by Mr. Beggs to observe.

For he is known that John I. Beggs is the street railway expert of the North American Co.; and that when it takes over the United Railways system his ideas alone will be used in the operation of the property.

"The Milwaukee street railway system is my conception of the model system of the world," he says, "and if I am elected president of the United Railways in St. Louis I will apply the same ideas to the St. Louis roads that I am enforcing in Milwaukee."

Mr. Beggs is partly a St. Louisan now, although his legal residence is in the Wisconsin metropolis. For more than a year he has been spending a part of each week in St. Louis.

His weekly trips began after the acquisition by the North American of a controlling interest in the Laclede Gas Co. in March, 1903, when it bought some 50,000 shares for about \$40,000.

In addition to being the street railway expert of the North American Co., Mr. Beggs is also its electric lighting and its gas expert.

Moreover, he is not merely a salaried official of the great Morgan corporation, but he is a director and heavy stockholder and one of the group of financiers who shape its operation.

"Here we try to provoke the people to ride by making the service so attractive they will like to ride. We furnish absolutely clean cars, warm in winter. Our conductors are polite. In fact, we do everything to get all the nickels we can."

I will say, furthermore, that what promises I make I keep and the people of Milwaukee will bear me out.

Recently Mr. Beggs was elected general manager of the Union company. Although not nominally so, he is de facto the operating head of the Laclede Gas Co. as thoroughly as he bore the title of president and general manager.

As the real executive of these two companies, Mr. Beggs practically controls the lighting of St. Louis. The only company not in his grasp is the Laclede Power Co.

When he becomes president of the United Railways Co., he will control all the local transportation facilities, except the Suburban trolley system.

No other man has taken upon himself such responsibilities or acquired such power over the public utilities of St. Louis as John I. Beggs will have when the United Railways deal comes to its expected conclusion.

In no other great city of America has one man such immense power. Particularly, has no other man such power over the conveniences of the residents of a city in which he does not reside.

An idea of the power Mr. Beggs would wield in St. Louis as the head jointly of the United Railways, the Laclede Gas and the Union Electric Co. may be gleaned from the fact that he could stop all the cars and turn out all the light should he so desire.

That is, he could make all St. Louisans walk, except those who might use the suburban lines, and he could place all St. Louis gas consumers in darkness and also all users of electricity in those supplied by the Laclede Power Co.

Not only that, but at Mr. Beggs' wish, all gas ranges would be cold and all power plants using his electricity would be prevented from operating.

But no one dreams that Mr. Beggs will make any such use of his power.

In Milwaukee, where he spends the greater part of his time, he has greatly increased the number of street cars in service, the miles of track operated and the number of consumers purchasing his electricity for light and power.

With the purpose of ascertaining so far as possible what Mr. Beggs may have in store for St. Louis when he succeeds in his vast additional power and responsibilities here, a reporter for the Post-Dispatch called upon him in his office in Milwaukee Friday.

As the operating expert of the North American company, Mr. Beggs is in control not only of all the electric light and power plants and all the street railways in Milwaukee, as well as the Laclede Gas and Union Electric plants in St. Louis, but he is, moreover, in charge of all the suburban lines running from Milwaukee and of all the interurban lines running between Milwaukee, Kenosha, Racine, Muskego and Fox Point.

Designs on Chicago.

Mr. Beggs' company is credited further with designs on the street railways of Chicago. He passes through there regularly in route between Milwaukee and St. Louis and it is humorously said that possibly the North American company is planning to give him a little extra work "on the road."

For a man of such marvelously great business interests, Mr. Beggs has an exceptionally modest home in Milwaukee. It is located at 41 Broadway in an ancient, grimy, faded-looking three-story structure, formerly used as a power plant by one of the institutions that made Milwaukee famous.

The office of the president and general manager of the Milwaukee Electric Railroad and Light Co. is on the second floor. The building is used as a headquarters for the company and the magic initials T. M.

North American Will Not Shirk Transit Damages.

Mr. Beggs promises St. Louis street car patrons:

That the North American Co. will not try to avoid payment of damages assessed against the Transit or United Railways companies.

Clean cars all the year.

Warm cars in winter.

Enough cars on all lines.

Conductors who say "please" and are always polite.

Speed that will not endanger lives.

E. R. & L. Co. are conspicuously displayed.

Mr. Beggs' private office is separated from the public hallway only by one other small office occupied by his stenographer.

His own office is severely plain in its furnishings. Its only decorations are pictures and placards relative to the street railway business.

"I have an abiding faith in the future of St. Louis," said Mr. Beggs. "I believe when the next census is taken that we will have a population of a million. I have had faith in St. Louis for twenty years."

"But the street car system of St. Louis is not now what it should be. If we should take over the property and there is that probability, I may say a strong probability, that we will, we would not expect to make any money on it for five years. We would have to give up the net profits in that time into improvements."

"What manner of improvements?" he was asked.

"Well, I can't tell," he replied, again resuming his seriousness of expression. "It will be time enough to tell exactly what we will do with the property after we get it. But I don't mind saying that we will apply the same system to its operation that we now employ in Milwaukee."

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The Week in

Society Circles

This is the "cold gray dawn of the morning after" in society, for the gayeties have run their course and there is little left for the pleasure-seekers but the theater and meditation on what has been.

The reception given by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuttie at his residence in Vandeventer place and the discourse of Mr. Ernest Kroeger on "The Emotional and Picturesque in Music" at the St. Louis Woman's Club closed rather a dull week in society.

The wedding of Miss Emma Hoffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hoffman of Cleveland avenue, and Edward J. Baur was the nuptial event of the South Side Saturday evening. The ceremony was at 5 o'clock and was followed by a reception from 6 to 8 o'clock. The service was read by the Rev. Dr. Palmer of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in the presence of only the most intimate friends and near relatives of the bride and bridegroom.

Mrs. Harry J. Baur was her sister's matron of honor, the bride of last night performing a like service for her sister. Mrs. Harry Baur, three years ago when she became the wife of Mr. Baur's brother. Miss Hoffman wore a gown of white chiffon and rose point lace and carried a shower of rose of valley and ferns. Her long tulle veil was secured with a spray of myrtle. Mrs. Baur wore white Louisine and chiffon with insertions of valenciennes lace and carried pink roses. Mr. Baur and his bride departed later in the evening for the South, where they will remain a month. Upon their return they will go to house-keeping and be at home after May 1.

Miss Reismeyer entertained for Miss Hoffman last week.

The South Side figured prominently last week with its pet club (Union Club) reception ball, the wedding of Miss Hoffman and Mr. Baur and the announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Robert Ringer and John T. Materne.

The latter was a surprise, even to the most intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom-elect. The formal announcement was made Thursday afternoon at a luncheon given by Mrs. W. W. Newell at her home in Virginia avenue. Her guests were members of a club that have met for several seasons past. Mrs. Ringer is a charming young woman and has devoted much of her time to church and missionary work. She is a prominent member of the Compton Hill Presbyterian Church, where she has for many years charge of the primary department. Mrs. Ringer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Prufrock of Lafayette avenue.

Mr. Materne is prominent in business and manufacturing circles. There has been no date decided upon for the wedding. The guests attending Mrs. Newell's luncheon were Mmes. William K. Roth, Charles Slaughter, Gill, William Straubusberger, McNaugh, Goessling, Julius Rommabauer, P. H. Morrison and Robert Ringer.

Martin-Horan Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Loretta Horan and H. Paul Martin of Springfield will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. John C. Horan, 1000 Locust, Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 6:30 o'clock. The ceremony will be very quiet, only the near relatives and immediate friends attending. Later there will be a large reception to the friends at the home of the bride. Miss Marie R. Grefet will be Miss Horan's maid of honor, and little Misses Alice Worch and Marie Atkins will be ribbon bearers. After the reception Mr. Martin and his bride will go for a southern honeymoon tour and will be at home after April 1 in Springfield.



MISS LORETTA HORAN
PHOTOS BY
KANDELER BROS
REMBRANDT STUDIO



MISS MARIE R. GREFET



MISS MARIE ATKINS

Mrs. W. W. Newell, who has recently taken possession of her new home, 508 West Morgan street, entertained with a card party Thursday afternoon in honor of her mother, Mrs. W. W. Newell, of Eleanor Hill of Chicago, Ill. The guests were:

Muses—

A. G. Wickham, Robert Horie, James P. Bissell, John Peers, Preston Bennett, R. C. Brent.

Muses—

Edith Taylor, Grace Young, Mrs. Campbell, John Campbell, Florence Miller, Charlotte Todd, Daise Walker, Ella Lyons.

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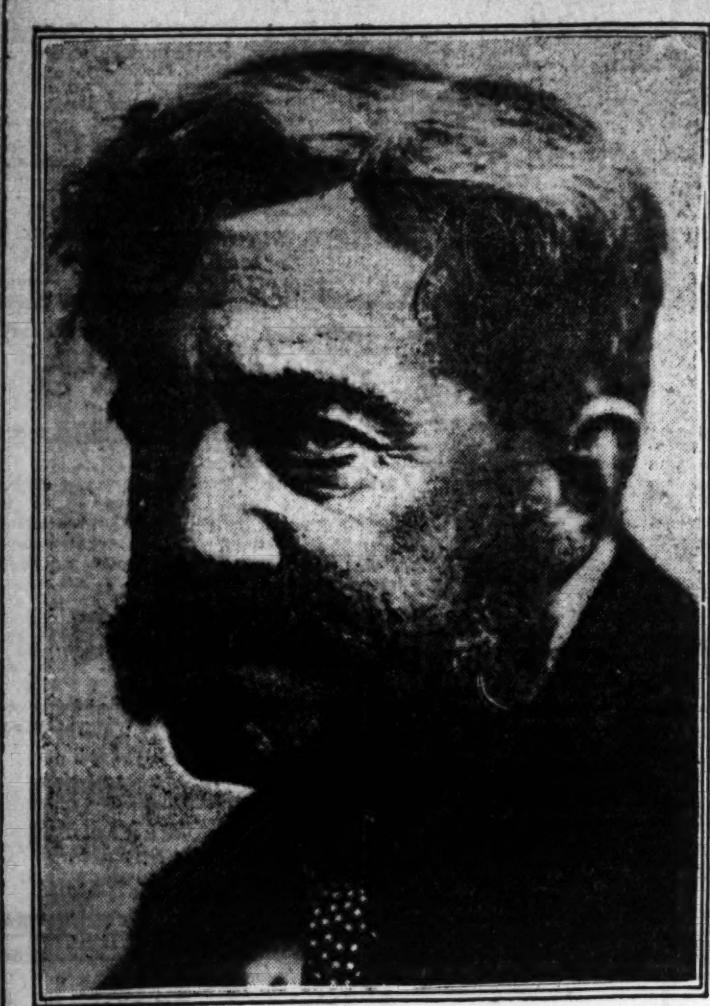
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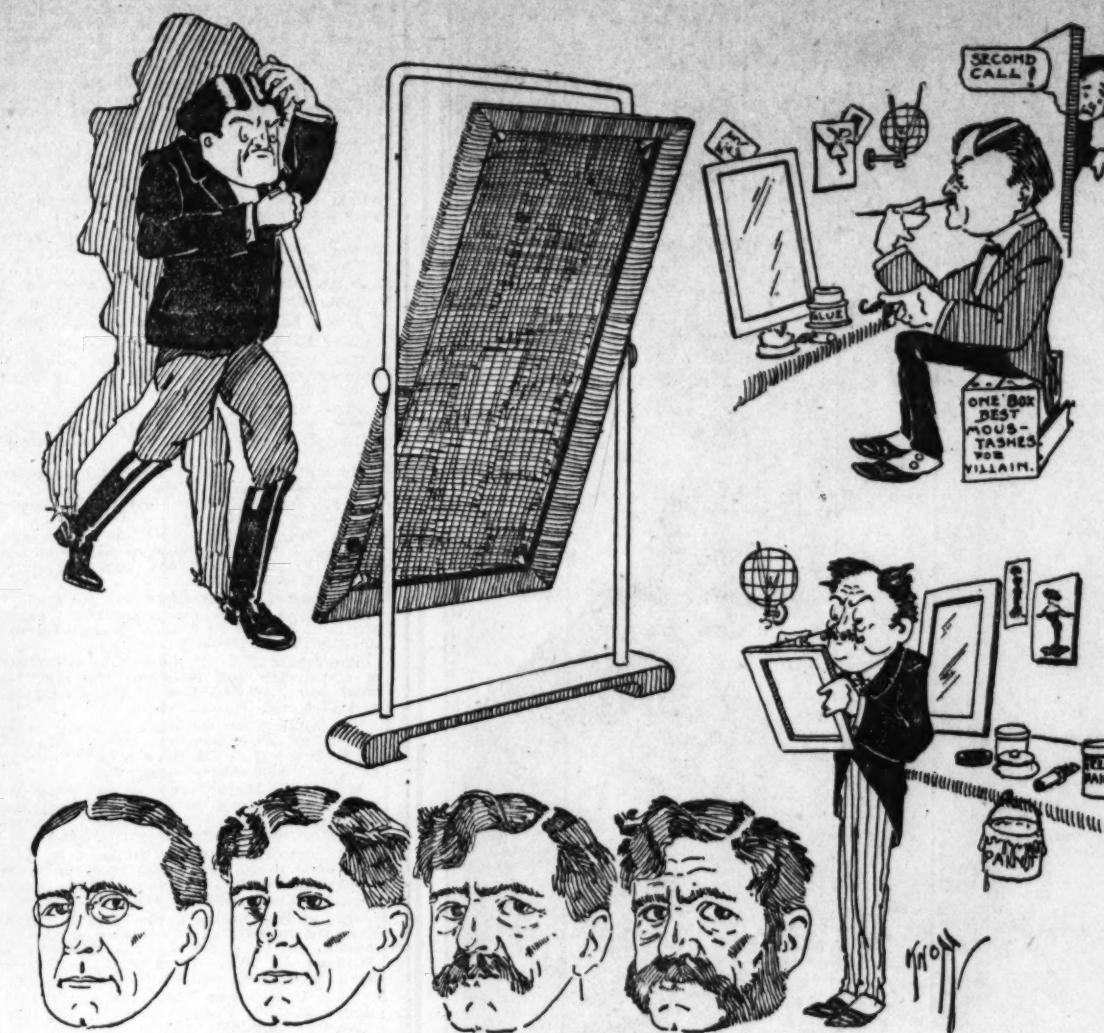
Muses—

Grace Young, Mrs

St. Louis Theatrical Taste, or Where the Pike Got In Its Deadly Work



THE CRANE WHOSE AQUAINTANCE WE WILL MAKE THIS WEEK



THE EVOLUTION FROM CRANE TO LECHAT.



THE CRANE WE ALL KNOW.

PEACE! THIS FELLOW WON'T HURT YOU—IT'S ONLY DEAR OLD WILLIAM H. CRANE, AND THE ARTIST SHOWS YOU HOW HE DID IT

HERE has been an awful slump in St. Louis' theatrical taste since the World's Fair. It is only a corporal's guard in this community of 700,000 people that still cares anything about the educational and literary side of the drama, or gives a fig for aught but the physical side of the theater. The Admirable Crichton, was a production ofish, a masterpiece of knowledge of the theater, and the good hearted ones took aback to the scenes and see the finish of productions whose only qualification is that they are worth while.

In the two seasons prior to the Fair, St. Louis offered a certain harvest for good plays. There seemed to be a considerable element which liked dramas and comedies of the more pretentious sort, and there was no hostility among lovers of the drama, toward the light musical pieces, because there were people enough and tastes enough to support that sort of thing that each element wanted, and each enjoyed its own without molesting the other.

But horrors! There is no such ideal state of affairs in St. Louis now. The community has rather made it unanimous for the silly show. Who wrote the piece, and who will get it seem to have become of no importance whatever. An Augustus Thomas can come and go without drawing enough people to the theater to suggest that this production of an American playwright had ever been heard of or that there is any possibility that what he has written might afford good entertainment. The best that Israel Zangwill has done—nearly good, according to London and New York and other theatrical centers—is put aside here as though it were the product of the rawest and the most undeserving amateur. Barrie, at his best, is almost a bore in St. Louis today, if one may judge by the indifference with which we receive his plays.

Let us look back over the post-Fair period and see what we have lost—some deserving plays. Viola Allen came to the Olympic in *Madame Butterfly* during the closing of the Fair. She did a good business. One is induced to think what she would have done with *The Winter's Tale* if the Fair crowds and attaches had entirely left the city. We can recall the meagre patronage given Ada Rehan in *The Taming of the Shrew* a few weeks later and make a pretty conservative guess. Christmas week brought Eleanor Robson to the Olympic in *Meredith Mary Ann*. Miss Robson had fairly "arrived" in this piece in London and New York. Suppose she had first produced it here and its fate had depended upon St. Louis' approval of it! Would it have ever reached New York, or would London have even known that one Israel Zangwill had written a downright clever little play called *Meredith Mary Ann*? Nix. It occasioned about as much of a stir in St. Louis as the stork causes in a Chinese tenement.

Just after the holidays Lawrence d'Orsay spent a week at the Century Theater in *The Earl of Pawtucket*. The slight which St. Louis put upon Mr. d'Orsay was something dreadful. Notwithstanding that *The Earl of Pawtucket* was written by Augustus Thomas, whom some able critics consider to be America's most gifted living playwright, the Century management had to make for that week the confession of having entertained fewer people within its doors than had admitted within a like period of time in two years.

But it remained for the following weeks to give the drama the unkindest cut of all. Anna Russell came to the Olympic, and Jessie Loftus came to the Century. There are new stage women so delightful in entertainment as this pair. Miss Russell is very original, very charming and very capable. Miss Loftus is clever—clever. *Brother Jaques* in which Miss Russell appeared, was not brilliant, but it was not so bad that it should have been performed before more empty seats than had looked down upon an Olympic performance since Bertha Galland was there last season trying to induce the community to come in and share her seclusion in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*. Miss Loftus played *The Serio-Comic Government* by Zangwill. She sent one away with the consciousness of having been in a literary atmosphere, and having been pleased by a clever, if somewhat improbable, acted romance. St. Louis encouraged Miss Loftus to believe that it liked the play, and then sent away. What was a very cruel trick.

The next week brought William Gillette to the Olympic in *The Admirable Crichton*, and Otto Shahn to the Century. Gus Thomas' comedy, *The Other Girl*, will follow Edna May at the Olympic, and Edna May will bring *Parasifal* at the big Bijou. Sothern and Julie May will bring in Shakespearean plays, and after them the Rogers Brothers. Up to the Century, Kyrie Lee and her company will be here for the first week next week the dramatization of an W. Hornung's story of *The Amate* Crackman. The play is called *Blame*.

"The Harvester," The Gillette play is by J. M. Barrie, a luminous figure in modern literature and a writer of mighty good plays. He could write *"The Little Minister,"* which Maude Adams performed for the 1905 time in New York the other night. "The Admirable Crichton" was a production ofish, a masterpiece of knowledge of the theater, and the good hearted ones took aback to the scenes and see the finish of productions whose only qualification is that they are worth while.

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Just after the holidays Lawrence d'Orsay

of the musical pieces, especially the very ordinary and silly ones, have been more than faithful. If a musical piece has been poor through and through, offering everything else as a sort of incidental frame for a picture of frolicking chorus girls in all sorts of silly and senseless maneuvers and with their clothes off, the legal mind—wise enough to know certain of process. Almost nothing has been done here since the Fair, and evidently nothing else can succeed until the community comes to its senses and realizes what a bad commentary is this situation upon the good taste of the fourth American city.

No one objects to fun in the theaters, nor will the lover of good and clever plays antagonize such a production, say, as "The Sho-Gun," which, while tiresome because it is like all the rest, is still heartily enjoyed by persons of that singleness of temperament which will not abide anything better. But to have nothing but Shoo-Gung and Chinese Honeymoons, Royal Chefs and Princesses of Pilsen, not to mention some others coarser and commoner that we have recently had and sent away richly rewarded, is a prospect which is terrorizing, at best. We may guess the humor of the managers toward us. We may guess how eager is Charles Frohman to give us another session of "The Admirable Crichton," or Liebler & Co. to give us another "Meredith Mary Ann," or Kiro LaShelle to give us another shot at anything like "The Earl of Pawtucket." We will be taken off the map of the commendable drama and put over on the submap, where only the rum musical pieces are routed.

Meanwhile, musical pieces have been doing very well in St. Louis—well enough to disprove the theory that the community was sated with amusement during the World's Fair and is quietly digesting it all before seeing anything else. The patrons

of the musical pieces, especially the very ordinary and silly ones, have been more than faithful. If a musical piece has been poor through and through, offering everything else as a sort of incidental frame for a picture of frolicking chorus girls in all sorts of silly and senseless maneuvers and with their clothes off, the legal mind—wise enough to know certain of process. Almost nothing has been done here since the Fair, and evidently nothing else can succeed until the community comes to its senses and realizes what a bad commentary is this situation upon the good taste of the fourth American city.

No one objects to fun in the theaters, nor will the lover of good and clever plays

antagonize such a production, say, as "The Sho-Gun," which, while tiresome because it is like all the rest, is still heartily enjoyed by persons of that singleness of temperament which will not abide anything better. But to have nothing but Shoo-Gung and Chinese Honeymoons, Royal Chefs and Princesses of Pilsen, not to mention some others coarser and commoner that we have recently had and sent away richly rewarded, is a prospect which is terrorizing, at best. We may guess the humor of the managers toward us. We may guess how eager is Charles Frohman to give us another session of "The Admirable Crichton," or Liebler & Co. to give us another "Meredith Mary Ann," or Kiro LaShelle to give us another shot at anything like "The Earl of Pawtucket." We will be taken off the map of the commendable drama and put over on the submap, where only the rum musical pieces are routed.

Then we will hunger for the clever plays and the first-class performers we are sighting now, and we will sit in sackcloth and ashes and weep with remorse.

CLARK McDAMAS.

Kroeger and Malek.

Two young foreign musicians who are attracting much attention in the East this winter will appear in St. Louis within a week. Charles Kroeger, a German violinist, and Ottakar Malek, an Belgian pianist.

Kroeger will come first. He will play at the third Carlisle Symphony concert at the Odeon Feb. 27. Malek follows at Y. M. C. A. Hall on Tuesday, March 7.

Kroeger is regarded as one of the greatest of violinists.

Malek will come first. He will play at the Odeon Feb. 27. Malek follows at Y. M. C. A. Hall on Tuesday, March 7.

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MOURNERS FOLLOW THE WRONG COFFIN

Bury the First Casket to Be Unloaded Off Train and Later Discover a Mistake.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
SIOUX CITY, Ia., Feb. 11.—Gathered to pay the last respects to J. W. Boggs, an old soldier and pioneer citizen of Sioux County, who had died at Sheldon, his friends at Hull put a coffin in the hearse, drove a mile to the cemetery and buried the remains.

On returning to town they discovered that they had mixed the bodies and buried the wrong one. The same day that Mr. Boggs' remains were sent from Sheldon, a woman's body came to Hull on the train which was expected to bring Boggs. On account of the train's delay, the people at Sheldon had decided to take the last route, not to send the body by rail, but overland in a wagon.

The funeral cortège marched to the depot and received the wrong coffin. The grave had to be reopened, the coffin taken out, and a woman's body placed in it. Now the body had again appeared for the woman's body.

Proof.

From the Brooklyn Life.
Paula is your doll's hair real?
Grade? Course it is. It comes off just like
manners.

NEW WRINKLE CURE

Found in California

I wish to announce the success of this
particular I have a sure cure for any case of
wrinkles, no matter how bad or what the cause.
I am a regular physician, not a "beauty doc-
tor," but I have the remedy that beats them all.

Makes Men and Women of 50 Look 25.



Copyright 1905
Mrs. Here is what it will do.

It Makes Old Faces Young
Removes all Lines and Wrinkles
Corrects a Flabby or Withered Skin
Makes Thin Faces Plump
Fills Out Hollow Cheeks
Develops the Bust, Full and Round
Without Massage

This remedy shows improvement at once; no
long tedious wait for results. If you have
waited your time using massage creams, lotions,
plasters, etc., my remedy will prove a re-
lief to you. I want you to try it free and
judge for yourself.

FREE Full directions and sufficient of the
remedy to try it free will be sent
postpaid to any one for 4c postage. Address,

DR. WORTINGTON FORDYCE
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

My remedy is never sold through
agents.

TENDER SKINS



Soothed by Baths with

Cuticura SOAP

And gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, and purest and sweetest of emollients. For winter rashes, chapping, irritations, itchings, scalings, for red, rough, and oily complexions, for sore, itching, burning hands and feet, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, for annoying ulcerations and inflammations, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, as well as for all purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are priceless.

Send Directly the Post-Dispach Corp.
10c per box for "How to Preserve, Purify, and Soothe."

TEACH SCIENCE TO AGRICULTURISTS UPON A TRAIN

"Seed and Soil Special" Traverses
Missouri With Professors From
the State University to Show
Farmers About New Methods.

"SAY, Mans," remarked a Nebraska
farmer in jest to W. H. Mans, an
industrial commissioner of the Bur-
lington Route, "while you are going
around working up schemes to increase
your business, why don't you fix it so that
we farmers can raise one grain of corn
more to the ear? That would amount to
a good deal of freight in a year."

"All right," replied Mr. Mans, "I will."
"Better make it a hundred more
grains while you are about it," suggested
the farmer.

"Just as easy as one," remarked Mr.
Mans, and he boarded a train for Chi-
cago.

A few days later he thought of the mat-
ter and it came to his mind that, perhaps,
there might be something worked out of
the farmer's jest, so he went immediately
to Lincoln, Neb., and laid the case before
the faculty of the Nebraska State Agricul-
tural College. They told him that it is
possible to accomplish what is wanted in
the way of increased crop if the farmer
will only farm by modern methods.

Then Mr. Mans figured as to the best
way to interest the farmer in the matter
and the result was the famous "Seed and
Soil Special" which is carrying knowledge
of scientific farming to the farmers of the
great corn belt. This agricultural college
on wheels is touring Missouri now.

Knowledge is being carried to 200 farm-
ers each day, as the special train travels
the lines of the Burlington.

"The project is not wholly unselfish, on
the part of the Burlington," said Mr.
Mans. "We figure if the farmer can learn
how to raise more corn, the road will
have more of it to haul, and if the farmer
sells more corn he will buy more and we
will have that traffic to haul to him. Our
aim in this plan is to place ourselves in
closer touch with the farmers as we realize
that our prosperity depends on theirs."

"In Nebraska the lectures were attended by
11,000 farmers and in Illinois by 17,000.
We expect the Missouri record will fully
reach that of Illinois. We are very much
gratified at the attendance, particularly in
view of the bad weather we have encoun-
tered on the trip."

The method of teaching up-to-date farm-
ing is a novel one. A week before the Mis-
souri special train started on its trip the
agents of the line were supplied with circu-
lars and posters setting forth the fact that
the "Seed and Soil Special" would be at
certain places at a certain time and that
lectures on how to increase the corn crop
and care for the soil would be delivered
free of all charges. Agents provided "re-
turn" transportation to the nearest point
where the lecture would be delivered and
started in as active drummers for the pro-
ject.

The train, which consists of two private
cars for the use of the professors and Mr.
Mans; and two day coaches with a lecture
platform on each end, left St. Louis
Wednesday on its trip through Missouri.

Photographic enlargements and charts
hung behind the lecturer and showed in a
practical manner the points which the
talkers desired to show.

Many of the old farmers went to the
cars to scoff, but departed shaking their
heads and saying they had found out some-
thing about farming which they had never
learned by practical experience, and from
scorners they changed to advocates of the
idea that there has been as much progress
made in the matter of raising a crop as
there has been in harvesting it.

The farmers were given instruction on
the importance of careful selection of seed
corn as being probably the most impor-
tant matter to be considered in connection
with an increased crop. They were
told what shaped kernels to select and
from what shaped ears they should be
taken, and they were shown a simple and
practical method of testing the seed for its
productiveness before it is sown.

It was pointed out to them that good
corn could be spoiled by being planted close
to poor corn and that seed corn should be
planted apart from the general crop and
should receive particular care in cultivation.

They were shown how the use of uniform-
sized seed would increase the yield fully

five bushels to the acre and were given
hints on how to plow to improve the yield

and told the results of the experiments on
the best methods to cultivate the crop.

In the soil division they were instructed
in a simple manner as to the constituents
of the soil and told how the planting of
the same crop years in succession would
destroy certain of the constituents of the
soil, while the rotation of crops would pre-
vent that, as what one crop takes from
the soil, another returns.

The farmers were told how it has been
discovered that land absolutely sterile to
certain crops could be made, as the result
of scientific experiments, productive by in-
oculating the soil with germs which de-
stroy the elements that make the land sterile.

The interest shown by the farmers in the
traveling agricultural college was a sur-
prise even to those who had the project in
charge. Old farmers who had failed the
soil for 50 years asked to be allowed to re-
main on the train until the next stop, so
that they might ask the professors from
the college at Columbia about some point
concerning their own farms. Several were
so interested in the 40-minute talk which
was given that they promised to send their
sons to the State University to take the
agricultural course.

And from now on it will not be surprising
to hear the Missouri farmer talk learned-
ly of nitrogen, phosphates, rotation, ger-
mination and sterile seed. It will not be
more surprising if part of the farmer's
outfit will consist of microscopes and a
full-fledged laboratory, for those who heard
the talk on the "Seed and Soil Special"
certainly showed that they were interested
in the information.

Stock Reducing Sale of CARPETS & RUGS

We have altogether too many Carpets and Rugs on hand—
floor stocks are almost twice as large as they should be, due to the fact that we discontinued our former warehouse
at 913-15 North Eighth street, and all the Carpets and Rugs stored there are now here in our overcrowded Carpet and Rug section. You'll need Carpets and Rugs for spring, and we need the rooms they now occupy—it's of mutual advantage therefore for us to get together. To induce you to buy those Carpets and Rugs NOW instead of later, we name these tempting bargain prices for this week only—prices which mean a saving of over a third to you—a inducement which you can't afford to ignore. Make your own terms—
CASH OR CREDIT—we must reduce this stock and at once—
come expecting the most generous Carpet and Rug bar-
gains ever distributed in all St. Louis.

CARPETS.

\$1.80	Axminster Carpets now, yard.....	\$1.10
\$1.35	Velvet Carpets now, yard.....	.98c
\$1.50	Brussels Carpets now, yard.....	\$1.05
\$1.25	Tapestry Brussels Carpets now, yard.....	.90c
\$1.00	Tapestry Brussels Carpets now, yard.....	.63 1/2c
.85c	Tapestry Brussels Carpets now, yard.....	.46c
\$1.00	All-Wool Ingrain Carpets now, yard.....	.75c
.85c	Ingrain Carpets now, yard.....	.55c
.40c	Ingrain Carpets now, yard.....	.22c

RUGS.

\$35.00	Axminster Rugs, 9x12, now.....	\$22.50
\$27.50	Brussels Rugs, 9x12, now.....	\$18.75
\$20.00	Brussels Rugs, 9x12, now.....	\$14.25
\$17.50	Brussels Rugs, 9x12, now.....	\$11.00
\$12.50	Ingrain Rugs, 9x12, now.....	.82 1/2c
\$6.50	Ingrain Rugs, 9x12, now.....	.42 1/2c
\$3.50	Moquette Rugs, 36x12, now.....	.33 1/2c
\$5.00	Smyrna Rugs, 36x12, now.....	.38 1/2c
\$2.00	Fringed Brussels Rugs, now.....	.25c

COURTEOUS TREATMENT TO ALL,
HONEST METHODS AND SUPERIOR VALUES TELL THE STORY OF THIS STORE'S RAPID GROWTH.



AMUSEMENTS.

CRAWFORD

JACK HOEFFLER PRESENTS

"KNOBS O' TENNESSEE"

DeHOLLIS & VALORA, Comedy Jugglers.

MATS. TUES., THURS., SAT., 10 AND 2nd 3rd LADIES' PRER. TICKETS MONDAY NIGHT.



AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA

Sixth and St. Charles Sts.

Beginning Tomorrow (Mon.) Feb. 13.

Continuous Vaudeville

1:30 to 10:30 Daily.

THE FADETTE ORCHESTRA

Twenty Handsome Young Ladies Combined
in Beautiful Groups. W. F. W. Or-
chestra. Unequalled and
Unapproached.

PRESS ELDRIDGE

Commander in Chief of the Army of Fun.
WINONA SHANNON & CO.

In a Smart Play, "His Long-Lost Child."

BARRY & HALVERS

The Eccentric Comedy Duo, Late of
"Babes in Toyland."

AUGUSTA GLOSE

The Fascinating Musical Monolog and
Song Reciter. Star of "Liberty Bell."

CARLISLE'S PONIES AND DOGS

Here's for the Children. A most interest-
ing Exhibit of Animal Intelligence.

DUFFY, SAWTELLE & DUFFY

One-Act Play, "Papa's Sweetheart."
Full of Fun and Smiles.

WOOD & RAY

In an Eccentric Comedy Sketch.

PHILLIPS & MERRITT

Versatile Singers, Dancers and Whistlers.

EDITH RICHARDS

In a Novel Musical Act.

LESLIE'S PORCINE CIRCUS

Mesmerized Trained Pigs.

KINODROME.

15-30-50c

Orchestra chairs, reserved 75c

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St. Louis has more Post-Dispach read-
ers every day than it has homes.

"First in everything."

ST. LOUIS

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WANT DIRECTORY.

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EMBROIDERY THE SILENT PASTIME
OF THIS WIDOW IN CELL, ACCUSED OF
HUSBAND'S MURDER IN "HOUSE ON HILL"

Mrs. Perdue.

Dr. Perdue Was Shot in the Back of the Head With His Own Revolver While He Slept, With His Baby Slumbering at His Feet.

WEAPON FOUND LATER
ON KITCHEN TABLE

Whatever Woman Knows Is Hidden Behind the Great Grey Eyes That Look Calmly Out the Cell Bars, and She Has Refused to Testify or Discuss the Tragedy.

From a Staff Correspondent of the Post-Dispatch.

RICHMOND, Mo., Feb. 11.—Embroidering pannies in a bit of dainty cloth, Mrs. Ida Perdue, charged in a warrant with the shooting of her husband, Dr. Emmett Perdue, Jan. 18, while away her time in the Richmond jail.

Just across the way she can see through the barred windows the old courthouse where the grandjury is in session and discussing whether they will return an indictment for murder against her.

In the same courtroom Joseph Farrar, charged with killing his wife, Chas. Brown, is testifying for his life.

Mrs. Perdue knows both facts; knows that she may have to battle as Farrar is doing to escape a scaffold. But her mind seems placid as a brook pool in the deep woods.

At her preliminary hearing, held Jan. 28, when Justice E. C. Goulder heard the evidence which the state has produced against Mrs. Perdue and refused her bond, remanding her to jail, she swept the court room with her eyes. They would rest like a sleeping sunbeam on this man and that one. There were many men who say that before a jury heaf of hell would hardly have been denied.

To all questions she answered, "I have nothing to say now." In the court room after her preliminary trial she drew herself to the full 5 feet 7 inches of her height and calmly said, "I have no answer to make."

When she was spirited from jail by officers, Jan. 24, and concealed in C. M. Bell's home "for fear of mob violence" and afterwards taken to Kansas City jail, she preserved her stoic demeanor.

Her age is perhaps 26.

This is the woman around whom the mystery of "the house on the hill" has centered.

Francis Marion Leekay, her stepfather, owns the "house on the hill." The neighbors call it that. It's a knoll from which the spires of Richmond, three and one-half miles away, are plainly seen. There are no trees about it. The fields about are bare of shrubbery.

Not a strand of straw or hay obscures the house. Open at every point it stands out boldly from the fields as it says "Look at me. I am open, above board."

Built in the form of a maltese cross with four rooms, one story in height, painted pea green with window blinds of darker hue, it stands as shipshape as the homes of a score of prosperous farmers in the neighborhood.

It's in the "house on the hill" Dr. Perdue of Encampment, Wyo., was held Wednesday morning, Jan. 18, Theresa, his baby girl, slept at his feet. Mrs. Perdue within call.

From his own pistol, a 22 calibre automatic weapon, using a powerful gas, crashed through the back of his left leg. His hand was under his left cheek, leg was extended in a straight line across his body, the right leg was bent.

Right hand was touching the bent knee. It was a perfectly natural gas position. Four physicians, Drs. C. C. Crowley, county physician; Hough, W. E. Higdon, all testified

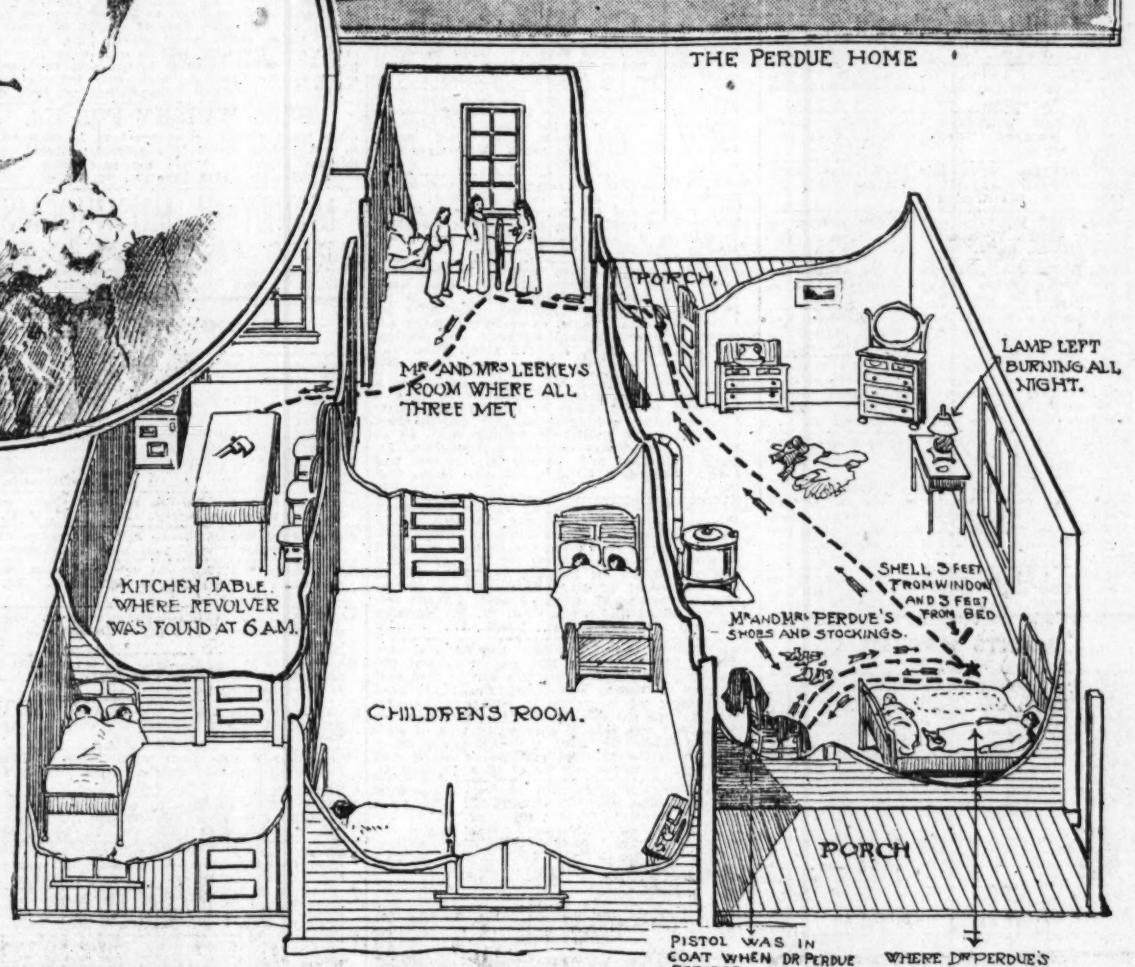


Diagram showing state's theory of Mrs. Perdue's guilt; dotted lines show her movements according to this hypothesis.

at the trial that Dr. Perdue had never moved after the bullet reached him. It would have been impossible for him to have killed himself with his body in the shape it was found in, they said.

Three feet from the bed and three feet from a window near the head of the bed an empty cartridge was found. Dr. Perdue's automatic pistol was found by H. C. Glover, a neighbor at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning on the dining table in the kitchen of the house.

It was pointed out to him by Hannibal Tanner, a brother of Mrs. Perdue, according to his testimony at the preliminary trial. Tanner is charged with being an accessory to the murder of Dr. Perdue, and is out on a \$1,000 bond.

"Mr. Tener said: 'Take that (the pistol) and examine it and see what condition it is in,'" Mr. Glover testified.

Mr. and Mrs. Perdue were married about nine years ago. He was born at Orrick, Ray County, Mo. His father, H. C. Perdue, was once sheriff of Ray County, and the family are well off and well connected.

Mrs. Perdue was born near Orrick, and the blood of the White's, probably the most prominent family in the county, are in her veins.

A Love Match.

Their marriage was a love match. He had graduated from Marion-Slims Medical College in St. Louis, class of '36, and she was one of the prettiest girls in the country. Their courtship was ardent and brief. They lived at Sibley and Orrick, Mo., and a few years ago went to Encampment, Wyo., where Dr. Perdue became surgeon of the North American Copper Co. and established a hospital.

Two years ago, Dr. Perdue and Mrs. Perdue separated. She came back to the home of her stepfather, F. M. Leekay of Richmond, bringing their baby, Emmett, with her. He remained at Encampment, keeping his daughters, Helen, now aged 7 years, and Theresa, 4.

Mrs. Perdue found employment as a waitress in the restaurant of the Jones Dry Goods Co. at Kansas City, despite the protests of relatives.

She was determined to be independent, even by doing work they considered beneath her.

Dr. Perdue, his brother, Melvin Perdue of Orrick, declares, made repeated efforts to effect a reconciliation. He frequently wrote to his wife and sent her money, begging her to come back to Encampment and resume their home.

During the World's Fair Dr. Perdue came to Richmond, and when he was reported, secured a promise from his wife that she would return to him after she had settled certain business affairs here.

When Dr. Perdue came to Orrick last week it was understood among his relatives that he and Mrs. Perdue had gone back to Encampment together, reconciled and happy.

He visited the "house on the hill," Dr. Perdue of Encampment, Wyo., was held Wednesday morning, Jan. 18, Theresa, his baby girl, slept at his feet. Mrs. Perdue within call.

From his own pistol, a 22 calibre automatic weapon, using a powerful gas, crashed through the back of his left leg. His hand was under his left cheek, leg was extended in a straight line across his body, the right leg was bent.

Right hand was touching the bent knee. It was a perfectly natural gas position. Four physicians, Drs. C. C. Crowley, county physician; Hough, W. E. Higdon, all testified

they were at the "house on the hill" and the jury found that Dr. Emmett Perdue

had never been to the "house on the hill." The searchlight of their inquisition failed to pierce the fog of mystery which hid the happenings of the past night.

F. M. Leekay, Mrs. Leekay, Hannibal Tanner, H. C. Glover, Fred Tannen, Sheriff Elmer Cates testified. The result of their testimony was almost all. Mrs. Perdue did not testify.

This jury returned the following verdict:

"We the jury find that Dr. Emmett Perdue

was guilty of the killing of his wife, Mrs. Ida Perdue, on Jan. 18, 1965, at 6 a.m.

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If You Find Anything, Bring It to Post-Dispatch Lost and Found Bureau.

Get a CLAIM CHECK for it. Have it ADVERTISED. RECLAIM it if the owner does not. Full information at Post-Dispatch Office.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

24 Words. 2c.
AGENTS WANTED—Don't accept an agency unless you get my free samples and big offer. Sayman, 215 Franklin av., St. Louis. (90)
APPRENTICES WANTED—With some experience, to learn the trade. Pohl Bros. Ribbons, cigar Co., 1245 S. Broadway.

ARTIST WANTED—First-class crayon artist; good position for right party. 3311 Page bl.

Bench and Squeezers Molders Wanted. St. Louis Malleable Casting Co., W. H. Kader, superintendent, 7800 N. Broadway.

BEADMAKERS WANTED—Beads; small beads; and small beads. St. Louis Bed and Mfg. Co., 2d and Cass.

BLACKSMITH WANTED—One who understands horse-shoeing and country work. (7)

BOOKKEEPER, ETC.—WANTED—By a reliable real estate firm, a good bookkeeper (and stenographer) to handle all the books, and to be responsible for the accounts and salary expected by first letter. Ad. Z 154, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER WANTED—Young man not over twenty-five years of age; good two- or three-year's experience preferred; high school or college graduate; only those desiring "open" position; good references; good pay; give name of three St. Louis references. Ad. N 167, Post-Dispatch.

BOY WANTED—Erhard boy, 321, 110 N. 4th st.

BOYS WANTED—Good boys. Apply Mo. Dist. Tel. Co., 412 Pine st. (80)

BOY WANTED—Good boy, 14 years old. Call at 200 S. 4th st. (80)

BOYS WANTED—10 boys, 14 years of age; good wages. 322 N. Main st.

BOYS WANTED—14 years of age. Mengel Box Co., Polson and Lawrence. (8)

BOY WANTED—Employed boy to drive grocery wagon. Apply to Linnell.

BOY WANTED—Good boy in printing shop. Koell-Mueller Label Co., 113 Market st.

BOY WANTED—Stout boy for light delivery wagon. Apply today, 1140 Union av.

BOY WANTED—12 years of age, to distribute cigar cases. Ad. 304 Main St. Bridge. (2)

BOYS WANTED—Good boys for bottling department. Apply 201 S. 4th st. (80)

BOY WANTED—White boy with some experience in drug store. 3201 Franklin.

BOY WANTED—German boy to attend to house and office. Apply to 100 N. 4th st. (80)

BOY WANTED—Young boy to assist cake baker; must have some experience. Ad. 1628 N. Vandeventer av.

BOYS WANTED—Between 14 and 15 years old. Granite Iron Rolling Mill, 2d and Desharnais. (80)

BOY WANTED—Good, reliable boy, 12 to 14; good pay. Apply to 3201 Franklin. (80)

BOY WANTED—Elevator boy. Apply at Hotel Pfleiderer, 4295 Olive st.

BOY WANTED—Bright, neat erhard boy. 100 N. 2d st. (80)

BOY WANTED—Erhard boy. W. F. Burke Printing Co., 514 Olive st.

BOY WANTED—Boy for office; must write good; state age and experience. Ad. Z 14, Post-Dispatch.

BOY WANTED—100 boys to have their skates sharpened. Apply to 100 N. 4th st. (80)

BOYS WANTED—About 15 years old. Apply to Raymond & Trowbridge Hat Mfg. Co., northwestern 12th and Locust. (80)

BOY WANTED—Boy 14 to 18 years; week in store; Roman Catholic; good references required. Ad. O 44, Post-Dispatch.

BOY WANTED—A bright boy, well acquainted with the business. Apply to 100 N. 4th st. (80)

BOY WANTED—To go with blind drummer to sell rubbers; collects to merchants; \$3 weekly.

BOYS WANTED—Boys of good character to learn the wholesale dry goods business; good opportunity for bright boys. Ad. Z 155, Post-Dispatch.

BOY WANTED—Experience of good boy; father, father of work; good pay. Ad. 322 Dearborn, 12th and Locust. (80)

BOY WANTED—Good boy, 18 years old, to learn good trade; must be accompanied by parents. Ad. 304 Main St. Bridge. (80)

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PHONE YOUR "WANT" ANSWERS to the Post-Dispatch

CANVASSERS AND SOLICITORS.

14 Words. 20c.
CANVASSERS WANTED—Can make \$5 a day. Call Monday or Tuesday, suit 620, Holloman bldg. (7)
CANVASSERS WANTED—Lady canvassers; good & quick; good pay. Call today, between 2 and 5 p.m. 5180 Lucas av. (7)
SOLICITOR WANTED—Experienced, pretense, no better; salary or commission. 812 N. 15th st. (7)
SOLICITORS WANTED—Lady solicitors; pleasant work; salary paid weekly. 4225 Delmar bl. (7)
SOLICITORS WANTED—Men to get piano tuners; orders; \$2 per week salary. 215 Benétel bldg. (7)
SOLICITORS WANTED—\$102.50 behind every \$100 paid; will make money besides. 614 St. Louis bldg. (7)
SOLICITOR WANTED—Printing solicitor; good chance for man with some trade who can invest a few hundred dollars. Ad. D. 64, Post-D. (7)
SOLICITORS WANTED—Agents; good pay. Call to Harry M. Cooley & Co., Century bldg. (7)
SOLICITORS WANTED—Permanent employment for those in good house-to-house men; \$1.80 daily; handle your own calls; good pay & policy towards men. 416 Mermont & Jacquot bldg. (7)
SOLITICE, MR. INTEL—First-class man to solicit orders from men; will make money besides; used very extensively by men; experienced as advertising solicitor and acquainted with St. Louis business firm preferred. Ad. C. 40, Post-D.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES.

14 Words. 20c.
MEN WANTED—Seventy-five more men to put up ice for Polar Way Co. Call 8 a. m. to get wages and boarding. 1212 Market st. (7)

MAIL ORDERS.

14 Words. 20c.

JUST OUT—The fountain pens, lamp, size of palm leaf, and lighters now give out; model pens, unique; \$1.50. Pacific Distributing Co., Bartsy, Ill. (7)

MAIL-ORDER MEN and others. My "Phenomenal" is a success in all money markets. Every letter, \$1.00, with stamp. Post. Hul. 623 Pleasant st. (7)

RECIPE FOR Destroying Lice on Fowls and Stock. Sure Cure Co., Quincy, Ill. (7)

REPUTED OFFER—Universal fountain pens; hard rubber; handle gold; size; sample 45c; catalog free. The Pipe Supply Co., Box 100, Fort Smith, Ark. (7)

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

14 Words. 20c.
Household Servants Only. 14 Words. 14c.

GIRL WANTED—Dining room girl. 1402 N. Broadway, Hotel Bement. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework. 3222 Bell st. (7)

GIRLS WANTED—Colored, over 15 years, for light factory work. Apply 618 N. Commercial st. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Over 14, to pick nuts. 518 N. 25th st. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Small colored girl; call Sunday, 2546 Palm st. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general cook in small family. 3604 Castleton av. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Neat girl about 16 for after-work office work. Room 17, Allen bldg. (7)

GIRL WANTED—To assist cooking and general housework. Family of 4, 4225 Delmar bldg. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework; no board; good wages. 5245 Vernon. (7)

GIRL WANTED—To assist with general housework; no washing. 5322 Delmar bl. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework; small family; without washing. Apply 1745 Waverly. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Kitchen girl. 502 Pennsylvania av., East St. Louis, Ill. (7)

GIRL WANTED—At Metcalf Hotel, 7104 Pennsylvania av., to assist with housework. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For kitchen work in restaurant; wages \$8 per week and room. 4068 Delmar bl. (7)

GIRL WANTED—To work at lunch room; must speak German. Apply 700 Gratiot st. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework; 2 in family; German preferred. Call 4143 Delmar. (7)

GIRLS WANTED—To wrap egg dyes. 618 N. 8th st. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework; family of one child. 3018A N. Newstead av. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework; call today. 5145 Palm st. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Girly about 15; white; call at our house. 216 N. 15th st. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Small girl assist with general housework; family of 5. 3840 Russell av. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework; small family. 5180 Morgan. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Good girl for general housework; no washing. 4425 Delmar bl. (7)

GIRL WANTED—To assist with housework; call today. 4225 Delmar bl. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Young girl to assist in general housework; good; no washing. 25 N. Sarah. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework; small family. 3604 McPherson. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Good girl for bakery store; experienced; no others needed. 1016 Pine st. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Good girl for bakery store; no washing. 4425 Delmar bl. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Cooking and housework; good wages. 3437 Bement. (7)

GIRL WANTED—Young girl to wash dishes. 1815 S. Jefferson av. (7)

GIRL WANTED—For general housework; no washing; call today. 4225 Delmar bl. (7)

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ROOMS FOR RENT-CITY.

14 Wards, 100.

WEST END PL. 314—Large front room, second floor; for girls or couple.

WINDSOR PL. 3832—Three large, unfurnished rooms; all conveniences; bath; \$15 month.

WINDSOR PL. 3886A—Large, neatly furnished room for two gentlemen; half room one; private family; private bath; \$12 month.

WINDSOR PL. 3886A—Private, single room; \$15 month; in family of adults; to parties employed; very reasonable.

WINDSOR PL. 3824A—Front half room, gentle- man's house; hot bath; gas; private family; reasonable.

COLUMBIA HOTEL, 9th and Chestnut sts.; weekly, \$1 and up; men or families.

ROOMS FOR RENT.

2011 LOUISIANA ST.—Large room, hotel; with 60 rooms, single or en suite; beautifully furnished; all steam heated; car in connection; permanent now; no transfers to business center; comfort- able; room luxuriously furnished. Call and see our rooms. We have both telephones. Kinloch 12327 and Bell Beaumont 102.

Hamilton Hotel Apartments.

Rooms single or en suite with bath; \$4 per week; up; all conveniences; dining and à la carte. Cuisine unprepared. Olive Through, Suburban and Page cars; only 20 minutes.

For Colored People.

CLIPPTON PL. 3117—Neatly furnished rooms for light housekeeping.

CLIPPTON PL. 3104 S. (colored)—Large, bright, unfurnished front room; \$5 month.

FOURTEENTH ST. 506 S.—Furnished rooms, for colored only; \$1 per week and up.

GOODIE AV. 2005—Respectable colored people; three rooms.

GOODIE AV. 2316—One unfurnished room for colored use; kitchen; \$12 month.

ROOMS—New rooms for colored people; keys at 2105 Franklin av.

ROOMS WITH BOARD-CITY.

14 Wards, 100.

ARLINGTON AV. 2007—One or two children to board; mother's care.

ARMSTRONG AV. 1225—First-class table board; \$15 month; \$1.50 and \$4 per week.

ARMED S. 2805—Boarders wanted; \$4 week; includes washing.

AUBERT AV. 179—Large, comfortable room; for 2 gentlemen; good table; telephone; piano; private family; no children; reasonable.

BELL AV. 3018—Comfortable 24-floor room; modern conveniences; with board; \$40 per week.

BELL AV. 8435—Nice furnished and well-boarded room; with board; \$40 per week.

BELL AV. 4322—Large, well-furnished second-story room; with board; steam heat; electric light; hot bath; for 1 or 2 gentlemen.

CHAMBERS ST. 1837—Couple will board child; 1 to 5 years old; good care; \$10 month.

CHANNING AV. 101—Large, elegantly furnished room and bed; board; \$5 and \$6.

CHILDRN OF ALL AGES CAN GET THE BEST OF CARE AND TRAINING IN THE CHILDREN'S HOME AT SCHOOL 4205 NORTH MARKET ST.

CHOUTEAU AV. 1803—2d and 3d-story front rooms; \$1.50 up; board optional.

CASE AV. 1838—Two respectable gentlemen to room; house in strict business; good table; gas, hot, gas, bath; \$4 each; without board; \$1 each.

CATES AV. 6019—Furnished room; furnace heat; steam heat; \$1.50 up; board optional.

COOK AV. 325—Furnished room, with or without board; private family.

COOK AV. 4494—Two beautiful connecting front rooms; southern exposure; \$20 to \$35 month.

COOK AV. 4230—Beautiful front room; furnace heat; \$1.50 up; board optional.

COOK AV. 3620—Front room and furnace; \$3.50 and \$4; home cooking; very convenient.

COOK AV. 4515—Two front southern rooms; furnace heat; good board; men or couple; \$6.00.

COOK AV. 4550—Nicely furnished rooms; all modern conveniences; Reasonable.

COOK AV. 4550—Nicely furnished room; suitable for 2 gentlemen; board if desired.

COOK AV. 4202—Lovely rooms; warm and cheap; if you wish; board; best.

COOK AV. 3832—Large third-story front room for three young men; modern conveniences; \$1.50 up; board optional.

COOK AV. 3750—Single south room, with board; modern conveniences; private home; \$1.50 up.

COOK AV. 3750—Single south room, with board; \$1.50 up; board optional.

COOK AV. 4222—Large, nicely furnished, steam-heated room; for two; excellent board; reasonable rates.

COOK AV. 3673—Nicely furnished, large second-story front room; with board; \$4.50 up; board optional.

COMPETITION AV. 1120—Nicely furnished room; with board; private family; steam heat; all conveniences; \$4.50 per week each.

DAYTON AV. 2406—Beautiful furnished, steam-heated room; with board; \$4.50 up; board optional.

DELMAR BL. 8222—Desirable room with first-class board; all conveniences.

DELMAR BL. 8320—Nicely furnished room; all conveniences; excellent board.

DELMAR BL. 4180—Furnished room, with board; \$1.50 up; board optional.

DELMAR BL. 3204—Furnished room; for two; good board; steam heat.

DELMAR BL. 3204—Furnished room; for two; good board; steam heat; electric light; hot bath; \$1.50 up; board optional.

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DELMAR BL. 3204—

FLATS FOR RENT.

14 Words. 2c.
ARMAND ST., 2722—4 nice large light rooms; bath, laundry, large closet, large lawn and chandelier. \$100.

BAILEY ST., 2416A—Five elegant rooms; detached bath; fixtures; hot water; rent reduced.

BALFOUR AV., 1506—Large flat; bath; gas; \$25; reduced; rent to \$15. Open to 10 a.m.

BELF ST., 1874A—Beautiful flat, 5 light rooms, furnace, screens, awnings; no children; \$30.

BOTANICAL AV., 4248—Flat, 1st floor; 4 rooms and bath. Inquire within.

BRONKIN AV., 4042A—New modern flat; 7 light rooms; bath, furnace; convenient to cars.

BROADWAY, 5417 S.—5-room flat; hot water bath.

BROADWAY, 5417 S.—Five rooms, bath, hot water bath.

BROADWAY, 1228 S.—Large store, \$50 a month. Prior & Hartig, 1000 Chestnut st.

CARABBE AV., 2607—7-room flat; bath; steam heat; open Sunday; rent \$25.

CELESTE ST., 2658A—6-room flat; all conveniences; fixtures; good opportunity for renting rooms.

CLARA AV., 1970—New upper 5-room flat; telephone; furnace; all conveniences; \$11. Pine.

CLARA AV., 1442A—Next to flat; with bath; \$30; G. W. Barnes, 215 Washington bldg. (7)

CLARA AV., 1875A—Flat, 4 rooms; gas, bath; laundry; rent reduced to good tenant.

CLARA AV., 4042A—New modern flat; 7 light rooms; bath, furnace; convenient to cars.

CLOTHIER AV., 5417 S.—5-room flat; hot water bath.

CLARK AV., 1504—Four large rooms, bath, laundry; \$18. Hermann, 1127 Chestnut st.

COFFEE BRILLIANT AV., 4422—Four rooms, gas, bath; two furnished rooms; \$15.

COFFEE BRILLIANT AV., 4424—Four rooms, gas, bath; laundry; gas fixtures; \$15; open.

COFFEE BRILLIANT AV., 4464—In Wagner pl.; 5 light rooms; fixtures; good reasonable to good tenant; inquire within.

COFFEE AV., 3812—4-room flat; one furnished

DAYTON ST., 1505—Elegant 5 or 7-room flat; all modern conveniences; furnace.

DE KALB ST., 3411 (near Cherokee st.)—Three large rooms, 2nd floor; only \$12 open; \$15 at 10 a.m.

DELMAR BL., 4616—\$35; 6 rooms, bath, furnace; G. F. Bergfeld, Chestnut Co., 820 Chestnut st.

DELMAR BL., 4453A—Modern 6-room flat; all conveniences; vacant March 1. Apply 4467 Chestnut st.

DELMAR BL., 6040 to 5000—Modern 6-room apartments; ready for occupancy; decorated to suit; every convenience. Vrooman & Co., 812 N. 8th st.

DELMAN ST., 1419—First floor, nice 4-room flat; vacant Tuesday; chandeliers; rent \$10.

DELS AV., 2008—First floor, 4 rooms, bath, \$20.

HENRY HEMANS Co., 614 Chestnut st., 18th.

EASTON AV., 5503A—Five-room flat, \$17; good fixtures; open.

EASTON AV., 4144—Four rooms, bath, closet, etc.; ready shortly.

EASTON AV., 5500—Nice 4-room flat; bath, front porches; fixtures; gas, fixtures, shades; fine plumbing; elegantly decorated; rent \$25 and \$30 open.

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EASTON AV., 5500—Nice 4-room flat; bath, front porches

EMPEROR AND MIKADO THERE; 1000 APPLAUD

Liederkranz Masque Ball Characterized by Picturesque Oriental Flavor, Decorations Carrying Out Central Idea.

A GREAT FIERY DRAGON MAKES CIRCUIT OF HALL

In the Arena Geisha Girls Danced, Poodles Disported, While Five Pierrots Kept All the Onlookers Guessing.

Over 1000 members of the Liederkranz Society and their friends attended a masquerade ball, programmed as a "Chinesische und Japanesische Fest und Masken-Ball," at Liederkranz Hall at Thirteenth street and Chouteau avenue last night.

The rules of the function expressed a preference for costumes and appointments of Chinese or Japanese character, but in spite of this the costumes ranged from the hunting suit made for ordinary use, consisting of red suit, leather leggings and a wide red belt, to a Burmese robe, to the dress of a Spanish dancing girl, in which Mme. Soder-Houek appeared. All the old favorites were there, ranging from Happy Hooligan, with his patched clothes and his tin-can hat, to the rendition of the nationalities usually employed on the stage.

Most attention was attracted by the sports of the five Pierrots or French clowns, attired in loose white garments, with occasional round spots of black. Loops trousers formed a part of the costume. There was question for a long time as to whether the wearers were males or females, so indiscriminately were the atten- tions of the spectators cast on the fellow maskers. When finally the identity of the Pierrots was disclosed they were found to be of both sexes. They were Miss Anna Koschei, Mrs. Ottilia Krausnick, Miss Hilda Gempp, Mr. Russell Graves and Majors Karl Krausnick and Edward Lampert.

The appointments for which the Lieder- kranz Hall was responsible were rigorously Chinese and Japanese. The decorations of the hall were the red and white of Japan and the yellow and black of China; the full moon of Japan and the dragon of China; Japanese bamboo and Chinese lanterns. A wide red freize, carrying the crossed Chinese and Japanese flags, was passed around the hall, supported at intervals by bamboo poles. In one corner of the hall a stage covered with a canopy in Oriental style had been erected for those who had sided at the festivities—the Mikado of Japan and the Emperor of China, together with their favorite wives. Mr. and Mrs. Gustav K. Kramer were the Emperor of Japan and Mrs. Kramer was the Emperor's wife; Mr. Edward Knippenburg was the Mikado and Mrs. J. A. V. Schmidt was his wife.

These officials were escorted to their seats in triumphal procession to the applause of the onlookers, headed by Louis J. Boerlin as Li Hung Ching, his son Harold as a mandarin's son, and Prof. Eugene Raithenberg as Koko. The Emperor and the Mikado, with their wives, occupied Jinrikishas. These were followed by the members of the floor committee, clothed in what the costumer declared were costumes and uniforms worn by Japanese infantry, cavalry and artillery officers. This committee was made up of Henry Homann, chairman; Joseph Bardenheier, Anton Schumak, Waldemar Helfensteller, Dr. O. L. Von der Au, Adolph M. Dier, Hugo Koelle, Otto Homann, William Witter and H. Hietland.

When the preceding officials were seated and arope was rope off in front of them and numberless masks took place. Two Geisha girls danced the chrysanthemum dance, in which moving in waltz step and waving fan, they were not of the dancing girls in which they had been drilled by Prof. Eugene Raithenberg. The geisha girls were Misses Ollie and Irma Hietland. The Pierrots were Misses Myrtle Lampert, Father Hoerr, Alma Mundt, Dora Fischer, Adele Homann, Johanna Riedel and Anna Boerner.

Eight girls dressed as poodles, built living pyramids and tumbled for the amusement of the pseudo-rulers. Finally, a green dragon, 12 feet high, 10 feet wide, 8 feet long, of fire and smoke issuing from its fiery nostrils, made the circuit of the hall, to the terror of the small children. Fourteen men carried the canvas skin of the dragon, the lights in the eyes were caused by storage batteries and the smoke issuing from the mouth was made by the cigar of the leader, who was assigned to smoke. The eight poodles, who were pressed as well for fun and profit, built pyramids on the floor.

J. A. V. Schmidt, Dick Elsner, W. Waldaus, Louis Lischer, Richard Stempf, Jr. and H. C. Meisselher and A. W. Wipplardi.

After the dragon had made the circuit of the hall, many of the maskers doffed their costumes and the dancing began general.

Three real Japanese attended the function. They were Misses Kiyoko, Kiyoko and Kiyoko, who were Kalichiro Shindo, Koba Gashi and Hiro Marada, all of whom came to the city about a year ago on business connected with the World's Fair.

Some of the Costumes.

Following is a list of some of those who wore striking costumes:

Edward Knippenburg, black domino.

Miss Kramer, Empress of China.

William H. Anschutz, mandarin.

Mr. Hietland, mandarin.

Edgar Steiner, Chinese.

Miss Anna Boerner, pink.

Arthur Fehder, dancing clown.

B. Soder, mandarin.

G. J. Heitermoller, red domino.

F. W. Wipplardi, Chinese.

W. Waldaus, black domino.

H. C. Meisselher, black domino.

Fred Meisselher, poolie.

J. A. V. Schmidt, poolie.

Fred Lischer, poolie.

Peter Lischer, poolie.

Misses Anna, pink.

Misses Kiyoko, pink.

Miss

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH MAGAZINE

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1905.

RUSSIAN DESERTERS POURING INTO ST. LOUIS

AND
BRINGING
THEIR
UNIFORMS



RUSSIA'S army is going to pieces. Desertions are taking place on a scale never before equaled in the history of war. With the losses at the front from battle and disease and those at the rear from desertion, the Czar's great army would disappear in a few months but for constant reinforcement. The Russian government says, however, that it can fill the dwindling columns with new recruits driven into the ranks by the knout.

A steady stream of Russian deserters has been pouring into St. Louis. They have in most cases brought their uniforms with them. They represent all arms of the military service and include non-commissioned officers and cadets. Some of the tales they tell are of a thrilling character. Hundreds have been shot while trying to escape, while others have been captured and subjected to the most brutal punishment.

Not all of the deserters now in St. Louis, however, took their lives in their hands. They frankly tell how they bought their way out, paying so much down for a pass that took them beyond the frontier, issued by a ring said to include officers of the highest rank. From the stories told in St. Louis the Russian army is rotten to the core, the corruption covering the pay and rations of the men as well as the infliction of punishment and

"You can do anything in the Russian army with money." That puts it in a nutshell. An enormous revenue is being thus collected and men here in St. Louis today say the money goes all the way up until it reaches the Grand Duke Vladimir himself, and that officers in the lower grades all get their share. There appears to be a fixed scale of prices for deserters, who, when the money is once paid, get a pass which is honored by the sentinels stationed at the frontier. All the way along, too, the deserter from the ranks wears his uniform and makes little attempt at concealment so long as he has in his pocket the passport he has purchased. But the private who had no money and has simply thrown down his rifle and fled finds himself hunted like a wild animal. The bullets have whistled past many such now in St. Louis.

CORPL R. NEGEN,
1310 NORTH 9th ST.,
ST. LOUIS.



SOL HIRSHWITZ,
1124 NORTH 15th ST.,
ST. LOUIS.

*SKETCHED FROM
LIFE IN ST. LOUIS.*



M. KOLOMITSCKI



— око. 11 градусов. Красивейший 1864.
сам рис. Чесоватого обуздания
Левонта. Всегда

изъ города и селения Российской Империи отъ индивидуального числа
до четырехсотъ тысячъ 1904 года.
Всѣхъ посвѣтъ, виновныхъ въ преступлении
того Казнѣнъ въ 1904 году Съ

15. *Contra iudicium deplorans* 

ВЕЗНИКИ

200

A RUSSIAN FASS BROUGHT TO ST. LOUIS.

forms with them, having left their barracks and run away. Some of them managed to get across the frontier by paying bribes, others escaped under cover of night. Every day brings more refugees and now after the massacres I suppose there will be still greater numbers. Some nights I have seen as many as a dozen men grouped round the stove here, all of them either reservists or youths called for service who had deserted.

By R. Negen, 1310 North Ninth Street, St. Louis.
I SERVED for four years in the Twenty-third
infantry regiment and as soon as the war
broke out I was called for further service.
I came to this country seven mont's ago and
escaped with my uniform on. Hundreds of men
are getting away from the army, coming straight
from the ranks. Scores of these are being turned
back on the German and Austrian frontiers,
where troops are very actively watching the
border line.

By Samuel Koplar, 1027 North Ninth Street, St. Louis.

STUDENTS and cadets from the schools and colleges were being taken every day from their studies when I left Russia. I was in the cadet college. My brother was taken last week to serve in the army. Many of the students were taken before they were 20. I made up my mind to get away before I was wanted. I got hold of a contractor and paid him \$9 to get me over the border. I had no difficulty in getting (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.)

Millions for Missouri Farmers



Enormous Increase of Revenue Possible From Crops to Be Explained to Farmers by the Peripatetic "Corn Train"---How to Make Two Ears of Corn Grow Where One Grew Before---How Iowa Realized \$30,000,000 Out of the Scheme Last Year---Prof. Holden's Train to Go All Around Missouri Early This Year

PROF. P. G. HOLDEN added \$30,000,000 to the wealth of Iowa in 1904. Can he do as much for Missouri in 1905? He is going to try. The corn-gospel trains, the idea for which originated with Prof. Holden, and which were successfully tried in Iowa last spring, will traverse every portion of Missouri this winter. Missouri corn-growers will be taught how to make two stalks grow where but one grew before.

In 1903 the total corn crop of Iowa was 230,511,210 bushels. That was but little below the average for the past 15 years. Early in the spring of 1904 Prof. Holden began a series of corn gospel crusades. He taught the Iowa corn-growers how to select and plant seed corn so that the best results would be obtained. The corn crop of Iowa for 1904 was 323,853,665 bushels. Prof. Holden had added more than 100,000,000 bushels of corn to Iowa's cornfields, worth from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000. For his work Iowa paid Prof. Holden \$5000. It realized 6000 per cent on the investment.

PROF. HOLDEN believes that the work in Missouri can and will show as good results. Missouri is one of the five greatest corn-raising states in the nation. Five states—Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska and Kansas—raise 40 per cent of all the corn produced in the United States. With the Holden theory put into actual practice and based upon his 1904 success in Iowa, these five states in one year's time will be raising more than half the corn crop of the nation.

Instead of raising 200,000,000 or 250,000,000 bushels of corn, Missouri is going to raise 275,000,000 or 300,000,000 bushels. It is not impossible.

It was something like twenty years ago that a young man, attending school in the winter time, was teaching school in the spring time in a little Michigan village. He became imbued with the idea that people did not use their brains enough in matters of ordinary commonplace, everyday interest. His pupils were all farm children. He decided to give them a test. This young collegian told each pupil to bring an ear of corn to school and to bring the best one he could find in his father's crib. Such a nondescript array of ears as the next day disclosed! They ranged from little yellow nubbins to the red ears which bear kisses at the husking bee, and from big, burly, white ears to long, slender yellow ears. The young collegian sorted out the various ears, told which were best and why they were.

Every lad immediately reported the matter to his father. The farmer fathers were incensed; the teacher didn't know any more about corn than they did about algebra or trigonometry; every last one of them would go and tell the teacher so to his face. But when the delegation arrived they looked and learned. It was a fact. Neighbor Jones' corn ears were far better than theirs. Possibly the teacher knew a little about it, after all. Soon the entire Michigan neighborhood was interested in corn judging. That year there was the best corn crop in the history of

the county, and every farmer had planted seed which the young collegian said was the best.

That young collegian is today professor of agronomy in the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames. He is Prof. Holden. He has a national reputation. Early in the spring of 1904 Prof. Holden called upon the officials of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad. He had a novel proposition to make them. The officials heard him, first with a smile, then with a laugh and then with a shake of the head. Prof. Holden drew a pad of paper to him and figured a few moments. A look of astonishment passed over the officials' faces. They listened eagerly. A few minutes later every mother's son was trying to be the first to grasp the hand of the college professor. They eagerly assented to his request.

Prof. Holden had asked for a special train for a week, to be donated him absolutely free of cost. He proposed to travel over the State of Iowa, delivering lectures to the corn growers, firmly convinced by this means that he could increase the corn crop by many million bushels.

He proposed to the railroad officials that the freight on

the special train for him.

Early in the spring the first corn-gospel train, as it was called, pulled out of the Rock Island station at Des Moines. Aboard were Prof. Holden and his assistants, railroad and newspaper men. In eight days the train covered 1321 miles and passed through 37 of the 99 counties of the state. One hundred and fifty talks were given to 17,000 corn growers, directly representing 1,500,000 acres of corn of an annual yield of 55,000,000 bushels, worth \$18,000,000. At each station Prof. Holden was greeted

by crowds so large that often the audience car would not hold them all and overflow meetings were held on the station platforms.

The gospel which Prof. Holden preached and which is about to be preached in Missouri is simple. "Select your seed corn with care and skill. Plant it with scientific accuracy. Then put your trust in God." Heretofore Missouri and Iowa corn growers have carelessly put their seed into the ground and left the matter with God. Prof. Holden's mission is to teach them that part of the great task is theirs.

And now what is the gospel which has come to Iowa and is coming to Missouri? How is it taught, how lived?

The answer is equally simple. Use brains in selecting seed corn. Test it to see if it will germinate. Here is the way Prof. Holden will tell Missouri corn growers to select and test their seed corn:

"Lay out the ears to be tested side by side on the floor, remove one kernel from near the butt, middle, and tip of the ear, turn the ear over and remove three kernels in like manner from the opposite side, making six kernels in all, thus securing a sample from the entire ear. Place the six kernels at the end of the ear from which they were taken. Be particular that the kernels do not get mixed with the kernels from the ear lying next to it. Take a shallow box about two by three feet in size, put several inches of moist sand, dirt or sawdust in the bottom, place over this a cloth which had been ruled off into squares one and one-half inches each way, numbered one, two, three and so on.

"Place the kernels from ear No. 1 in square No. 1, from ear No. 2 in square No. 2, and so on with all of the ears. Then place over this a cloth considerably larger than the box, cover with one and one-half to two inches of sand, earth or sawdust, moisten well, keep in a warm place, and the kernels will germinate in from three to five days. When sufficient time has been allowed for the kernels to germinate, remove the cover carefully, to avoid misplacing the kernels. (A piece of light cheesecloth placed on the kernels before the top covering is put on will prevent the kernels from sticking to the cloth.) Examine the kernels in the first row of the germinating box. For example, if the kernels in squares Nos. 4, 8, 13 and 20 have failed to grow or show weak germination, ears Nos. 4, 8, 13 and 20 on the floor should be rejected. After examining the kernels from the first 20 ears, examine the second 20 and so on till all the kernels have been examined and the poor ears rejected. Do not fail to remove the ears showing weak germination. If the ground is cold

and the weather unfavorable in the spring, these kernels will rot, or, if they grow at all, will produce weak plants. This method is inexpensive and germination boxes can be prepared for testing any amount of corn desired."

Because Iowa farmers did that the state is worth \$30,000,000 more today than it was a year ago. If Missouri farmers do that there is no reason why this great state will not increase its wealth as wonderfully as Iowa has done.

The same conditions prevail in Missouri as prevail in Iowa, and of the latter Prof. Holden has this to say:

"The agriculture of Iowa is in a developing or formative stage as yet and practices are not crystallized. The farmers are largely recent comers from older states, where they had sold their high-priced land and bought the lower-priced land of Iowa. Awake to the fact that the new conditions call for new methods, they are alert to every new idea that will increase the effectiveness of their labor. Every member of my audiences is attentive and loyal to the speaker, intent only on finding some new methods that he can put into practice. It would be manifestly unfair, however, to measure the work by one year's results alone.

The farmer who adopts better methods this year is not only a better farmer himself in the future, but his methods, directly or indirectly, soon become the methods of the community, and hence it is that such work cannot be measured today by bushels of corn or by millions of dollars."

Yet Missouri is interested in knowing what Iowa did in the year that it put the Holden theories into practice.

First of all, the average county yield was increased from 28 bushels to 41.12 bushels. The average state yield for the past 15 years was increased by \$2,000,000 bushels.

The average annual value of the corn crop was increased by \$44,000,000.

The 99 counties of the state show a yield almost similar and uniform, whereas in 1903 they ranged from 21 to 41 bushels per acre. The total annual value of the farm products in Iowa has been increased until it breaks all records and stands at the gigantic figure of \$201,207,258.

This is what can and will be done for Missouri. Corn-gospel trains will soon traverse the entire state. The information is given to the corn growers absolutely free of charge. All they have to do is to notice from the handbills at what day and hour the corn-gospel train will be at their nearest railway station. Then they can drive over, hear the talk, see the seed corn samples, ask questions, exchange information and go back to practice what they have learned. The experiment cost Iowa \$5000 and it made \$30,000,000. The experiment will cost Missouri not one cent. It will make—what? The crop report next fall will show.

RUSSIAN DESERTERS POURING INTO ST. LOUIS

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE.)

over the frontier, as the way had been paved by the merchant to whom I had paid my money. A fellow cadet, M. Kolomiscki, is now coming to St. Louis.

By Louis Smoler, 828 Carr Street, St. Louis.

WAS lucky enough to get one of the last passports issued. Two days after I obtained it there was an order that no more passes were to be given out. They even tried to cancel those that were out. I had to pay 25 roubles more than I should have paid for that passport. The officials pocketed this as a perquisite. Money will get you anything in Russia. I got over the border of Verblov and came to London, and then to America. I had already served in the army, but if I had stayed I should have been called up. I escaped with 200 reservists, who came with me.

By Sol Hurwitz, 1124 North Fifteenth Street, St. Louis.

WAS born and raised in a small village in the state of Vilno. Was a student of the Russian and Hebrew language and Talmud. I read great deal of persecutions of my brethren by the government and knew from hearing and reading that we are not recognized as citizens of the country though we are taxed and doing our duties more than our brothers, the Greek Catholics, but I did not feel it as stated. I was a student and did not go abroad to do no business.

When I became 21 years I gladly go to serve the army to do my duties towards which I thought the Fatherland. I served 3 years and 8 months at

the city of Smolensk, a city where not all Jews are allowed to live, only very reach and old sholdjers of Nicolas the First. There I began to feel as a stepchild of my fatherland. My religion was ignored entirely. Though about half of my regiment were Jews we were compelled to eat the food it is against the Mosiac law and when some of us declared that they will not break their religion at

An English Peer Who Makes Carpets.

Lord Pembroke Becomes a Manufacturer to Save the Wilton Axminster Factory From Disaster—This Duplicates Action of Ancestor 150 Years Ago.

ORD PEMBROKE has become a manufacturer of Axminster carpets. There was dismay in the little English town of Wilton, near Salisbury, at the beginning of the present year. The carpet factory, which employed some 200 hands, from girls of 12 to men of 70, and paid out \$25,000 a year in wages, was in serious difficulties and was threatening to close its doors.

Through more than three centuries the Wilton folk have made carpets. Working in the factory this year are lineal descendants of me, whose names were in a charter granted to the factory in 1700; some of the present employees have been working there for 50 years; they are all village folk, not half a dozen coming from other neighborhoods; and they have made the well-known Axminster and "Wilton pile" carpets for Buckingham Palace, Windsor and innumerable famous houses. And now ruin threatens them.

Lord Pembroke, who is the chief landowner of the district, first tried to persuade one or two big London firms to take the business over; then, failing in this, he and a few friends decided to become carpet manufacturers themselves. Together with Lord Radnor, Mr. Charles Awdry, Col. Albany Charsworth and Sir J. Dickson-Poynder, he formed a small private company, with a capital of \$100,000 in \$500 shares, and bought up the Wilton carpet factory.

least with eating the meats of animals prohibited, the officers were pleased, as they receive the money for our parts in there pockets and we, some of us, were assisted by their parents and some fell a bordin on the Jewish charities of that city.

The salary of a sholjor is 3 rubels and 60 kopikes a year. That money and more money from our pockets had to be given to the smaller and

biger officers so we should not be mistreated. Four years in gale here must be better to serve than for a Jew to serve the Russian armie. At the last day of my services I received my papers with an honerable discharge and were given 12

years to leave city becaus a Jew is not permitted to live there. Then I felt very much the prosecution of my religion. I came hom, got married and started into busines.

Then I was told that as a Jew don't deal with this and that, canot by no land, even a house for myself, had to strach hard for my living. Verily I tell you I felt that I am ke in the country where my grate-grate-parent

are bame worse as a stranger even in the same country. During the time I had 2 chil-iren.

I paid more close attention to the prosecution of my brethren at large, read of the grabing of Manchuria, read of the proclamation that a Jew will not be permitted to live there, yet I made up my mind to suffer in that country and wait for a general release of that brutalie government. But when the war begin and I was called to go to

Manchuria to spill my blood in a country and for a country where I am not permitted to live even if I become eripe, if I die my people are not permitted even to see my grave, that was more than my concience could stand, and thought I must flee from that land. I must save my children from becoming orphans for the sake of a land it don't recognize even the blood of there parents.

And now I am in St. Louis. This is my story and most of my coreligionists reason the same way and are fleeing from the war. Do you blame us?

Many Gentiles, realy in grate masses, are also running away. I believe they have their own story to tell and know that all I state to you is only a littel of the reasons for a Jew to escape.

A DEAD MAN'S SECRET



The One Thing That Can Now Save Charles Thomas—How the Mystery of the Mabel Scofield Case Deepens Under Shadow of the Gallows—Who Killed This Pretty Girl and Threw Her Body in the River?—Who Knows the Secret of the Ankeny Grave, Which Would Clear the Man Now Accused?—Mystery, Crime, Romance, in an Extraordinary Story.



DEAD man's secret is all that stands between Charles Thomas and the gallows. If it were told today he would go free, it is believed. Untold, he is in the gravest peril of execution for an awful crime.

And the man who alone held

the secret died three years ago. After five years' lapse the mystery of the disappearance and murder of 21-year-old Mabel Scofield of Des Moines, Io., has reached a remarkable crisis. In a city of 100,000 people, in the busiest hour of the week's busiest day, a pretty girl disappears as completely as though she had been swallowed up. Thirty-six hours later her body is found in the river. There is no mark of violence upon her person. Yet expert examination shows that the girl was dead before her body reached the water. Where was she from the time when she stepped out of a crowded railway station until her body was found? Did Coroner Ankeny, now three years dead, hold the solution to the entire mystery, as he asserted? Will it take a voice from the dead to save a man from the penalty for an awful crime?

—

GOOD-BY, mamma, dear; write to me; good-bye, good-bye!"

A pretty girl stood on the platform of a crowded railway station, in the capital city of Iowa, and waved farewell to her mother, who was seated in a passenger train slowly pulling out of the station. The girl made an attractive picture as she stood there. Her brown hair was crowned with a Rough Rider sombrero, after the fashion affected by girls in the year following the Spanish-American war. She was neatly dressed in black skirt and red waist, the latter delicately harmonizing with the color in her cheeks. Many a traveler took time to cast more than one glance at the girl as he hastened to or from the trains, and the picture lingered in memory.

There was an answering wave from the train. The girl passed through the station and out upon the busy street. It was Saturday morning. The station was crowded, so also were streets and stores. She stepped out of the station and was seen no more alive.

Thirty-six hours later fishermen, setting their lines in the Des Moines river, saw a dark, heavy object slowly bobbing by them. They reached out and, to their horror, discovered it to be the lifeless body of a girl. They towed it to shore and summoned the police. None knew the girl. She was more than passing fair. A few hours later a young man gazed upon her features as she lay in the morgue. It was his sister. He identified the body.

The dead girl was Mabel Scofield of Macksburg, Iowa.

She had come to Des Moines only a month before, ambitious to see a larger world than that bounded by the horizon of cornfield and meadow. She had led a quiet, retired life. Many admired her, but few knew her. When she bade her mother good-bye she was happy and cheerful. There was no stain or blot upon her life. She had no enemies, she hated not one. She was succeeding in her work. She was planning to follow her mother shortly on a visit home.

How came her body to be lying, still in death, in the morgue?

That question has stirred the state of Iowa to its depths as has no other mystery in its records. It has caused scores of detectives to work years upon a puzzle that has ever baffled them. It has caused rewards to be offered by city, county, state, family, and an organization of citizens having at heart the welfare of a great city. For almost five years no one has come forward to claim those rewards. Now the mystery is in a fair way to be solved, at last.

Whether Mabel Scofield committed suicide or was murdered on October 20, 1899, is still a mooted question. Her father, Dr. Scofield of Macksburg, and mother refuse to believe that she committed suicide. She was in the best of health and spirits when she bade her mother good-bye; there was absolutely no reason for self-destruction. But, if murdered, why, when, where and by whom?

The more these questions were considered the greater grew the mystery. Mabel Scofield's body might have been interred in a suicide's grave had not the fishermen, when they rescued it, seen about the mouth a little white foam or froth. They told Coroner Ankeny. He ordered a post-mortem examination.

Two startling discoveries were made. First, the lungs of Mabel Scofield contained not a drop of water. Had she drowned the lungs would have been filled. Had she been dead before she struck the water the lungs would have been dry. Second, her stomach bore evidence of a strong dose of hydrate chloral.

These two discoveries simply intensified the mystery. The girl might have taken the chloral herself; its discovery was no evidence of murder. But she could not have killed herself and then have cast herself into the river. The two theories conflicted at the very beginning.

Then began the long search for her murderer. All Iowa was shocked. Hundreds of pretty girls annually leave their peaceful homes to seek education or employment in the capital city. Within a year three had been done to death. Was Des Moines becoming a hotbed of crime, to an extent that innocent girls might no longer go there to live in safety?

But the doors were only opened to personal friends of the contestants and the few others who witnessed the encounter succeeded in getting a far-off view of the contest only by employing ingenious and heroic subterfuges. Dr. Doyen and two other surgeons assisted professionally.

The conditions of the contest were very severe and it was stipulated that the principals, not the seconds, were to stay when the encounter should come to an end. It lasted two hours, and more than once the spectators imagined that one or the other of the duelists had been run through.

Early in the fight, after a fine series of thrusts and



MABEL SCOFIELD AND HER LITTLE NIECE. HER LAST PICTURE TAKEN.

Instead of trying Charles Thomas before a jury of twelve unbiased men, he and his alleged crime were tried before a jury of 5000 patriotic voters. Never has there been so strenuous a political fight in Des Moines. The day after election it was found that the committing magistrate had won, but by such a narrow margin as to show how aroused had been the community. He literally crawled back into office; he had not "run."

Again the Scofield case lapsed from public attention. Now and then it would be temporarily revived by some such incident as when the chairman of the organization seeking to find her murderer, and the county attorney, almost came to blows in the grand jury room because the attorney refused to sanction an indictment demanded by the private citizen. A dozen grandjuries investigated the case, but found no evidence sufficient to justify an indictment. Month after month the evidence was threshed over, but nothing new was found. The years passed, until 1904 was reached. Suddenly, on the first day of the fifth year in which the Scofield mystery had troubled all Iowa, an indictment was returned.

Charles Thomas was charged with murdering Mabel Scofield. He was returned from Nebraska, where he had married and settled down to a life of toil. He was lodged in jail. He is there now, awaiting his trial. The Mabel Scofield case has been reopened. After more than five years, the wrong done the girl, if any was done, is about to be atoned.

The unexpected had happened. A new witness had come forward and told an incriminating story. He fastened the guilty upon the man who had once been tried and acquitted. Why had this witness kept silent through all the years? Why did he break the silence at last? These questions remain unanswered.

The new witness is Dr. W. L. Taylor, a practicing physician of Des Moines. He is corroborated by his wife and daughter. He testified before the grand jury to having received a call from the Thomas home. He went there immediately. It was between 9:30 and 10 o'clock Saturday morning, an hour after Mabel Scofield had said good-bye to her mother at the railway station. Here is the doctor's story:

"I rapped on the front door and noticed they were hustling around the house, could hear them pass between the rooms from one to another, some two or three or four persons. Charles Thomas came to the door and I recognized two persons, one being Charles Thomas. I did not go into the house. I asked what was the matter and he said he guessed he would not need me. Thomas said it was him that had left the call. I said what is the matter and he said he wanted me to see a girl that was sick and said it was too late. I said, 'Why Charley, what have you been doing?' and he said he had given her

too much 'knock out,' that she was dead. I had met another doctor going from there, Dr. J. Derr; I met him just a block and a half this side of there. Thomas came to the office again that day and wanted to know 'why in — I did not come sooner' or some such break as that. I told him I was out on another call and could not come sooner. I remember the occurrence of the girl's body being found in the river, I saw the account of it the next day in the papers, the next day after I was at the Thomas home. It was on Saturday that I made the call there. When I went up to the house I first tried the door and it was fast, then I rapped. Charles Thomas came to the door. Thomas asked me one time in regard to the proportions of this stuff he had used; from the idea I could get he was using ether and chloral, mixing them; he asked me in regard to what proportions could be used and asked how to administer it, what effect on the body and mind those drugs would have, the condition they would put the body and mind in. I told him they were very dangerous, that I would not want to use them at all. This was, I think, immediately after I had been up to the Thomas house; not positive. When I asked him what he had been doing when I was at the door he said he had given too much 'knock out.' I said, 'what did you do that for, didn't you have sense enough to know how to handle it?' He said, 'It appears as though I didn't.' I asked who it was and he said it was the Scofield girl. He said she had been dead 20 or 30 minutes, that if I had been a little sooner I perhaps could have saved her. He told me at the time I made the call at the house that he wanted me to keep still, not to say anything, that the girl was in the house dead and not to tell on him. I was there at the door three or four or five minutes."

With such direct evidence to start on, the grand jury found little difficulty in forging other links. A prominent druggist testified to selling Thomas, on October 20th, three ounces of chloroform and on October 21st, an ounce of chloral, adding "it was an unusual quantity to sell at one time." Other witnesses testified to incriminating remarks made by Thomas in regard to the discovery of her body. A woman swore that she was awakened early on Sunday morning by hearing a buggy pass. She looked out of the window. Two men were supporting the limp body of a girl between them. Mabel Scofield's clothing showed burns and dust stains, evidence that she had been dragged through the underbrush on the river bank. Slowly but surely the murder theory again prevailed and the crime was imputed to Charles Thomas, who had lived in the same house with the girl and sat at the same table with her. Thomas was arrested and lodged in jail.

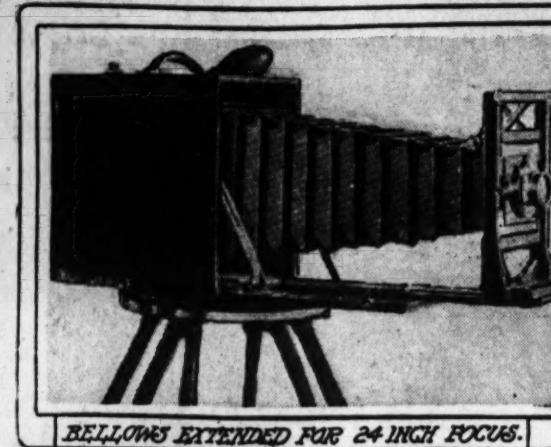
But, instead of solving the mystery, the indictment only intensified it. New questions have arisen. If Mabel Scofield was murdered by Charles Thomas, why? No injury of any nature had been done her before death. Again, if she left her mother, happy and well, at 9 o'clock in the morning, how could the doctor have been summoned a half hour or an hour later to save her from dying from poisoning more than two miles away? How could she have gone back home, been poisoned, her murderer have gone for the doctor, all within so short a space of time? Had not some one seen her re-enter the Thomas home? It was broad daylight. People were round about. No one saw her alive after she waved farewell to her mother. Why has Taylor remained silent so many years? The case is a continuous interrogation.

And, above all else, what was the story locked in Coroner Ankeny's breast? He died three years ago. His secret died with him. On his deathbed nothing was thought of it. Charles Thomas had been acquitted, the Mabel Scofield case forgotten. Why should a dying man be bothered with such a matter? And so he passed away.

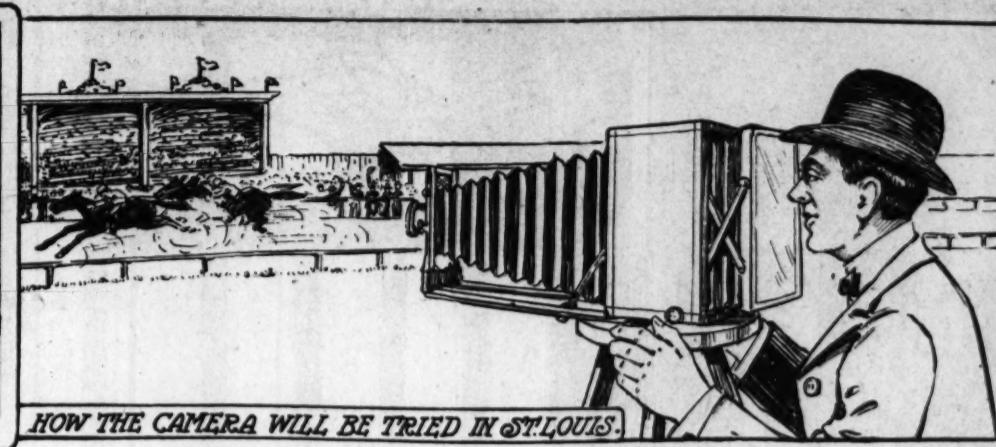
Today that story would throw open the jail-doors to Charles Thomas, it is believed. Untold, will he go to prison for life or mount the gallows? Only time can tell.

The Most Wonderful Camera in the World

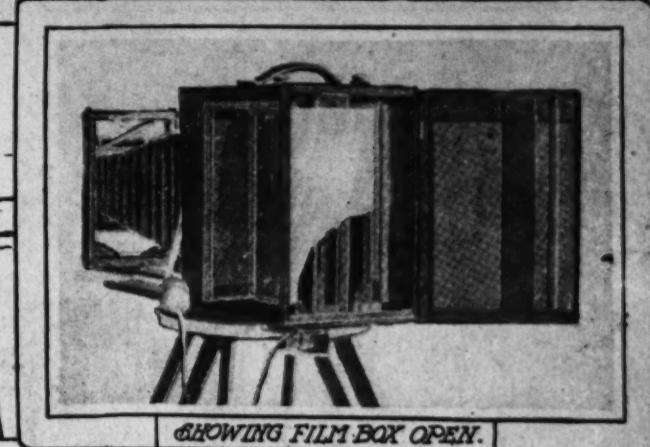
ITS FIRST PICTURE TAKEN IN ST. LOUIS.



BELLOWS EXTENDED FOR 24 INCH FOCUS.



HOW THE CAMERA WILL BE TRIED IN ST. LOUIS.



SHOWING FILM BOX OPEN.

Marvelous Invention That Pictures an Entire Circuit of 360 Degrees at One Exposure—Birdseye View of St. Louis and Complete Photograph of Races From Start to Finish to Be Made—May Do Away With Racing Judges by Showing the Winner Beyond Dispute—Makes a Negative 12 1/2 Feet Long—The Remarkable Picture Made in St. Louis Last Summer at National Convention of Photographers—Camera Costs A most as Much as an Automobile.



THE most wonderful camera in the world has now been invented. It is regarded by many leading photographers as marking the acme of perfection in the mechanical development of these machines. It is a remarkable but costly instrument. For the first time since Daguerre over a century ago made the original crude sunlight pictures, it is now possible by means of this new camera to take a complete outside picture, that is, a complete panoramic view.

The panoramic camera was regarded as a wonder when it first came out. But its scope was limited to half a circle, or 180 degrees, whereas the new camera (whose first picture is presented on this page) takes the entire circuit in one photograph, or a complete circle of 360 degrees. With one exposure of this remarkable instrument it will therefore be possible to take everything on the horizontal plane that a man can see by standing in an elevated position and sweeping his eye around the horizon, covering all points of the compass. In this way the first complete birdseye view of St. Louis will be made with this new camera from the top of a high building here this year.

But a more remarkable test of the powers of this wonderful new instrument is to be made in St. Louis and one which may lead to important results. Heretofore it has never been possible to decide with absolute certainty the relative position of horses in a race and for this reason "judges" are appointed at all race courses whose decision is final.

That the "judges" frequently err through the fallibility of human sight is notorious. After all they have to confess that in a close race it is impossible to tell which horse leads. As a result the races are frequently followed by angry disputes and large sums are lost by bettors who claim that their favorite won.

All of this may be done away with by the new camera and even the "judges" may find themselves out of employment if it does what is claimed for it. With this camera it is said the entire race may be shown on a single film from start to finish. The first attempt to do this will be made in St. Louis next July when the National Association of Amateur Photographers will be in session here. They will try the new instrument during the races at the old fair grounds.

The camera will be set up in the center of the amphitheater while the races are going on. It will, it is claimed, not only show every person in that great amphitheater, but every motion made by the horses and their jockeys while making complete circle of the track. It will show, it is claimed, exactly which horse is in the lead at every quarter stretch of the track in an exact line with the quarter pole and the center of the track and also every time the jockey strikes his horse and every motion made by those in the stand when cheering the winners. The instrument, it is claimed, will show positively what horse is in the lead at the finish and thus settle all disputes as to the winner.

BY WILLIAM BURTON, NO. 1 BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS, Editor of "The Focus," Secretary National Association of Amateur Photographers.

FOR more than a century has photography claimed the attention of scientific men, who have sought to develop its wonderful resources. Possibly the first discovery was the photographic image, next the chemical action of light on certain substances, and finally the mechanical means of combining the results and producing a

photograph. With the progress in chemistry the mechanical means has advanced until it seemed that perfection had been attained in both branches. So complete had been the construction of apparatus in the past few years that further improvement appeared impossible.

Yet the public is today about to be presented with an achievement so wonderful that previous accomplishments are totally eclipsed. This new wonder of the photographic world is the "cirkut" camera. It is a panoramic camera, constructed on lines radically different from any other camera ever invented or manufactured, being a revolving camera containing a relatively stationary lens and a relatively moving film, the latter moving past a vertical slot, through which the exposure is made, and the axis of the camera being at any desirable point between the lens and the film. In other words, it works just to the opposite of the ordinary plane shutter, which carries an exposure of light across the plate or film. In this new camera the film there being a scale on the tripod top which shows at a glance where to stop the camera to make a negative of any desired length. This also shows how much of the film has been exposed.

The negatives produced by this camera range in size from 2x2 inches, the Brownie size, to 12 1/2 feet long by 10 inches high, one just as good as the other. Think for a moment that when you have made a negative 12 1/2 feet long you have made a complete circle of scenery covering 360 degrees. You can set the revolution of the camera to stop at any desired point of the circle less than the maximum, there being a scale on the tripod top which shows at a

glance where to stop the camera to make a negative of any desired length. This also shows how much of the film has been exposed.

The films vary from 6 to 10 inches wide, and come in two lengths, of 10 and 20 feet respectively. These films are put up the same as the film for an ordinary Kodak, on spools, and can be loaded in daylight. A film 6 inches wide and 20 feet long costs \$5.40 and one 10 inches wide and 20 feet long costs \$9, while the 10-foot film will cost just one-half as much as the 20-foot.

This camera has every modern improvement found on any other make of cameras. One pressure of the bulb starts, and another pressure stops the revolution of the camera. It also has a device by which the camera is stopped automatically, and by using this the operator, after starting the revolution of the camera, can himself get in the view or group being photographed. The camera is revolved by a spring motor, the speed of which is varied by fans of different sizes. The exposure slot is adjustable in width from 1/4 to 1/2 inch, giving thereby any speed from one-half to 1/50th of a second.

The printing frames are made in sections, and range in

HOW THE NEW STAR IN THE GEMINI WAS DISCOVERED

Oxford Professor Tells of an Accident That Had Important Results—A Supposed Condemned Plate Contained Photograph of Hitherto Unknown Star.

IN an interesting work, "Astronomical Discovery," just published by Edward Arnold, Prof. Herbert Hall

Turner of Oxford tells the story of how he accidentally discovered the new star in the Gemini last year.

During a systematic photographic survey of the heavens, something went wrong with the plates, which were thrown to one side.

The accident to the plates was discouraging,

for the same photos could not be taken until the same

time next year.

"However," in Prof. Turner's own words, "disappointments from this or similar causes are not unknown in astronomical work; and we set about this repetition with as little loss of time and cheerfulness as was possible. Under the circumstances, however, it seemed desirable to examine carefully whether anything could be saved from the wreck—whether any of the plates could be admitted as just coming up to the minimum requirements. And I devoted a morning to this inquiry. In the course of it I came across one plate which certainly seemed worth an inclusion among our series from the point of view of the number of stars shown upon it. It seemed quite rich in stars, perhaps even a little richer than might have been expected.

"On inquiry I was told that this was not one of the originally condemned plates, but one which had been taken since the failure in sensitiveness of the plates had been detected; was from a new and specially sensitive batch with which the makers had supplied us; but though there were certainly a sufficient number of stars upon the plate, owing to some unexplained cause, the telescope had been erroneously pointed, and the region taken did not correspond to the region required.

"To investigate the cause of the discrepancy I then upon took down from our store of plates the other one of the same region which had been rejected for insufficiency of stars, and on comparing the two it was at once evident that there was a strange object on the plate taken later of the two, a bright star or other heavenly body, which was not on the former plate. It is easily possible to recognize whether a mark upon the plate is really a celestial body or is an accidental blot or dust speck, and there was no doubt that this was the image of some strange celestial body.

"So far as we knew, the object was a star, but might be either a star of the class known as variable or of that known as new. In the former case it would become bright and faint at more or less regular intervals, and might possibly have been already catalogued, for the number of these bodies already known amounts to some hundreds. Search being made in the catalogues, no entry of it was

found, though it still might be one of this class which had hitherto escaped detection. Or it might be a new star, one of those curious bodies which blaze up quite suddenly to brightness and then die away gradually until they become practically invisible.

"In either event, it was desirable to inform other observers as soon as possible of the existence of a strange body; already some time had elapsed since the plate had been taken, March 16, for the examination of which I have spoken was not made until March 24.

"Accordingly a telegram was at once dispatched to the central office at Kiel, which undertakes to distribute such information all over the world, and a few postcards were sent to observers close at hand, who might be able to observe

the star the same night. Certain observations with the spectroscope soon made it clear that the object was really a 'new star,' which may be said to have been discovered by a happy accident." Several similar accidental discoveries are related by Prof. Turner in his new book, which is of extreme interest.

The biggest cannon ball ever made weighed 2600 pounds, and was manufactured at the Krupp works, Essen, for the government of the Czar. The gun from which this projectile was fired is also the largest in the world, and is placed in the fortifications of Cronstadt. This gun has a range of 12 miles, and it has been estimated that each shot costs \$1500.

Fighting Fire With Powerful Water Force

EW persons who watch St. Louis firemen at work realize the tremendous force of the streams of water thrown on a burning building. At recent midwinter fires in this city it was said that "the water froze as it went through the air," but this was a decided exaggeration.

Water does not freeze in this swift flight from nozzle

body that it could not be cut by an ax. Some idea of its

force can be gained by noting the ease with which it demolishes the walls of strong buildings, leveling them down terrace by terrace, as if the work were done by a gigantic battering ram. This is a common use of hose streams in razing houses after a fire which makes it unsafe



to leave their walls standing. It takes a strong man, and often two, to hold the nozzle of a hose when such a powerful fire engine is often sufficient to kill a man as stream is coming through under full headway.

There are 40 words in the English language which are spelled the same forwards and backwards.

St. Louis the New Recruiting Ground for the Chorus



BLY BROWN



ADELE PALMER



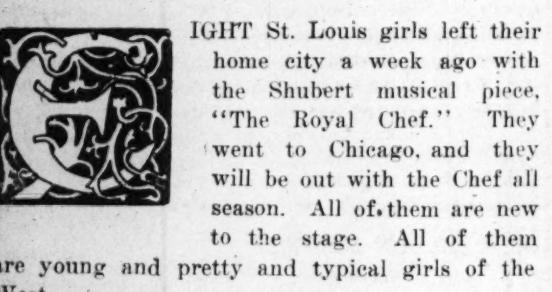
EMSY ALTON



EMMALYN LACKAYE



RUTH PEEBLES



IGHT St. Louis girls left their home city a week ago with the Shubert musical piece, "The Royal Chef." They went to Chicago, and they will be out with the Chef all season. All of them are new to the stage. All of them are young and pretty and typical girls of the West.

The West has now become a new recruiting field for the stage. St. Louis has suddenly bobbed up on the manager's map as a place where he may get the sort of girls he wants—girls who can sing and dance and act; girls who are pretty

Agnes Dasmir, Grace Nile, Katherine Berto, Bly Brown and Agnes Mintz. All were new to the stage except for some local work with the Louisiana companies at Delmar Garden and the Odeon during the World's Fair. They are all adopting the stage as a profession, and they are all capable, pretty girls who can dance, sing and make themselves useful upon the stage. Some of them may have fine careers. Who knows? Some one of them may give St. Louis another Grace Van Studdiford. Who knows? Or some petite, pretty singer among them may step forth and take the place of Miss Edna Bronson, that dainty, voiceful little St. Louis prima donna who was a second Alice Nielsen in "The Singing Girl" and "The Fortune Teller," and who had not more



MAUDE GREY



ZOE AKINS



JULIA BRINK



ROSE FLYNN



HATTIE FOX

and have something of the freshness and the bracing air of the West about them.

FEW years ago the Eastern producer had not thought of coming West for his show girls. He could get all he wanted merely by opening the stage door, for New York was full of veterans of the profession—girls who had carried pike and spear these many, many years; wan girls and not always pretty, and contributing to the stage little of that beauty of flesh and blood which is the chief charm of some of the big musical shows of today.

Henry W. Savage is accredited with beginning the revolution. Mr. Savage came to St. Louis four and five years ago with the Castle Square Opera Company. He was struck with the beauty and freshness of the St. Louis girls who wanted to sing in his opera company. Some of them even came here to see him from the plains of Kansas and the rolling meadows of Iowa, and not infrequently the Adonic impresario looked up from his desk into the bright eyes of a girl from the Ozarks.

Mr. Savage went from St. Louis to New York and became a producer of musical comedies. He wanted chorus girls—the sort he had seen in the West. He sent to the West for a troupe of them, and the Savage chorus girls became the rage of the Eastern stage. "Such bevy of beauties!" "Where did he get them?" Out West. In Chicago and St. Louis and Kansas City.

Subsequently the Dearborn company at Chicago and Richard Carle, who has affiliated with the company until recently, followed Savage into the new recruiting field for chorus girls. When "The Tenderfoot" was produced in Chicago in the summer of 1903 it had a chorus of Western girls, and they were the life of the show.

Other producers followed these pioneers into the field, and now the Shuberts have made their new Garrick Theater in St. Louis nothing short of a recruiting station for girls. In the fourth week of "The Royal Chef" at the Garrick, eight St. Louis girls appeared with "the brolers," as the Shuberts call their chorus in this musical production. The girls were Gladys Moore, Aggie McLean, Minnie Merrill,

than won her finest honors in "The Fisher Maiden" last season when an admiring Pittsburgher captured her for his wife and took her away from the stage. Or some very brainy young lady among them may become another Mrs. Fiske and win anew for St. Louis the distinction of having given to the psychological drama its finest actress of the day. Who knows?

Never were there so many St. Louis girls new on the stage as now. There is a great bevy of them and some of them are winning fine acclaim. Passing over the older St. Louis successes—winners such as Della Fox, Grace Van Studdiford, Jane Oaker and others, we come to that younger and less experienced set which is fairly beginning. Perhaps the foremost of these is Rose Flynn, now leading lady for Will Collier in Richard Harding Davis' bright comedy, "The Dictator." Miss Flynn is making her way splendidly. When she was at the Century Theater less than two months back, she showed so much improvement in her work and such rare aptitude for it that her friends felt her already well assured of success.

LONDON STREETS OVERFLOWED BY THAMES FLOOD

AT THE result of heavy northerly gales over the North Sea and westerly winds in the Channel, with the consequent backing up of the tide in the Thames estuary, the Thames in London recently rose several feet above normal high water level. From the mouth to Westminster curious scenes were witnessed all along the banks. Streets were everywhere flooded and warehouses and dwellings were inundated. Already reports of extensive damage are to hand, and when the loss is fully ascertained it will probably be found to be very serious. Not for many years has the Thames witnessed a flood of such dimensions.

Milbank, in the neighborhood of Lambeth Bridge and Horseferry road, presented the appearance of an inundation. The road was impassable for a distance of 50 yards, and persons living in Grosvenor road were unable to reach their homes. A cab did a thriving trade by carrying passengers through at sixteen a journey. On the other side of the river the water rose above the level of the pavement and burst through the parapet.

A sewer burst on the embankment in front of the Temple pier, lifting the paving stones and flooding the

Remarkable Scenes Following Heavy Storms in North Sea and English Channel—Cabs Carry Passengers Through the Water—Workmen Brave the Tide in Carts—Extensive Damage Reported.

road to a depth of several inches. When the tide subsided there remained a large hole in the embankment, which had to be guarded during the night.

The garden upon which the firemen of the Blackfriars Bridge, rusching through the goods sheds of the Southeastern & Chatham Railway Co. into Southwark street. In a few minutes the adjacent streets were flooded to a

A New Bunch of St. Louis Girls Gone on the Stage

Growing Attraction of the Profession for Feminine Nature in This City—The Rush to Get Behind the Footlights—Theatrical Managers Who Draw Upon St. Louis for "New Material"—How "The Royal Chef" Was Recruited Here—Eight Young St. Louis Girls Taken Away by a Single Company.

when the Odeon season ends she will go to New York. She has many influential friends, and it is likely that she will be cast next season with one of the Henry W. Savage companies. She is capable and in earnest.

A St. Louis girl new to the stage and making fine progress upon it was at the Century Theater two weeks ago. She is Miss Ida Stanhope, who plays the Widow Crocker in "The Prince of Pilsen." Formerly she was the St. Louis girl in the song of the cities, but when Trixie Priganza left the company Miss Stanhope was promoted to the role of the widow. Miss Stanhope is pretty of feature and voice. She went to London with the Pilsen show, and

and will feature her in vaudeville.

There is a St. Louis girl in the company playing "Buster Brown." She is Emmalyn Lackaye, until recently with "The Seminary Girl," which ended its engagement at the Grand last night. In private life she is Miss Emma Lynn Lackaye Prewett and until recently she was a member of the choir at the Third Presbyterian Church in St. Louis. She has just made a contract with Melville E. Raymond to sing the role of the baroness in "King Dodoo" next season.

There is a St. Louis girl at the Crawford Theater this week. She is Adele Palmer, a member of the company playing "Knobs of Tennessee." She is a sister of E. Nag Alton, who was one of the principals of the Kiralfy production at the Odeon last summer.

It would be a pity to omit the name of Julia Brink from a list of St. Louis girls new to the stage. Miss Brink

is one of its most capable players. She was ill through much of the week in St. Louis and regretted exceedingly that the friends who wished to see much of her had opportunity to see but a little. She appeared but three nights, being out of the cast and an invalid at the Stratford with a sore throat through the entire middle of the week.

Cecilia Loftus the cleverest of all stage women, carried off a St. Louis girl when she left the city three weeks ago. Miss Loftus captured Hattie Fox, a niece of the noted Della Fox, some years ago the most popular of all American comedienne. Hattie Fox is in private life Miss Hattie Roth of St. Louis. She made her stage debut last summer with the Delmar "Louisiana" troupe, and she took to the stage so readily that there is scarcely any doubt that she will remain upon it permanently. She is clever—which is why Miss Loftus carried her off with the cast of "The Serious Comic Governess."

Those who saw the Kiralfy spectacle at the Odeon in its last few weeks will recall Maude Grey, who replaced Agnes MacDonald, the chief lady pantomimist of the big troupe. Miss Grey is a St. Louis girl, new to the stage, and she has exhibited such talent that Harry Clarke has engaged her

to subdue—her home being Edwardsville, 20 miles from St. Louis in Illinois. She began her theatrical career this season in "A Girl From Dixie" and when she appeared at the Grand Opera House last fall her friends came into town from Edwardsville in such numbers that they filled three or four whole rows in the parquet at the Moody night performance.

It is perhaps easier to predict a career for Miss Brink than it would be to forecast any definite success for any other one of the new St. Louis recruits to the stage. This is because, while others are rather casting about to find their forte, Miss Brink has stepped at once into the work she seems best fitted to do. She has the role of a sort of tomboy—a Sis Hopkins, of quaint and comical manner, and she hits it off with such sure skill that one can scarcely believe this to be her first season on the stage.

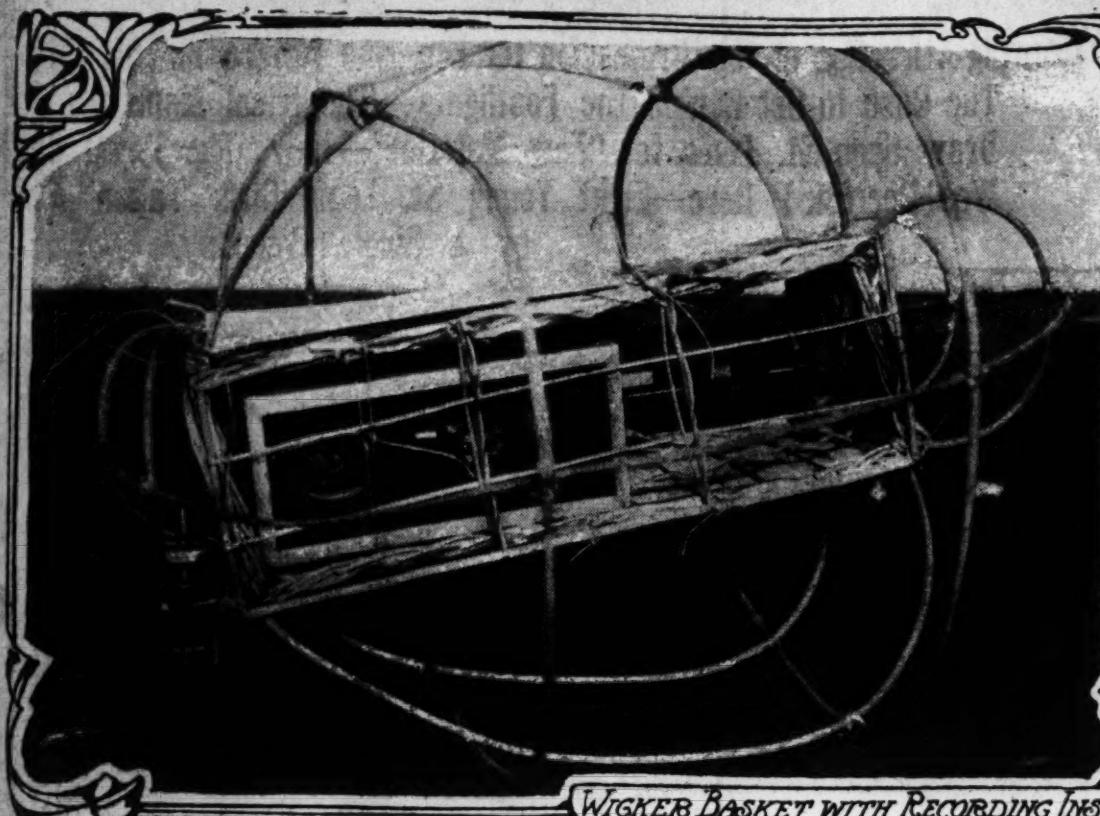
Some of the new St. Louis girls on the stage have advanced so rapidly in a little while that it is scarcely credible that they are still beginners. Perhaps the instance of this most notable after that of Miss Brink is the case of Miss Ruth Peebles, the prima donna of the musical troupe which was at the Grand Opera House last week. Miss Peebles is now in her second season of some prominence on the stage. She is, perhaps, as much a Kansas City as a St. Louis girl, but either may claim her, for her people live in both cities. She is very well known here and has many St. Louis friends and admirers.

Miss Peebles probably owes her success quite as much to her beauty as to her ability and her pretty voice. She is a beautiful girl. She was seen here last season as the prima donna of Henry Clay Barnabe's little troupe at the Columbia Theater, after the dean of comic opera had left the Bostonians and during the vanderbilt tour which was ended here by a fall in which the veteran basso severely wrenched one of his knees, necessitating his retirement for the rest of the season.

Miss Bly Brown began her stage career with the "London" show at Delmar Garden last summer, as did most of the seven girls who went away with her to the ranks of "The Royal Chef."

TERRIFIC BLASTS FROM THE NORTH POLE

Perennial Blizzards 76 Degrees Below Zero Sweeping Above Our Heads at 100 Miles Per Hour.



WICKER BASKET WITH RECORDING INSTRUMENTS

What It Is Like Ten Miles Up in the Air—How the Scientific World Now Finds Out Where Cold Weather Comes From.



IT is possible that the scientific world is upon the eve of a great discovery as a result of experiments now being made in St. Louis? Is it possible that the theory of heat and cold is to be revolutionized by these experiments and that we are only now beginning to find out rudimentary facts about our planet? These are questions which scientists are asking since the first results of the remarkable balloon tests made here by the Blue Hill Observatory have been tabulated. They show that the terrestrial atmosphere and surrounding envelope of the earth are entirely different from what was suspected. They show that terrific blasts of intensely cold air are sweeping around the earth in summer and winter and that cold weather, instead of sweeping along the surface of the earth, comes down from above, emanating, it is supposed, from the North Pole.

Mr. Clayton turned to the wicker basket containing the balloon's equipment of recording instruments. The basket cannot be sustained there. It is a region of continuous sunshine, but of extreme cold, the air being peculiarly dry, almost without moisture. Not until this system of balloon observations was brought into service has it been possible to explore the extreme heights. Now, however, we are obtaining satisfactory records of conditions that prevail as high as 12 miles above the earth. At that height the temperature ranges continually from about 50 to 60 degrees below zero, and a record as low as 80 degrees below has been obtained.

"Our object in making these balloon observations during each of the four seasons is to gain accurate knowledge of extreme upper air conditions throughout the year. We know there are no daily changes of temperature 1000 feet above the earth. We do not know, however, what is the period of change at extreme heights, nor whether there is even an annual change up there. It may be that it is a region of eternal cold, subject only to occasional slight variation, and that without regard to season. The funds necessary for these experiments come from an endowment made by Mr. A. Lawrence Koch, of one of the oldest and most highly respected Boston families, who supports the observatory out of his fortune."

Mr. Clayton turned to the wicker basket containing the balloon's equipment of recording instruments. The basket

BY PROF. H. H. CLAYTON.

We would learn something of the restless currents, something of the temperature and humidity in regions inaccessible to man, as well as of the region in which he lives. We would know something of the climate of the region ten miles above the earth and how it compares with the climate of other regions. We would know to what height in the atmosphere the influence of ocean and continent extends. We would know whether the annual and daily changes of temperature felt at the earth's surface are also measurable at great heights. We would know the condition under which storms originate; whence and in what manner comes the driving snow and pelting rain; what are the conditions which cause them and what prevent them. From whence come our blizzards and cold waves? Are they thin bodies of cold air which rush along the surface of the ground, or do they embrace large bodies of air? Are they first felt aloft and would a knowledge of this fact aid in prediction? The solution of questions of this kind is what is sought by the balloon work.

are so constructed that they do not shut in their contents from the air, serving merely to support various instruments and to protect them from injury when they fall to earth. Each complete equipment weighs less than five pounds, the lifting capacity of the balloon being seven pounds. The wicker basket is fastened to the balloon by strong cords, being adjusted to a nice balance, this being done when the balloon is inflated and ready to ascend.

The largest and most important feature of the equipment is an aluminum cylinder coated with lamp-black. Three indicators are so arranged as to scratch records in the lamp-black, the cylinder being turned in hourly revolutions by a small clock within. Thus it is made possible to estimate the exact height at which all records were inscribed on the lampblack with which the cylinder is coated. The three indicators record, respectively, the humidity, the temperature and the barometric pressure.

The humidity indicator is controlled by a human hair, which is very sensitive to moisture. In passing through clouds the hair expands and the indicator point, at the end of a sort of arm, being released, makes a downward stroke through the lamp-black.

The temperature indicator consists of a curved brass-steel

spring, which straightens out under the influence of cold. This spring controls a point by means of a lever, and the point makes temperature records on the lamp-black.

The barometric indicator is a crescent-shaped vacuum tube. As the height increases the atmospheric pressure is diminished and this causes the vacuum tube to straighten out, as does the steel-spring temperature indicator, controlling a point which makes records on the lamp-black aluminum indicator.

When the recording instruments are recovered, after the balloon has fallen back to earth, the cylinder on which the records have been made is straightened out into a flat sheet and treated to a fixing bath. This makes its records as permanent as a photograph. Then, to ascertain under just what conditions the various humidity, temperature and barometric records were made, it is only necessary to subject another cylinder to artificial cold, to create a vacuum and to develop humidity conditions until the same points are registered on this second cylinder. The temperature records thus far secured, ranging from 50 to 80 degrees below zero, exceed those obtained by Dr. Berson of Berlin in 1901, whose balloon attained a height of six miles.

Some filled bottles were once sucked at the holes. Presently this mode of tapping became too slow. The bungs were extracted and out poured copious streams of red wine. Buckets and ladles cans were procured and men were seen trudging home carrying the wine in buckets as carelessly as if it had been water from the pump.

Bottles in the village were soon at a premium. Sixpence and a shilling each were given for empty whisky bottles, and the owners washed them out with port before refilling them.

Some ingenious person hit upon the device of investing in bottles of ginger beer for the sake of the empty bottles, and one man filled as many as 74 bottles during the evening. The wine was consumed in large quantities, many drinking it as if it were beer. The shore soon became the scene of an orgy. Men with fevered brains sang loudly and danced round the cask, and many a roisterous lay down to sleep upon the damp sands. The more-seasoned toppers paraded the streets on unsteady legs, and the village resounded with the echoes of their drunken songs until the small hours of the morning.

Remarkable Discoveries Made in St. Louis With the Little Balloons That Have Puzzled Farmers.



WINDING CLOCK THAT OPERATES LAMP-BLACKED CYLINDER.



PROF. H. H. CLAYTON.

'airship propelled by clockwork' and the story was widely copied by the Illinois press.

"In Kentucky a farmer found one of our balloons and evidently thought that there was something fraudulent about the promised reward of \$2 to be paid for its return to the observatory." He wrote to the observatory people stating that he had found the balloon, but announced that he would not forward it until he had the \$2 in hand. When the money was sent him he evidently became ashamed, for then he prepaid the express charges, amounting to \$2, which we promptly remitted him.

"Preferably, I send up the balloons after sunset, as then there is no possibility of the sun's rays shining upon the recording equipment and affecting its records before extreme height has been attained. What we desire is a fuller knowledge of conditions at the uttermost heights

TABULATED RECORD OF BALLOON FLIGHTS

Date.	Elevation.	Miles Traveled.	Temperature Below Zero.	Speed per Hour.
Sept. 15	46,000	50	68	26 miles
Sept. 23	51,000	10	68
Sept. 24	29,000	33
Nov. 22	20,000	65	10	25 miles
Nov. 24	15,000	145
Nov. 25	40,000	280	72	101 miles
Nov. 26	33,000	235	76	101 miles
Nov. 29	19,500	140	21	59 miles
Nov. 29	36,000	260
Dec. 1	20,500	2
Dec. 2	45,500	105	73	56 miles

These observations are all tabulated at the Blue Hill Observatory, to which the baskets are returned by the finders, the sum of \$2 being paid for each basket returned. Mr. Clayton is as yet in ignorance of much of the matter that has thus been secured. He estimates that it will take the better part of a year to finish all the necessary calculations based on the St. Louis experiments. When this is done the results will be announced to the world.

"It is surprising," says Mr. Clayton, "how few of these balloons are lost. We sent up four in September, all of which were recovered in the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., 90 miles from St. Louis; the wind then blowing steadily in one direction. In November we sent up ten, and of these two have been forwarded to the observatory from Central Kentucky, two from Tennessee, near the Tennessee river; one from Indiana, three from Illinois and two from Missouri. We shall send up six altogether in January, the last two going up today and tomorrow. Of these, two were sent up during the recent blizzard, and I feel confident that all will be recovered.

"There is an occasional touch of humor in the stories accompanying the finding of the collapsed balloons and baskets. Near Farrar, Mo., an old farmer saw one of the balloons settle into a tree near his house after nightfall. He thought it was some awful monster, and, summoning a number of his neighbors, they waited under the tree with shotguns until daylight. Then they fired at the terrifying object—there were several bullet holes in the balloon bag—but, meeting with no resistance, they cut down the tree, learned what the object really was, and promptly forwarded it to the observatory.

"Again near Sigel, Ill., in the daytime, one of our balloons was found. The finders read the address of the Blue Hill Observatory on the basket, saw that the flight was dated that very day, and sprang to the conclusion that a wonderful new airship had made a phenomenal flight from Massachusetts to Illinois in less than 12 hours. The local newspaper came out with a vivid story of this

to which our balloons can fly. The rubber of which the balloons are made is so constructed that it will expand to a certain point within a given time and then burst. Over the top of the balloon is placed a red hood of prepared silk which, when the gasbag bursts, acts as a parachute, allowing the collapsed balloon and its freight to descend with as little injury as possible. Thus far we have had no injury to our instruments sufficient to lessen the value of the records obtained."

At 5:15 o'clock on the afternoon of the Sunday Post-Dispatch's visit Mr. Clayton sent up the next but last of the "January observation" balloons. The balloon was already inflated in the temporary balloon shed back of Cupples Building No. 1, an assistant having attended to this part of the work. Mr. Clayton, seeing to it that the recording instruments were all properly secured in the wicker basket, carried the latter back to the shed. There his assistant released the neck of the balloon from the gas pipe through which the bag had been inflated and gathered up all the loose cords swinging from the bag until they centered straight at the bottom. Mr. Clayton himself took the loose ends and fastened them to the basket so that it hung perfectly straight below the balloon, which, six feet in diameter and 18 feet in circumference, rose to a height above the average man's head. Then he took out his watch.

"Let go!" he commanded.

The balloon sprang into the air, rising rapidly and sailing away in a southeasterly direction. Mr. Clayton noted the exact time of the departure. Then he jotted down memoranda of the clear condition of the sky, only a few cirro clouds being visible off to the south and east, the direction of the wind and the temperature record as shown by a thermometer which he carried in his hand.

"How long has it been gone?" he asked the reporter, smiling.

"One minute," was the venturesome reply.

"Good guess!" he laughed. "Just a little less than a minute, but most people would have said three or four minutes at least."

There he stood and kept a watchful eyes on the balloon, growing smaller and smaller against the eastern sky. It rose steadily.

"If it were sailing on the level," said Mr. Clayton, "it would look to us as if it were falling rapidly."

At one moment the balloon changed direction somewhat to the northeast. Then it veered back to the southeast. Mr. Clayton made notes of these and other points, including the time intervals. Just 17 minutes after the flight began, he cried out:

"He's gone!"

And so it was. But a pin-point against the sky a moment before, the balloon was now invisible. It would not be seen again until it had made its dizzying flight of 12 miles upward into the polar cyclone belt of eternal sunshine and eternal cold, a region to which no living man may penetrate. The scientist who counted confidently on recovering the records of that voyage, turned and went back to his workshop.

"The last January balloon goes up tomorrow," he said. And then he began putting the finishing touches to the rubber bag that was to make that aerial voyage of discovery possible.

A WRECKERS' ORGY ON THE ENGLISH COAST

AT THE mouth of the Mersey, in England, on the stretch of Cheshire coast, known as the Wallasey shore, there have been extraordinary scenes during the last few days. Six miles of beach have been strewn with products of the groves and vineyards of Spain—oranges and citrons and grapes and barrels of port. The neighboring folk have helped themselves freely to all these riches, and many have drunk the port unwisely and too well until the scene developed into a drunken orgy.

About a fortnight ago the steamer *Ulysses* bound for Liverpool from Spain, with a cargo of Spanish wines and oranges and various kinds of fruit, went ashore upon one of the many sandbanks in the mouth of the Mersey, about a quarter of a mile from the Wallasey shore. On Thursday night last a heavy storm arose and broke up the fore part of the vessel, liberating a large part of the cargo. The wind blew ashore about 300 cases of oranges and numerous boxes of raisins, lemons, figs and onions, together with 100-gallon casks of port wine.

Towards Friday evening the villagers turned out to view the debris left on their shore by the roving tide. Many of the cases of fruit had been burst open by the force of

CLAIM \$63,000,000



Mrs. A. J. EVARTS,
ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis Girls and Their Mother to Make Fight in English Courts—Money in Bank, Landed Estates, a Ruined Castle, a Family Skeleton, an Ancient Witch and Several Old Titles Involved—The Strange Story of the Curse on the House of Mar and How It Has Now Been Removed.



STRANGE story which involves the lifting of "a witch's curse" from a noble Scottish family and the simultaneous movement of St. Louis heirs to establish their rights as lineal descendants of the sixth earl of this title I house is now about to be brought to light by legal action.

The proud house of Mar, among the oldest of Scotland's nobility, is that in question. The St. Louis claimants to its honors and properties are Mrs. A. J. Evarts, of 4339 West Park boulevard, and her three daughters, Minnie, Grace and Josephine, who trace their descent, without break, from John, the sixth earl of Mar. They now propose to push their claims before the British House of Lords. Coincident with this action, the story of the annulment of a malediction that has rested upon the great Scottish family for 300 years lends a peculiar interest to the case. The St. Louis girls and their mother claim \$63,000,000 now lying in chancery, together with the ruined castle, land, leases and other hereditaments.

Mrs. Evarts received a letter a few days ago from her London solicitor, who seems to think her chances good of winning the enormous Mar fortune.

FOR three centuries, according to the folk lore of Scotland, there has rested upon the noble house of Mar a curse, which, like an incubus, would appear to have followed the unfortunate descendants of Earls of that line until the present time. But the terms of the terrible anathema hurled by fate against this ancient family have now been fulfilled, and the heirs of the sixth Earl, so long excluded from their rights, and now in this city see a kinder fate leading them into their own again.

Here in St. Louis reside the descendants of the proud Scottish family, Mrs. A. J. Evarts, and her three daughters, Minnie, Grace and Josephine.

The story is brief this: After the revolution of 1688 when the royal house of Stuart ceased to occupy the throne of England, the noble family of Mar retained their old allegiance to the Jacobite cause, although professing allegiance to the newly installed house of Hanover. The members of this illustrious Scottish family lost no opportunity to intrigue and plot in favor of the pretender.

The sixth Earl of the line, John Erskine, appears to have been a man of variable opinion, and soon earned for himself the title of "Bobbing John" on account of his frequent changes of political faith. King George II of England got tired of Lord John's vacillation and caused him to be attainted and his estates confiscated, while many of the



THE MAR COAT-OF-ARMS.

Earl's friends and fellow-conspirators were hung. John Erskine, however, fled to America and settled in Portland, Me. Here, so the romance runs, the Scottish Earl fell in love with a simple maid of lowly origin.

To the lovers was born a son, and at a later date the Earl married his sweetheart and a second son was born of the union. Years afterwards the Earl was restored to favor and once more came into possession of his estates in Scotland.

According to the story now agitating the descendants of the Earl in this city, the exiled noble took back to Scotland his elder son and installed him as his heir, ignoring the fact that this child was born out of wedlock, and was not, therefore, the legitimate heir to the title and estates. It is claimed that the descendants of this favorite son are now enjoying the honors really belonging to the American descendants of the younger son who was born in wedlock. There have been offers made by the holders of the title to settle the question by a payment of a large proportion of the wealth attached to the estates.

There is, in fact, a large amount of real estate now in chancery, the value of which has increased during the many years it has been there for the American descendants. It is supposed a grant of land was made for the benefit of the younger and legitimate son, who remained in America and became the ancestor of the line to which the Evarts of St. Louis belong.

Other branches of the Mar family have since been established in this country, the descendants of younger sons, who from time to time have come to America. None of these, however, can make any claim to the estates in question.

Records show that Mrs. Evarts of St. Louis is the direct descendant, through the maternal side of the family, of the Walter Mar who was born at Portland, Me., of the union of the sixth Earl of Mar after his marriage.

Mrs. Emily Fair Richmond, mother of Mrs. Evarts of St. Louis, says:

"An incident occurred in my early childhood, about 1830, which I remember well. A lawyer came from England to Baltimore, Md., which was our home. Five of the prospective heirs met at my father's house. The lawyer offered a quitclaim fee of \$10,000 to be divided among the five. Two were willing to sign, but the negative party being in the majority, he returned to England without success. My mother, Elizabeth Mar, was a legal descendant on her father's side.

"James Mar, a cousin of my mother, together with a lawyer, crossed the ocean for the purpose of claiming the estate and securing it if possible. He was unsuccessful for lack of funds, but discovered that at the time the deposit was made it amounted to \$63,000,000, drawing 3 per cent interest, exclusive of the landed estates in Scotland, which are said to be enormous. This land was very valuable, a portion of it being farming land and the rest situated within the bounds of Edinburgh, with valuable factories and other industrial buildings on it. It is also said the

estate has been advertised and has been cried out from the steps of the House of Parliament for 30 years."

As regards the curse upon the ancient house of Mar, nobody seems able to say why the curse was laid upon the family, but its terms have been fulfilled in a remarkable manner. The conditions of its annulment have also been fulfilled at the present time, which leads the descendants of the American line to believe that they are about to come into their own.

It is supposed that excessive cruelty and extravagance on the part of one of the earlier Earls of Mar brought forth the malediction of a Scottish sorceress, who, at the behest of the Lord of Mar, was burned at the stake. With her

last dying breath she cast her evil spell upon the family and decreed that the grand hall of the magnificent palace of Mar should one day stable horses; that the state chambers should be used for workshops by artisans; that trees should grow upon the ramparts; that women should become heads of the house, and that the line should be broken. Not until the honors of the house were doubled, and not until "the magic numbers 3 and 11 should be 33," would the good fortunes of the house of Mar begin to ascend.

Strangely enough, from the time the curse was uttered until the present day the history of the house has been one of disaster and misfortune.

At the beginning of last century the old castle had so decayed that 50 yeomanry horses were stabled in the grand hall, and some years later a weaver was found working in one of the state chambers.

And now ash saplings have been discovered sprouting upon the battlements of the historic seat of the Earls of Mar.

Thus were the conditions of the curse fulfilled. But

stranger than all this, is the fact that the magic numbers are now in the proper juxtaposition. Three hundred years have passed since the pronouncement of the curse. It was the sixth Earl of Mar and eleventh Lord Erskine, who by his adherence to the Jacobite cause, brought about the forfeiture of the estates, and the present Earl of Mar chances to be the thirty-third in line of descendants.

Thus has the course of events lifted the curse from the

BIGGEST THEATER AND STAGE IN THE WORLD

London's Coliseum Seats 3000 and Covers

1 1-4 Acres—Revolving Tables for Scene-Shifting—Can Represent Derby Race From Start to Finish—Its Famous Predecessor.

an opinion in which he probably stood alone, was built to accommodate Mr. Hornor's famous panoramas of London. Mr. Hornor worked on his panoramas in a shed erected on the top of St. Paul's at the time of the renewal of the ball and cross.

The original ball was rolled down Ludgate Hill

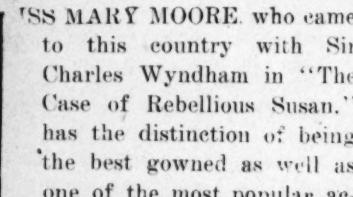
and amid the plaudits of the multitude, and both ball and cross were placed in the Colosseum among other "concomitant appendages" to the panoramas. These included some surprisingly modern institutions. There was an elevator to take spectators up to the platform, from which they were to look down, with an extraordinary illusion of height, upon the pictured London. In the forties the building was enlarged and given another entrance in Albany street, where

the name "Colosseum Terrace" still survives. The panorama of London was succeeded in 1848 by one of Paris, and this by a panorama of Lake Thun, in Switzerland. Then the original panorama was restored. From time to time sideshows were added: "A Gothic Aviary," "Stalactite Caves," "The Hall of Mirrors," and what not. By 1855 the Colosseum had exhausted itself, or the London public, and was put up for auction—in vain. The remainder of its career was checkered and dismal; in 1870, or thereabouts, it was demolished.

Marquis Oyama is a giant among the Japanese. Six feet tall and weighing nearly 300 pounds, he is the national patron of wrestling and of swordsmanship. Notwithstanding the recent honors won by the foreign-trained generals—Kuroki, Oku, Nodzu and Nogi—this representative of the samurai class is the idol of the army, which regards him as the embodiment of the spirit of old Japan. Marquis Oyama is the youngest of the empire-builders of Japan, among whom Marquis Yamagata and Marquis Ito are best known. He is 62 years of age.

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Stage Gowns Fix the Fashions Says Mary Moore



MISS MARY MOORE who came to this country with Sir Charles Wyndham in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," has the distinction of being the best gowned as well as one of the most popular actresses on the London stage.

She relies on the perfection of her tastes that she has but to indicate a certain style to find it taken up by every woman in England who follows the modes.

"Stage gowns really set the fashions, both for England and the continent," said Miss Moore, in talking about the gowns worn by her and her company during their American tour. "The great dressmakers—and of course they are all Paris dressmakers—vie with each other to create new effects and new styles which are first seen on the stage. Of course, every one of the lesser couturières goes to see these new gowns, copies of

which are then turned out by the hundred.

"The more difficult a model frock is to copy the greater its success, and that is one of the reasons that Worth has had the designing of almost all my own stage gowns. Although many of the other French modistes are excellent, to my thinking Worth ranks first. In the first place, all the silks and brocades which he uses are made especially for him after original designs. These materials have such an individuality that I can always tell a Worth dress, no matter where I see it. Then, Worth never repeats his creations; each frock is unique and, then, too, none of the Worth gowns is in the least exaggerated, consequently they remain in style for years."

"Are the gowns made for stage wear not more

accentuated in style than those made for drawing-room wear?" asked a feminine inquirer.

"Not nowadays," replied Miss Moore. "Exaggeration even in frocks is not permitted on the stage, and one wears behind the footlights what one would wear in everyday life under similar circumstances. Naturally, if I am going to a stage garden party, I take it to be the very smartest garden party imaginable with no possibility of rain and wear the handsomest frock appropriate to the occasion—but that is all. If stage gowns were exaggerated they would not serve as models to the rest of the world. For in copying a gown a dressmaker invariably overemphasizes a new point: that is how exaggeration in dress becomes responsible for drawing-room wear?"

dressmakers are not responsible for the cumbersome sleeves and skirts which we so often see today. Worth, for the most part, relies on the elegance of a gown's outlines; the sleeves are only moderately large and none of the skirts shows the awkwardness of extreme width. For myself, I am always happiest in the simplest of gowns, and if it is white I am doubly satisfied."

DESCRIPTION OF THE GOWNS.

A house dress of striped satin in salmon and pale blue opens over a petticoat of faint blue with wide lace flounces. The bodice shows a chemise of lace with lace collar embroidered in blue.

In the second act, Miss Moore wears a frock of white broadcloth, very simple in outline. The

skirt, which is quite tight around the hips, has bands of plaited ribbon as its only decoration. A bolero edged with this ribbon opens over a blouse of fine silk mull and lace.

A house gown of white chiffon cloth with gills, cuffs and motifs of Irish lace. These motifs are let in on the tucked skirt with inserts of plaited chiffon. The yoke is of lace, edged with a flowered design in wine-colored silk. This trimming is repeated on the sleeves.

As Susan, Miss Moore wears an evening gown of white net, sprinkled with sunbursts of golden paillettes. The bodice is quite simple, with dainty elbow sleeves of net and lace ruching. With this is worn a magnificent velvet brocade coat lined with satin.

Another evening gown worn by Miss Moore in the party of Mrs. Gorringe is of white chiffon with heavy bands of braided chiffon. With this she wears the famous Gorringe bow in her hair, now the most popular headdress for evening wear in England.

THE GIRL AND THE HABIT—By O. Henry

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HABIT—a tendency or aptitude acquired by custom or frequent repetition.

The critics have assailed every source of inspiration we have. To that one we are driven for our moral theme. When we leaped upon the masters of old they steadfastly dug up the parallels to our columns. When we have dug forth real life they reproached us for trying to imitate Henry George, George Washington, Washington Irving and Irving Bacheller. We wrote of the West and the East, and they accused us of both Jesse and Henry James. We wrote from our heart—and they said something about a disordered liver. We took a text from Matthew—or—er—Deuteronomy, but the preachers were hamming away at the inspiration idea before we could get into type. So, driven to the wall, we go for our subject-matter to the reliable, old, moral, unassailable *vade mecum*—the unabridged dictionary.

Miss Merriam was cashiered at Hinkle's. Hinkle's is one of the big downtown restaurants. It is in what the papers call the "financial district." Each day from 12 o'clock to 2 Hinkle's was full of hungry customers—messengers boys, stenographers, brokers, owners of mining stock, promoters, inventors with patents pending—and also people with money.

The cashiership at Hinkle's was no sinecure. Hinkle's egged and toasted and griddle-caked and fried a good many customers; and he lunched (as good a word as "dined") many more. It might be said that Hinkle's breakfast crowd was a contingent, but his luncheon patronage amounted to a horde.

Miss Merriam sat on a stool at a desk inclosed in three sides by a strong, high fencing of woven brass wire. Through an arched opening at the bottom you thrust your waiter's

check and the money, while your heart went pit-a-pat.

For Miss Merriam was lovely and capable. She could take 45 cents out of a \$2 bill and refuse an offer of marriage before you could—Next!—lost your chance—please don't shave. She could keep cool and collected while she collected your check, give you the correct change, win your heart, indicate the toothpick stand, and rate you to a quarter of a cent better than Bradstreet could to a thousand in less time than it takes to pepper an egg with one of Hinkle's casters.

During a brisk luncheon hour Miss Merriam's conversation, while she took money for checks, would run something like this:

"Good morning, Mr. Haskins—sir!—it's natural, thank you—don't be quite so fresh. * * * Hello, Johnny—fifteen, twenty—chase along now or they'll take the letters off your cap! * * * Beg pardon—count it again, please—O, don't mention it. * * * Vandeville!—thanks; not on your moving picture—I was to see Carter in 'Hedda Gabler' on Wednesday night with Mr. Simmons. * * * 'Sense me, I thought that was a quarter * * * Twenty-five and seventy-five's a dollar—got that ham and cabbage habit yet, I see, Billy. * * * Who are you addressing?—say—you'll get all that's coming to you in a minute. * * * O, fudge! Mr. Bassett—you're always fooling—Why, Mr. Westbrook, do you really think so?—the ideal—one-eighty and twenty's a dollar—thank you ever so much, but I don't even go automobile riding with gentle men—your aunt?—well, that's different—perhaps—Please don't get fresh—your check was fifty cents, I believe—kindly step aside and let * * * Hello, Ben—coming around Thursday evening—there's a gentleman going to send around a box of chocolates, and forty and sixty is a dollar, and one is two * * *"

They're going to adopt me," she told the beret restaurateur. "They're funny old people, but regular ears.

About the middle of one afternoon the dizzy goddess Vertigo—whose other name is Fortune—suddenly smote an old, wealthy and eccentric banker while he was walking past Hinkle's on his way to a street car. A wealthy and eccentric banker who rides in street cars—is—move up, please; there are others.

A Samaritan, a Pharisæan, a man and a policeman who were first on the spot lifted Banker McRamsay and carried him into Hinkle's restaurant. When the aged but indomitable banker opened his eyes he saw a beautiful vision bending over him with a pitiful, tender smile, bathing his forehead with beef tea and chasing his hands with something frappe out of a chafing dish. Mr. McRamsay sighed, lost a vest button, gazed with deep gratification upon his fair preserveress and then recovered consciousness.

To the Seaside Library, all who are anticipating a romance. Banker McRamsay had an aged and respected wife, and his sentiments toward Miss Merriam were fathfully. He talked to her for half an hour with interest—not the kind that went with his talks during business hours. The next day he brought Mrs. McRamsay down to see her. The old couple were childless—they had only a married daughter living in Brooklyn.

To make a short story shorter, the beautiful cashier won the hearts of the good old couple. They came to Hinkle's again and again; they invited her to their old-fashioned but splendid home in one of the East Seventies. Miss Merriam's winning loveliness, her sweet frankness and impulsive heart took them by storm.

A month after the worthy couple became acquainted with Miss Merriam, she stood before Hinkle one afternoon and resigned her cashiership.

"They're going to adopt me," she told the beret restaurateur. "They're funny old people, but regular ears.

And the swell home they have got! Say, Hinkle, there isn't any use of talking—I'm on the a la carte to wear brown duds and goggles in a whiz wagon, or marry a duke at least. Still, I somehow hate to break out of the old cage. I've been cashiering so long I feel funny doing anything else. I'll miss joshing the fellows awfully when they line up to pay for the buckwheat and. But I can't let this chance slide. And they're awfully good, Hinkle; I know, I'll have a swell time. You owe me nine-sixty-two and a half for the week. Cut out the half if it hurts you, Hinkle."

And they did. Miss Merriam became Miss Rosa McRamsay. And she graced the transition. Beauty is only skin deep, but the nerves lie very near to the skin. Nerves—but just here will you oblige by perusing again the quotation with which this story begins?

The McRamsays poured out money like domestic chancery to polish their adopted one. Milliners, dancing masters and private tutors got it. Miss—er—McRamsay was grateful, loving, and tried to forget Hinkle's. To give ample credit to the adaptability of the American girl, Hinkle's did fade from her memory and speech most of the time.

Not every one will remember when the Earl of Hillesbury came to East Seventy—street, America. He was only a fair-to-medium Earl, without debts, and he created little excitement. But you will surely remember the evening when the Daughters of Benevolence held their bazaar in the W—f—A—a Hotel. For you were there, and you wrote a note to Fannie on the hotel paper, and mailed it, just to show her that—you did not! Very well, that was the evening the baby was sick, of course.

At the bazaar the McRamsays were prominent. Miss

Mer—er—McRamsay was exquisitely beautiful. The Earl of Hillesbury had been very attentive to her since he dropped in to have a look at America. At the charity bazaar the affair was supposed to be going to be pulled off to a finish.

An Earl is as good as a Duke. Better. His standing may be lower, but his outstanding accounts are also lower.

Our ex-young lady cashier was assigned to a booth. She was expected to sell worthless articles to nob's and snobs at exorbitant prices. The proceeds of the bazaar were to be used for giving to the poor children of the slums a Christmas din—Say! did you ever wonder where they got the other 364?

Miss McRamsay—beautiful, palpitating, excited, charming, radiant—flattered about in her booth. An imitation brass network, with a little arched opening, fenced her in.

Along came the Earl, assured, delicate, accurate, admiring—admiring greatly, and faced the open wicket.

"You look charming, you know—'pon my word you do my dear," he said, beguilingly.

Miss McRamsay whirled around.

"Cut that joshing out," she said, coolly and briskly. "Who do you think you are talking to? Your check, please. O, lordy!"

Patrons of the bazaar became aware of a commotion and pressed around a certain booth. The Earl of Hillesbury stood near by, pulling a pale blond and puzzled whisker.

"Miss McRamsay has fainted," some one explained.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE
Read your card stories with both eyes and a wide smile. You will be surprised at the results. The fortune teller is a woman of the world, and her predictions are based on the most accurate methods. She is a professional fortune teller, and her services are highly recommended. She is a member of the National Association of Professional Fortune Tellers, and her services are highly recommended.

NEW AND STRANGE THINGS IN AND ABOUT ST. LOUIS

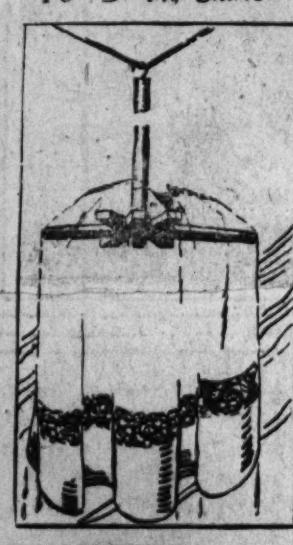
Grotesque Relics of World's Fair.



AMONGST the miscellaneous treasures left behind by the various savage races who visited the World's Fair are two sculptured figures of wood

which were designed to decorate the coffins of famous chieftains. Each figure is armed with a short broad-bladed knife and the whole figure is covered with angular

For Drying Skirts.



A SKIRT-DRYING frame for the use of laundries and in private houses is to be seen in St. Louis. It consists of a hanging rod with a hook fastened at one end and with a head formed of one piece, to which the spreading arms for holding the skirt open are loosely pivoted, whereby each arm has an independent lateral movement that it may accommodate itself to the style of garment hanging on the holder and support it in such a manner that the garment need be had that it will not come out of shape.

A skirt to be dried is temporarily hung on a line or other support by the waistband and the spreading arms of the dryer are folded up against the rod. The dryer is then inserted within the skirt until the hook can be hung on the line holding the skirt, which latter may then be disengaged from said line. The spreading arms either

fall by gravity or are opened out by hand within the skirt, which will then be supported by the outstretched arms in such manner that air can get to all parts of the skirt, both within and without.

The Japanese coal production has increased from 2,201,075 tons in 1892 to 9,701,662 tons in 1903.

In a pack of cards there are 625,013,559,600

possible different whist hands.

Novel Marble Shooter.

T. LOUIS small boys will be delighted with a new "marble-shooting" contrivance now offered for their amusement. The device consists of an arrange-

ment of spring wire of a shape adapted to fit the hand and to engage the marble. By means of a thumb trigger the sphere is ejected as desired.

Pearls are the most popular of all pre-

cious gems among the inhabitants of India and Arabia.

In 1731 the first fire engine was taken

from England to New York.

ment that for some time had been in the

shape of a sphere.

A shirt to be dried is temporarily hung on a line or other support by the waistband and the spreading arms of the dryer are folded up against the rod. The dryer is then inserted within the skirt until the hook can be hung on the line holding the skirt, which latter may then be disengaged from said line. The spreading arms either

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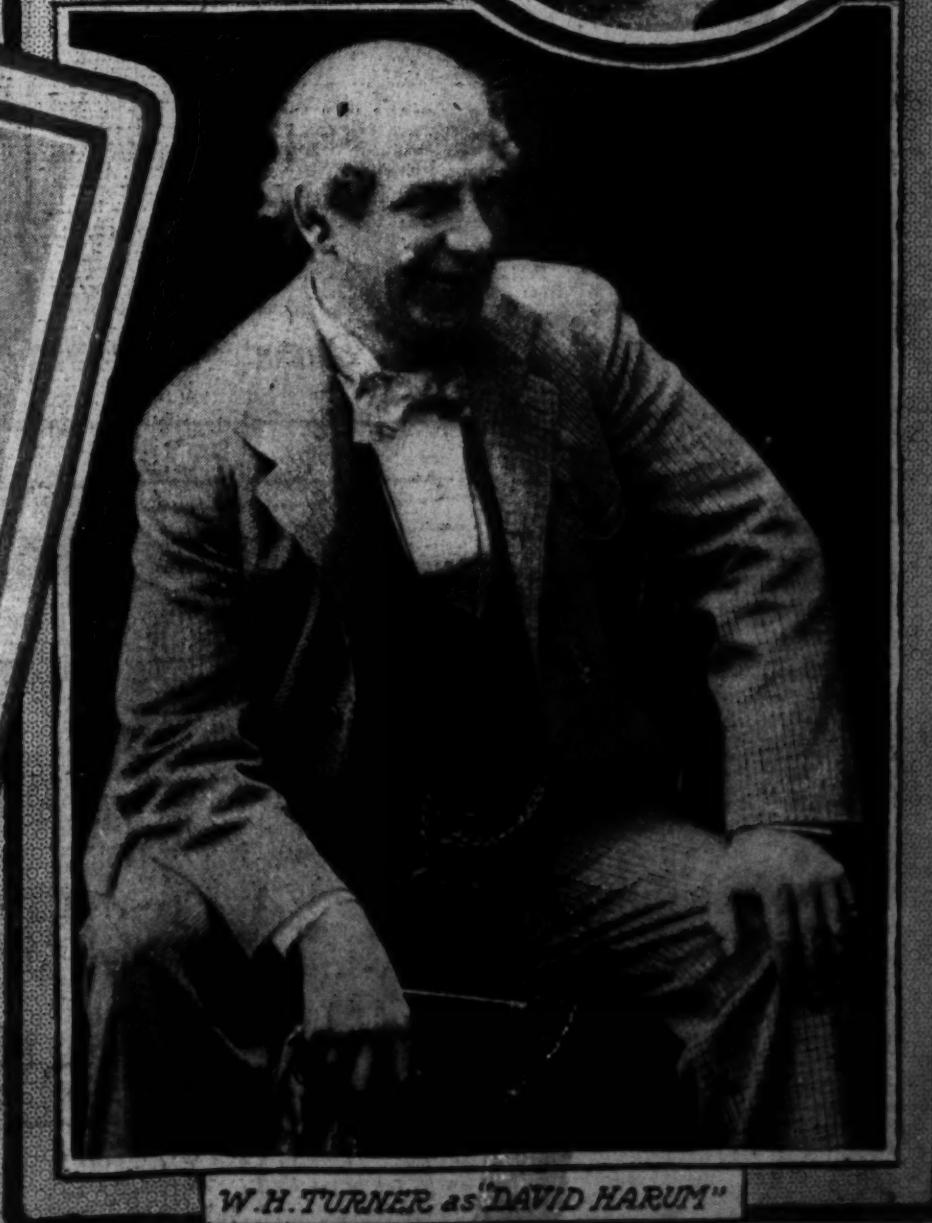
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THE DRAMA



FUNNY SIDE OF ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

SUNDAY FEB. 12th 1905
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PANHANDLE PETE celebrates VALENTINE'S DAY.

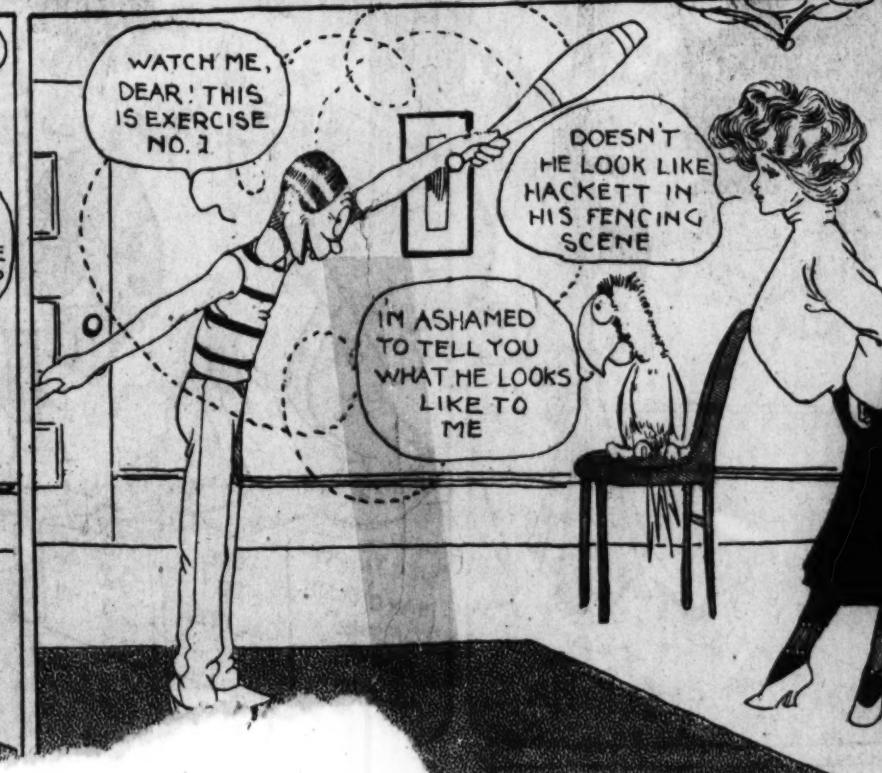


MR. BUTTIN GIVES A VALENTINE TO THE BOSS.



CH. KAHNE

THE NEWLYWEDS — THEY TAKE UP PHYSICAL CULTURE.

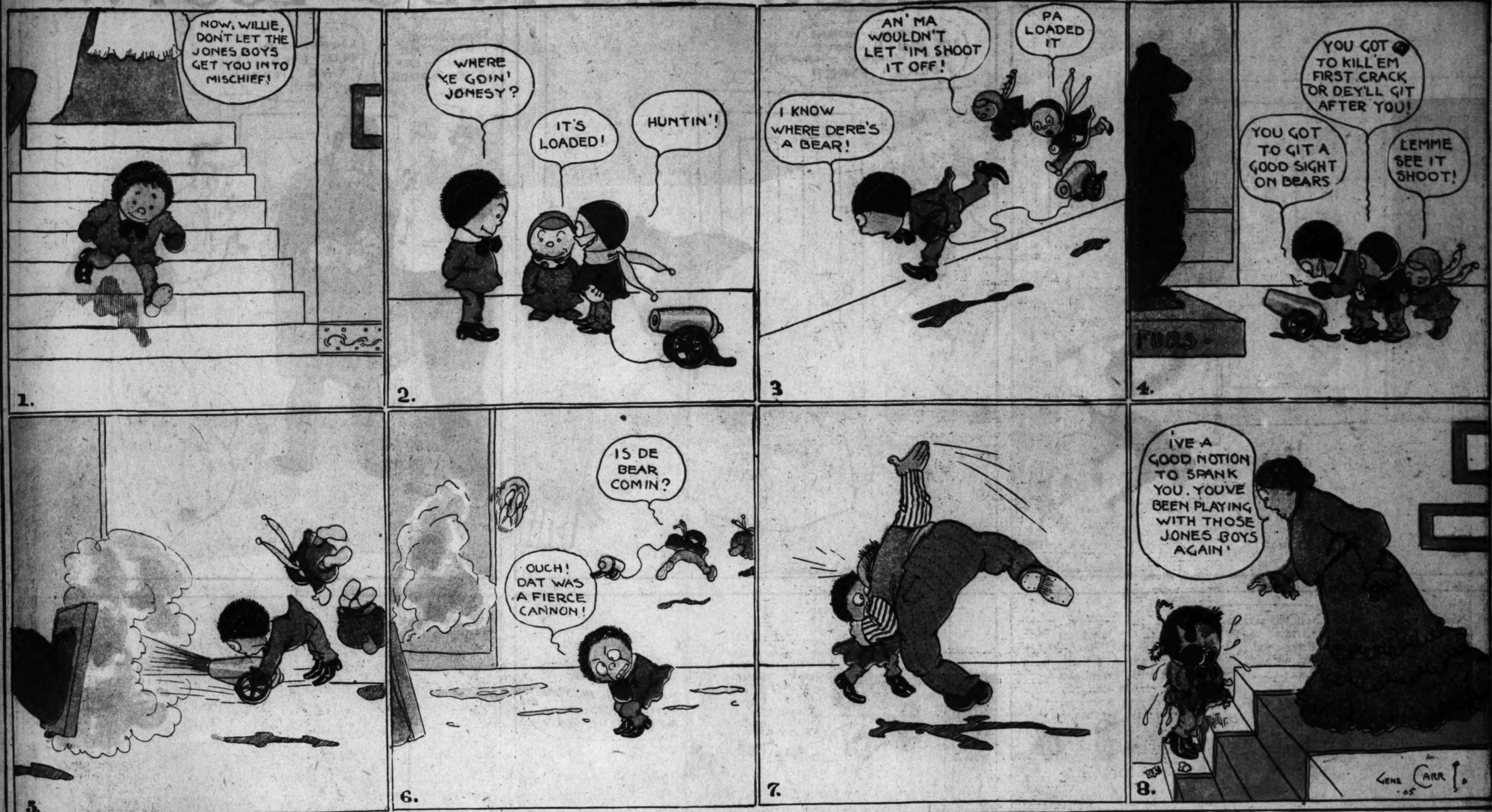


HELP-HELP! POLICE!! THE KID'S LOST!!!



BILL AND THE JONES BOYS.

BY
Gene Carr.



VALENTINE PICTURE PUZZLE.

Opening Chapter of a New and Interesting Puzzle for the Young and Old. The Concluding Chapter Will Appear Next Week.

WATCH THE SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH FOR THE ANSWER.



CISSIE CHANGEFUL ORDERS A LIGHT LUNCHEON.

